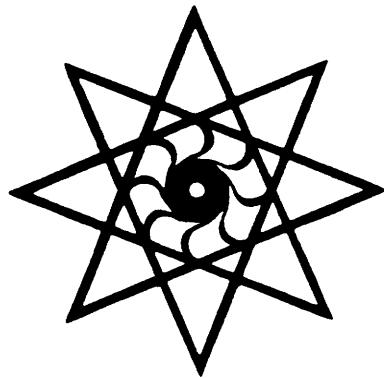
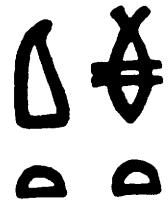


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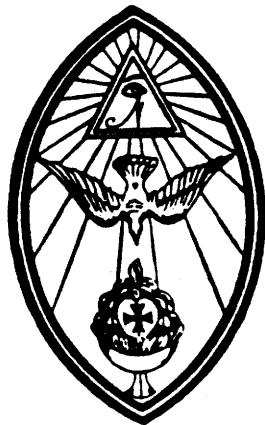
ALEISTER
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O.T.O.



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SUN in MOON in

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"The Court found that plaintiff OTO, formerly led by Grady McMurtry, is a continuation of the organization, beliefs, and practices originally established and conducted by Crowley and OTO."

"The Society Ordo Templi Orientis led by Marcello Motta is not a continuation of the organization, beliefs, and practices originally established and conducted by Crowley and OTO."

"Defendant Motta is not the OHO of OTO."

"Plaintiff OTO now owns, holds all right and title to, has used, does now use, and has the right to use: The name 'Ordo Templi Orientis'; the initials 'OTO'; the various insignia, registers and symbols of OTO; all writings and publications by Crowley which were not assigned to others at the time of his death; the publications of other matters pertaining to OTO; and the trademarks, service marks, and copyrights pertaining to the same."

Judge Charles A. Legge
United States District Court
Northern District of California

July 10, 1985

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THE CRIME OF EDITH CAVELL

By Alister Crowley.

"And Judas said: Hail, Master! and kissed him."

In the outburst of collective hysteria, which is called by the patients, sympathy for Miss Cavell and indignation at her fate, it has not occurred to anyone to analyse the nature of her offence.

The offence is what the law of England calls "constructive murder."

It is an innocent and even a polite action to open a door for a lady, but if one did so in order to enable that lady to murder her husband, one would be equally guilty. The responsibility for crime does not diminish by dilution. Every man who makes a shell in Bethlehem is just as much at war as the soldier who fires that shell, provided that he is aware of the purpose to which the shell will be put. One might even say that the man who sows the seed to grow corn to make the bread to feed the man who makes the shell would be equally participant in the final action, but that here there is no intention to feed that particular man. However, since it may be so, one can understand the position of these international lawyers who declare every necessary of life to be contraband of war.

In the case of Edith Cavell, however, we need not go so far. She was confessedly aiding belligerents, actual combatants, to escape. She was sending them from a place where they could not kill Germans to a place where they might be able to do so. She did this with the intention that they should kill Germans, and it is to be presumed that some of them actually did so. She might just as well have stood by the men in the trenches and loaded their rifles for them; morally, it is the same position. Her intention was that Germans should be killed; and "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*" is a sound legal maxim.

Miss Cavell was therefore a belligerent. "Certainly," some one will reply, "and so is Sister Susie in sewing shirts for soldiers; that is no reason why Sister Susie should be shot. It is an understood thing that women shall help in every way to fit their men for fighting. They do not thereby render themselves liable even to imprisonment. These are legitimate civilian activities."

All this is perfectly true. But Miss Cavell was living in a conquered country under martial law; this law specifically denounced the very actions which she committed, and she knew perfectly well that she was rendering herself liable to prosecution. Very true, you will say, all the braver of her to do it.

So far one must agree, in any ordinary case. I am one of those who think the spy potentially far nobler than the soldier. For his country's sake he leaves the open life of the world, courts ignominy, risks the most shameful of all deaths, and he does it for little pay and less glory. The Secret Service is the nursery and the tomb of many a nameless hero.

The real objection to that service is that in some of its branches men are occasionally called upon to do actions which in the ordinary way of life would be dishonorable. Subterfuge of any kind is repugnant to the average man of frank and hearty nature. It can only be his country's bitter need which would induce any man of honor to undertake such a task. In fact, even so, few such men will do it, and the service, like the police, has therefore been obliged to throw open its ranks to unscrupulous and needy adventurera.

Such usually become double traitors, like Assoff. The general abjection to all secret and underhand work is apparent; it leads to blackmail and bribery and the double-cross.

If, however, the spy is actuated by true patriotism, one can only admire his abnegation of self. Even so, there are just one or two things that he cannot do without exciting our utmost loathing and contempt and horror.

You remember Mordant, the son of Milady, in "Twenty Years After"? His father plunges in the sea to rescue him from a death that he had merited ten thousand times, and the viperine creature merely stabs him. But even this does not so radically stir us as that other earlier incident of the wounded man who calls a monk to confess him. The monk is Mordannt, and murders the wretch in cold blood. It is because he is pretending to be a priest that horror shakes us. The priest, the doctor, and the nurse are sacred. To them, when we are helpless, we confide our fate, and we do it without reservation. Therefore they on their side are equally pledged to fidelity toward us. It was not the revolt of modern thought against the ancient dogmas of the Church that brought about the Reformation; it was the tale of indulgences and Luther's cunning hint that the priest was not to be trusted. Similarly to-day the idea is gaining ground that doctors are ignorant and venal, that they care only for fees and fame, and that they like to make experiments. Their prestige is accordingly on the wane; many people prefer a quack whom they suppose too ignorant to be anything but honest!

To resume the argument, then, had Miss Cavell disguised herself as Field Marshal von Hindenburg, obtained an interview with the Kaiser, and spirited him away in an airship, or worse, one could hardly have refrained from admiration of the daring of the act, even if we could never come to excuse assassination. Edith Cavell would not have gone down to history with Joan of Arc, but she might have ruffled it with Charlotte Corday.

But this was not the case. The disguise which she assumed was one which it was blasphemy to scrutinize.

She went to General von Bissing, in effect, and said: "Behold me, an enemy of your country, I admit, but with no hostile intention.

"On the contrary, I am come to nurse the wounded, yours as well as ours. You can keep me out of the country if you wish, but—won't you trust me?" And that great-hearted, simple-minded German replied: "Miss Cavell, I will trust you."

And then what did she do? She used every resource in her power—left in her power by her unsuspecting hosts—to turn loose tigers on them!

However, she miscalculated. Von Bissing himself, as honest and open as the day, had yet heard of English treachery. Probably he had never imagined it could go so far as this, so that for some time she went unwatched and unsuspected. What leprous distilment of perverted imagination could figure such a crime? Probably at first its strange and hideous nature left crudity sick.

Punishment followed discovery; she was shot; the shades of Locusta, Camidia, Catherine de Medici and Brinvilliers bowed them low and joyously welcomed her to hell.

No; I do not think she was morally responsible. Women, with rare exceptions, are not. They are not soul, but only sex; they have no morals, only moods. It is useless to punish them, and very difficult to guard against them. You can prevent a man from harming you, as a rule, because you know

what he is going to do; you cannot so prevent a woman, because she does not know what she is going to do herself!

It is this consideration, and only this, which prevents our ranking the actions of Edith Cavell as constitutionally one of the most loathsome and abominable crimes in the history of the planet.

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is; but this most foul, strange and unnatural."

The only parallels that occur to the mind are the crimes of Alexander VI (Italian), the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (French-Italian) and the Massacre of Glencoe (English).

I have no doubt that the shocking and unexpected nature

of the atrocity threw moral Germany for the moment off its basis.

With all due deference, be it said, the Kaiser missed a coup which would have thrown America into his arms; and it would have cost him nothing. After all, there is but poor sport in shooting vermin!

He might have written:

"Madam—You came to my country as a guest of honor; you used your position to assassinate your hosts."

"You disguised yourself as an Angel of Mercy to perform the work of a fiend. Worthy daughter of England, to England you shall go."

THE DEGRADATION OF THE CROSS

By John L. Stoddard.

MORE serious even than the loss of life and property in this world-war is the destruction of those high ideals on which our civilization was supposed to rest. The passing of these will mean perhaps a deterioration of human character for at least a generation. It is, for example, impossible to forecast what the result may be of the deliberate lies and slanders circulated everywhere by England through a purchased press. The temporary success of this campaign of falsehood may make its use so common that it will debauch the moral standards of humanity. The introduction into Europe also of heathen Asiatics and Africans to kill white Christians, and the abuse of German prisoners, civilians and missionaries at the hands of African blacks, ordered by British authorities, may likewise have a very serious influence on the spread of Christianity. This is the more unfortunate, as during the last twenty years other ideals of incalculable value had already vanished. With the increasing growth of luxury and Mammon worship, man's spiritual nature has been strophied. Modern iconoclasts have, in particular, crucified the spirit of reverence. Nothing has been kept sacred from their sacrilege. They have made obedience and respect from children to parents, a lost art. They have parodied noble poems in a silly doggerel; scoffed at the possibility of honesty in men and virtue in women; ridiculed those who try to make the sufferings of animals a little less; frequently lowered the drama to obscene vulgarity, and changed through coarseness and publicity that type of womanhood, which we revered and loved, into the virago, who slashes precious paintings with a butcher's knife. Nevertheless, till recently, one ideal still remained intact—apparently too universal to arouse hostility, too pure to be besmirched by calumny, too far removed from political and religious feuds to call forth hatred. This was the ideal of HEROISM—the spirit of self-sacrifice, carried to the point of death: the trait of which Horace wrote two thousand years ago, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"; the quality to which Christ referred when he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." So rare and noble is this attribute in man, that every government has sought to recognize and reward it. Not by the gift of money. That would diabolize it. The gratitude of states should be ideally simple, like the wreath of laurel to the victors at Olympia. Such decorations, by whatever nation given, have hitherto been everywhere regarded with respect and admiration. Behind the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Ordre pour le Mérite, the Iron Cross, the Victoria Cross and the Medal for Bravery, humanity has

always reverenced its best and highest, and paid an indiscriminate homage to the men who wore them. They spoke a universal language. One touch of nature made in this respect the whole world kin. Among many of our enemies, however, this sublime ideal no longer exists! An English paper recently published some versified abuse of Germany, whose jingling rhymes announced the fact that while formerly a thief was hanged upon a cross, men now hang crosses upon thieves!

We have heard, too, that French soldiers sometimes cut from the uniforms of wounded prisoners their badges of distinction, and then before their pain-racked eyes attach these decorations to the tails of animals, or offer them still worse indignities! So horrible does such a mockery of what is noblest in mankind appear that one endeavors to explain it by ascribing it to minds of a low order, made furious by the sight of bloodshed.

But now it seems that the same spirit shows itself four thousand miles away, in the United States, whose only part in the appalling carnage is that of prolonging it by ammunition and thereby making countless widows and orphans. Yet, there are actually men and women there who mock at and deride the decorations which the German Government gives its bravest sons in their stupendous task of beating back the Fatherland's unnumbered foes! Such people know, however, that the Iron Cross is never given except for deeds of heroism. They know that it lies often bathed in blood above the wearer's lifeless heart. They are aware that any insult offered to this token of Teutonic valor must wound unspeakably a million fellow-citizens around them, whose relatives are dying for the German cause. Yet in American cinematograph shows, upon the stage, and even in newspapers, supposed to be respectable, this sacred emblem has been ridiculed in cruel words and caricatures, because it represents German bravery.

Never once have I seen in a German or Austrian newspaper, and never have I heard from a German or Austrian citizen, one word reflecting on such decorations given to their enemies. But in America, shop windows have displayed cheap parodies of the Iron Cross, and even women have descended to the infamy of tying them to dogs!

What sort of people could have laughed at this base betrayal of the noblest of human sentiments and called it "cute"? Yet such there were who thought it fun thus to throw mud upon the stainless statue of self-sacrifice and spit upon a beautiful ideal, sacred to the brave of every land! There seems indeed no depth to which this mockery has not sunk. On one variety stage, for example, occurred a repre-

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THE MOST NOTABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR

"SONGS OF ARMAGEDDON AND OTHER POEMS."

By ALEXISTER CROWLEY.

IT is impossible for contemporary minds to distinguish between the good poet and the great because nobody can tell what the Zeitgeist is really thinking; we are all too apt to suppose that it is thinking as we think. Now the great poets are all direct expressions of the Zeitgeist, and for this reason it always appears, as soon as time enables us to identify them, that they are not only poets, but prophets. I am consequently not going to tell anyone that Mr. Viereck is a great poet. That will be the obvious comment—though a quite unnecessary one—upon that admirably edited library edition of his works which is to be published in A. D. 2216.

But it is very easy to distinguish the good poet from bad poets. The greatness depends on what he has to say—the goodness can always be detected by the way he says it. If a man is obviously not master of the language in which he writes he is certainly not a good poet. If his grammar is confused, if his epithets are feeble, if his style is redundant, stilted, and artificial, you know that he is not even good. If he is not master of his metres, if he is compelled to twist his sentences about for the sake of rhyme, you know that he is a bad poet.

NOW, America has more bad poets to the cubic inch than any other country since the beginning of the world; and taking them all in all they are worse than time has ever born. Most of them have frankly abandoned the question of technique, as utterly beyond them, preferring to cut up exceedingly bad prose into lengths and to print it as poetry. There is hardly one who understands the first principle of rhythm, or who could tell you when a spondee may replace an iambus and when not. Most of them are totally incapable of grammar, and are either commonplace beneath the level of the lowest hack journalist, or so afraid of being commonplace that they use strange words and phrases without feeling them or even meaning them. They adopt eccentricities merely in order to be eccentric. Incapable of expressing themselves in a recognized medium, they invent new forms of punctuation, which mean nothing, if only because they are totally unaware of what punctuation really is. But the good poets of America can be counted on one hand by a hero just returned from the front, who has had nine fingers shot away.

This poet is Mr. Viereck. You can read his latest book from cover to cover and hardly find a stanza which would not read just as simply if it were printed as prose. It is extraordinarily free from Miltonic inversions and other forms of so-called poetic license. Poetic license is the pit-fall of poets. They are told in youth that they may say "the cat black" when they mean "the black cat"—so, whenever they want a rhyme for "stack" they do it. Mr. Viereck's verse flows quite easily, naturally, and simply. But, it may be said, this is merely preliminary. And so it is. Anyone who does not achieve this is merely unworthy of our consideration. True, this might be co-existent with a perfectly commonplace style. But Mr. Viereck is one of the great masters of phrase. He has for anything not merely the good, or the musical, or the beautiful, but the necessary expression. That he should get such expressions at all is a miracle. That he should cause them to fall naturally into their places, that he should use the sweep of the verse to hammer them home, is a miracle of miracles.

Let us quote:

"The Czar whose sceptre is the knot."

Here is a complete arraignment of Czar down in a single phrase, a perfect symbol, a perfect image. It would not be possible to add a single word to that phrase or to subtract one from it—and that is the supreme test.

"The sailing sub-marine."

Can anyone find a better epithet? It is complete. It indicates the whole method of the sub-marine in a single word.

To Italy:

"Tear from thy brow the olive wreath!
Thy laughter sickens to a leer."

HERE is a perfect picture, simple and symbolic, of the fall from paganism to prostitution. Again in the same poem:

"These are not Caesar's Seven Hills,

Not this the land that Dante trod."

Always in Mr. Viereck's verse we get the picture, we get the allusion; he has the trick of invoking the great name and the great memory. "Caesar's Seven Hills" is the sort of thing that magicians call a Panscicle; it contains everything in microcosmic form. At the phrase the whole history of Ancient Rome springs to the mind. So, too, "Dante" is like a word of invocation. Say it, and the whole of the Renaissance leaps into the mind, with the sadness and spontaneity of sunrise.

Again:

"We are the Paladins of God."

Here the word "Paladin" calls up the entire romance of Charlemagne, the supreme fight against the heathen.

"Quite true," you say, "quite true, very natural—but why make a fuss about it? Why would not 'heroes' or 'Berserkis' do equally well?" Because this is a poem against Japan. It is the great new crusade that the poet is celebrating. Therefore, to him, because he is a good poet, there comes the word which is inevitably right. No other would serve.

NOW, while this word is necessary in that particular poem, the question arises as to whether that particular poem is necessary to the universe. That is the distinction between goodness and greatness. We know that Prometheus Unbound is a great poem, because it expressed the emancipation of man, which was being worked out in other fields by Damon and his kind. History has set her seal upon Shelley. The question is whether she will do the same to Viereck. Now, by all obvious methods it appears that she must do so. We can hardly keep thinking that the European war and the Yellow Peril are the important issues of our time—but we have no guarantee that we are right. Shelley himself was totally mistaken on many points, for instance the situation in Greece. But the poet in Shelley made no error. His Prometheus Unbound was couched in cosmic terms. His poem about Greece, on the contrary, was entitled "Hellas," thereby localizing and limiting its application. So now, today, there may be a movement incomparably vaster than anything political or social, of which we are all ignorant or careless. We cannot "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not."

There is, however, another test of poetry, this time of merely lyric poetry. Almost every human being perpetrates

a few lyrics under the influence of the first sex-awakening, and when the victim has a reasonably decent education such lyrics are quite passable, and no canons of criticism, as ordinarily understood, avail to distinguish the twitterings of the sparrow from the scream of the eagle. History again, however, serves us as some sort of a guide. It is to be observed that those who have written really great lyrics, have always done much more. They have attempted epics, or dramas, or something of the kind; something so big that, if their work were equal they would all be Shakespeare. In them the lyric appears merely as a trapping. Very often the "big" work is quite worthless, as in the case of Coleridge, but the point is that the size of their ambition is a measure of the size of their soul.

NOW, I should feel very much happier in prophesying immortal fame for Mr. Viereck, if he had produced an epic of a million lines, not one of which was readable, and maintained that the said epic was the only decent poetry ever written. It is very largely a question of probabilities; where a man devotes his whole life to a subject it is highly probable that now and again he will exhibit perfect mastery of it at least in patches. But there are too many people going about today who "do not know whether they can play the fiddle, because they never tried."

Now it does seem to me that Mr. Viereck's lyrics are

noble and powerful. They are at least incomparably better than anything else which America has to show. They compare only too favorably with those of many poets whose names are in the mouths of men more frequently than his. On the technical question there can be no doubt whatever. The severe pain in the neck from which I am now suffering is to be attributed entirely to the fact that the names of Stephen Phillips and John Masefield crossed my mind at the moment. Such American animalcules as Edgar Lee Masters, John Frost, Horace Holley, and the "monstrous regiment" of sob-sisters do not cross my mind. These facts, however, although demonstrably true, are not sufficient. One cannot prove an unknown animal to be a diantherium by simply disproving it to be a streptococcus. It is, therefore, small consolation for Mr. Viereck that he stands apart from the average poet. He must match himself with the Sam Langfords of Parnassus and knock out the Gunboat Smiths of Helicon. In order to do this it is not sufficient for him to say: "Behold this lyric—is it not equal to the 'Ode to a Nightingale'?" Is not this a nasty blow to Herrick? He must rather say: "Behold this epic; I will now go down and buy myself copies of the Iliad and of the Mahabharata and of the works of Shakespeare and of Virgil and of Goethe, for after all, there was some merit in those fellows. Now they will never be reprinted! It will be only kind of me to save them from oblivion" * * *

MAY NIGHT.

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

NIght! cool, enveloping, delicious,
Perfumed magical night of spring—
Fold your arms about my lover and me
That we may hide in your sheltering darkness!

Night, radiant with many stars,
Sky, mother of pearl and azure,
Let your silence descend on my lover and me
That we may dwell in sylvan quiet.

Night, fragrant with new grass and lilac,
Pool of endless shadows—
Bathe with joy my lover and me
Till we swoon in the wreathed waves!

Night, cool, enveloping, delicious,
Drunken with dreams, my lover and me!

GLIMPSE OF A CHILDHOOD.

By RAINER MARIA RILKE.*

THE darkness in the room is pregnant, seeming
To hold about the boy who hides himself;
And when his mother enters, as if dreaming,
A glass is trembling on the quiet shelf.
She feels that now her entrance is betrayed.
And kisses her small boy: "Oh, you are there!"
They glance at the piano where she played
On many evenings the beloved air
That strangely on the child its magic laid.

He sits quite still. With wondering eyes he sees
Her hand, weighed down beneath the ring, and slow,
As if it walked against a gale through snow.
Move on the snow-white keys.

* From "A Harvest of German Verse," by Margaret Mannington.
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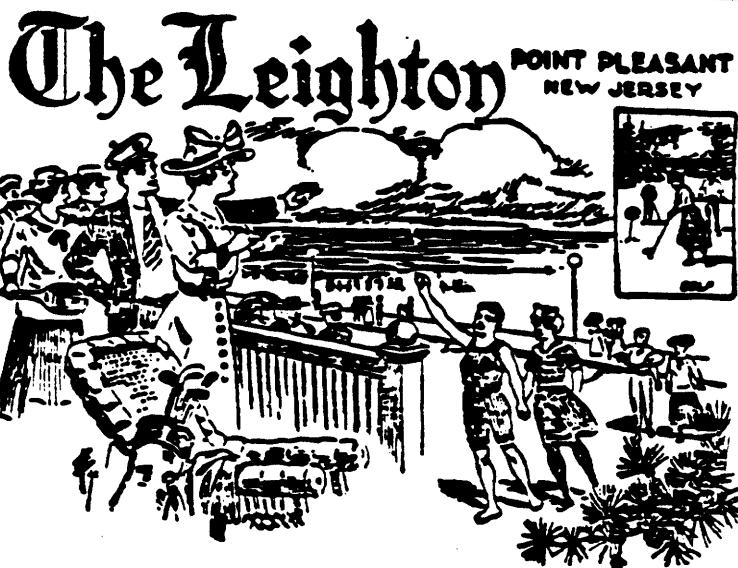
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FRANK HARRIS REVEALS OSCAR WILDE.

By ALISTER CROWLEY.

BIOGRAPHY is a branch of biology. Mr. Frank Harris is, however, the first biographer to act on this important truth. If we look at such famous biographies as Boswell's Life of Johnson or Lockhart's Life of Scott we find little more than a collocation of details consisting principally of non-significant facts. We know that every thought, word, act of a man's life reacts upon his character, determines, so to speak, his ego. The average biographer merely records incidents as if they were sterile; Mr. Frank Harris perceives them as dynamic. In the biography before us the incidents given are comparatively few, but each one is a magical formula. Nothing is told which is unnecessary. Mr. Harris complies most formally with Othello's direction to his biographers:

" . . . Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. . . . "

He has been big enough to take the view that "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is not merely the right, but the kind thing to do. All biographies of great men have been rendered worthless by the silence of the biographer upon all the most important points. The apologist for Charles I found himself forced to explain the decapitation of his hero by original sin on the part of Oliver Cromwell; he will by no means admit that the King contributed, either by weakness or by wickedness, to his own downfall. All such biographies are absolutely worthless. Not only do the omissions spoil the picture, but one feels instinctively that a man who, whatever his motives, can suppress the truth so freely as our mere knowledge of human nature assures us that he must be doing, is not reliable, even with regard to obvious facts. A man who falsifies may be inventing altogether.

We hear, for example, the histories of the great religious teachers, in which their disciples have been so anxious to prove them demi-gods that they have omitted the convincing human touch. It is much more satisfactory and credible to hear that the Buddha died of a surfeit of dried boar's meat, in spite of his alleged instructions to eat no meat at all, than to be told that in a previous incarnation he was an elephant with six tusks. There is no incident in the gospels more convincing than the cursing of the barren fig tree. The paucity of such incidents has given color to the theories of those critics who do not believe that either Christ or Buddha ever lived.

NOW, there is no more solid figure in history than that of Oscar Wilde, from the moment of the publication of Mr. Harris' biography. When we consider the partisan attempts of Sherard, Stuart Mason, and Alfred Douglas, we find such a degree of falsity that any one of them might be fiction, a precious bad fiction at that; far more convincing portraits have been painted of entirely imaginary people. But Mr. Harris' Oscar Wilde is a man "of like passions as we are" (for passion is one, though its objects may be diverse, an expression of the ultimate religious craving for unity with God), and Mr. Harris paints him "in his habit, as he lived," with the deep sense of cause and effect which is the characteristic of every great man that ever lived.

Mr. Harris has gone to the trouble of investigating the pastorate of his sister, in exactly the same spirit as that in which Zola wrote the Rougon-Macquart series of novels. He gives us portraits both of Sir William Wilde and Lady

Wilde. He sees in the father cowardice and sensuality combined with ability; in the mother the romantic Irish quality, the habit of posing, and pretentiousness. Mingle these qualities, add the fulminate of genius, which comes not from father or mother, but from God only, and we obtain the explosion called Oscar Wilde. It is impossible, in a brief review, to do justice in any detail to a book of over 600 pages, every one of which is close-packed with the highest genius. It is hard to find words to express the appalling interest of these pages, where every incident is so dynamic that we seem to be reading a Greek tragedian rather than a modern English author.

In a way, this book is the greatest book of morality, in the best sense of the word, that has ever been produced. It is at least equal to Ibsen or Zola, as far as its moral effect is concerned, for its material is actual and undeniable fact. It may be called an essay upon the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," for the fall of Oscar Wilde is attributed, and rightly attributed, to one source and one source alone. Alfred Douglas had the effrontery to publish a book in which he represents himself as the innocent victim of Wilde, as the stainless virgin who never really believed in his guilt, yet who tried, as all really nice virgins should, to reform him, yet Harris proves that he was responsible from first to last for all Wilde's troubles. The mad hatred of his father was but one more exacerbation of the notorious Queensberry insanity, and this, combined with the equally insane passion to go down to history as the Aspasia of the nineteenth century is at the root of the tragedy.

THese facts are all certified by the published decisions of English courts, repeated again and again with details, but never before have they been marshalled with such damning sufficiency. We say "sufficiency" and not "completeness," for in the possession of Mr. Harris and others are authentic documents outweighing ten-fold those here reproduced. Mr. Harris may expect little thanks for his noble and fearless endeavor to eradicate the sarcoma which is rotting English society, or he may get such thanks as are usually accorded to those who tell the truth.

The forces of corruption will evidently gather together to destroy this book. They will not be able to do so. Certain hypocritical persons, who preach virtue that they may more safely practice vice, will call this book immoral. Certain shameless persons, who wish that the protagonist of their own vices, as they call Oscar Wilde, should be represented as a saint, will call this book an attack on Oscar Wilde. "When he was poor," they will say, "and needed money desperately, he had little scruple as to how he got it." Only a false friend would say such things! Mr. Harris tells us that Wilde had bad teeth, that he suffered from specific disease, that he over ate. A true friend would have given him teeth like the advertisement of a dentifrice, told us that he died in battle fighting for his country, and lived on three raisins a day!

But is this an attack—this summing up of Harris? OSCAR WILDE'S work was over, his gift to the world completed years before. Even the friends who loved him and delighted in the charm of his talk, in his light-hearted gaiety and humor, would scarcely have kept him longer in the pillory, exposed to the loathing and contempt of this all-hating world.

THE INTERNATIONAL

"The good he did lives after him, and is immortal—the evil is buried in his grave. Who would deny today that he was a quickening and liberating influence? If his life was given over-much to self-indulgence, it must be remembered that his writing and conversation were singularly kindly, singularly amiable, singularly pure. No harsh or coarse or bitter word ever passed those eloquent, laughing lips. If he served beauty in her myriad forms, he only showed in his works the beauty that was amiable and of good report. If only half a dozen men mourned for him, their sorrow was unaffected and intense, and perhaps the greatest of men have not found in their lifetime even half a dozen devoted admirers and lovers. It is well with our friend, we say; at any rate, he was not forced to drink the bitter lees of a suffering and dishonorable old age. Death was merciful to him.

"**M**Y task is finished. I don't think any one will doubt that I have done it in a reverent spirit, telling the truth as I see it, from the beginning to the end, and hiding or omitting as little as might be of what ought to be told. Yet when I come to the parting I am painfully conscious that I have not done Oscar Wilde justice; that some fault or other in me has led me to dwell too much on his faults and failings, and grudged praise to his soul-subduing charm and the incomparable sweetness and gaiety of his nature.

"Let me now make amends. When to the session of sad memory I summon up the spirits of those whom I have met in the world and loved, men famous and men of unfulfilled renown, I miss no one so much as I miss Oscar Wilde. I would rather spend an evening with him than with Renan or Carlyle, or Verlaine or Dick Burton, or Davidson. I would rather have him back now than almost any one I have ever met. I have known more heroic souls and some deeper souls; souls much more keenly alive to ideas of duty and generosity; but I have known no more charming, no more quickening, no more delightful spirit.

"This may be my shortcoming; it may be that I prize humor and good-humor and eloquent or poetic speech, the artist qualities, more than goodness or loyalty or manliness, and so overestimate things amiable. But the lovable and joyous things are to me the priceless things, and the most charming man I ever met was assuredly Oscar Wilde. I do not believe that in all the realms of death there is a more fascinating or delightful companion."

COULD anything be greater-hearted than the passage that ends the book?

"He has been, indeed, well served by the malice and cruelty of his enemies; in this sense, his word in 'De Profundis,' that he stood in symbolic relation to the art and life of his time, is justified.

"The English drove Byron and Shelley and Keats into exile and allowed Chatterton and Davidson and Middleton to die of misery and destitution; but they treated none of their artists and seers with the malevolent cruelty they showed to Oscar Wilde. His fate in England is symbolic of the fate of all artists: in some degree, they will all be punished as he was punished by the grossly materialized people who prefer to go in blinkers and accept idiotic conventions because they distrust the intellect and have no taste for mental virtues.

"All English artists will be judged by their inferiors and condemned as Dante's master was condemned, for their good deeds (*per tua bonarum*); for it must not be thought that Oscar Wilde was punished solely or even chiefly for the evil he wrought; he was punished for his popularity and his

pre-eminence, for the superiority of his mind and wit; he was punished by the envy of journalists, and the malignant pedantry of half-civilized judges. Envy in his case overleaped itself; the hate of his justicers was so diabolic that they gave him to the pity of mankind forever; they it is who have made him eternally interesting to humanity, a tragic figure of imperishable renown."

I do not think that Wilde himself, inflamed as he was with self-conceit, could have asked a fairer monument.

BUT this book is more than a biography. Mr. Harris has not confined his caustic to Wilde himself. He has everywhere brought him into causal relation with the society in which he lived. That society, now visibly perishing before our eyes, was unutterably corrupt. We see the law as the mere tool of the evil prejudices and passions of the rich and great. We see prostitution, male and female, as the main key to advancement in life. We see society, contemptuous of art, careless of the stupendous discoveries of men of science, preoccupied only with vice, prodigality, gluttony, secret blackmail, sly chicanery, or open robbery. We see every abuse of which Juvenal and Petronius thundered in the hour of Rome's decay, reproduced with modern variations and intensifications in the society of London. Not very wonderful, is it, that a poet should have written in his *Carmen Saeculare*:

The harlot that men called great Babylon,

In crimson raiment and in smooth attire,

The scarlet leprosy that shamed the sun,

The gilded goat that plied the world for hire;

Her days of wealth and majesty are done:

Men trample her for mire!

The temple of their God is broken down;

Yea, Mammon's shrine is cleansed! The house of her
That cowed the world with her malignant frown,

And drove the Celt to exile and despair,

Is battered now—God's fire destroys the town;

London admits God's air.

I would have been very dangerous to publish such a book as Mr. Harris' ten years ago. Today, in the death agony of Britain, will the convulsions of the slain snake involve those who might have served her, had she listened to their words? The event alone can prove. May it not be that sanity will return at the shock of dissolution; that she will call to her all those whom she has exiled, starved, and tortured, because they stood for truth and justice and purity and manhood; that she will put them in her high places and pray them to direct her fate? Is there not hope that the tide of war may send the red blood pulsing again through the arteries of the nation? Perhaps she is not dying but only in danger of asphyxiation. This book will stir England to its depths. Fear will seize upon the great, as it did at the time of Wilde's trial, when every London club tried to disguise itself as the Great Arabian Desert.

Arrest poor Wilde! The creaking Channel tubs

Groan with the consternation of the Clubs.

Scared, hushed and pale, our men of eminence

Wait the result in sickening suspense.

Announced, all Mayfair shrieks in decent joy—

And, feeling safe, goes out and—

—continues as before. Those who know all, seeing how much Mr. Harris knows, will wonder how much more he knows; and in the meantime, the insistent thrust of Germany will bring the matter to a crisis. England has long been ripe for revolution. All that prevented it has been the

emasculated of the people by Victorianism. War must come to that. And the warriors who return will be in no mood to put up with the robbery of the land, with the starvation of the poor, with the delay and injustice of the hired courts, with the thousand and one abominations which have made life intolerable to all but the idle and vicious.

THE revolution is at hand. And this book may do much to precipitate it. Bernard Shaw has said very much the same things, but he has said them in such a way that people wanted to pay him for making them laugh. It was

(5)

only "pretty Fauny's way." Frank Harris has the temperament of Isaiah. And if it were not the hour of revolution he, too, might be sown asunder. In any case, this book stamps him as in the line of Shelley and Milton, each of whom, in their own time, brought about revolution. There is yet one other in that hierarchy. And even before the publication of this book one can already hear the cry of our Pharisees, of the parasites of our satrapa, from the stews of the Suburbia to the throne of Tiberius itself. "Crucify him—Crucify him!"

AN AMERICAN BALLAD OF THE WAR.

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

*THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three!*

—James Russell Lowell.

I.

*If evil speech and branded lie
Far flung from man to man,
Have left the rock of righteousness
Above the gold of gain,*

*I bid ye to remember
The dreadful dawn and stark,
When the adjudging ages,
My countrymen, will mark

Them who loved kindred more than truth,
Their passion more than right,
Who shall bow down their heads before
The insufferable light*

*Of that Eternal Destiny
That seeth all things clear,
Lovely, inviolable, just,
Majestic and austere.*

II.

*Know ye the Russ who slays man's soul
And lets his body rot?
From Dazube unto Tarnopol
His hatred wearied not*

*To crush the Austrian power that guards
A many-languaged folk
Against the fagot and the spear
Of his abhorred yoke!*

*And the Russ chose serfs for murder
Who know that stealthy trade,
Who have jeered at given pledges
And a mock of honor made!*

*And do ye trust my countrymen,
The words the Czar pours forth,
Who kill the Jew at Kishineff
And freedom in the North?*

III.

*Then Germany arose to save
Her honor and her friend
From the fell foes that stamp and slay
And burn and rape and rend.*

*And she spake to France, the beautiful,
Mother of arts and laws,
Bidding her let the German blood
Guard Europe's holy cause!*

*But France gave bitter answer,
Being in evil plight,
Her soul, her glory and her doom
Sold to the Muscovite.*

*And strove with "red fool fury"
To flame her fevered blood,
That treason might seem truth to her
And evil seem her good.*

IV.

*Germany turned to England,
The proud, serene and free,
To her Germanic sister
She bent a gracious knee,*

*Offering pledge of honor,
Temperate terms and great
And saw in her sister's sullen eye
The glint of unknown hate.*

*For in London streets and Glasgow lanes
The sodden people lie,
The seven million paupers
Whom their lords cast forth to die,*

*The lords who grind their splendid folk
By foreign fraud and fray,
And deemed that fate had given them
The ages' noblest prey.*

V.

*Those cruel lords whose fang is deep
In England's wounded side,
Delivered Italy to shame,
Called where the Mongols ride.*

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run over your mother she would have sent you the money, and you would have gone to St. Petersburg and started a world-wide conflagration there. So it is I that saved Russia—our great, beloved country, rich and fair!"

"I beg your pardon!" cried the gentleman standing behind me, who was the man with whom I was doing business in Kalitkin, "not so fast! He isn't the deliverer of Russia either. I was supposed to meet him in Kieff, but didn't go. But if I had gone he would certainly not have run over your mother. And my reason for not going was that I had to attend the wedding of Bumagin's daughter."

Bumagin was also present. He beat his breast and said:

"So it is not you that saved Russia, but I! For she's my daughter!"

"You mean your daughter saved Russia!" said someone in the rear of the crowd.

"No, but her husband! If he had not married her——"

"Where does the husband come in? His aunt—after her death——"

"Was it his aunt that saved Russia?"

A frightful confusion and shouting was on foot.

After it had lasted for half an hour, it transpired that Russia had been delivered by an illiterate old Russian woman, servant of the bridegroom's aunt, who administered to the old lady a double dose of some medicine, by mistake, with fatal results.

It was decided then and there to appoint a deputation from among the citizens of Kalitkin, with the object of searching for this old servant and expressing to her the gratitude of Russia's people.

When they found her, she proved to be a person of the most exceptional modesty, for she had not even dreamed of the feat performed by her—the deliverance of our great and glorious Russia, so well beloved by every one of us, from ruin!

FINIS.

Translated by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann.

A NOISY NOISE ANNOYS AN OYSTER

By ALISTER CLOWLEY.

I WAS sitting upon the terrace of the Café de la Paix one summer evening some years ago before the war, when my attention was attracted to a procession of young exquisites. It was not an ordinary procession. It appeared to partake of the nature of an advertisement. All the members of the party were apparently male. At least they were dressed in the extreme masculine fashion. They were apparently from the stage of some theatre, for they were painted and powdered excessively. Their gait was mincing; each carried an elegant cane held to the face rather like a lorgnette, and each held in the other hand a copy of the first volume of Mr. Alfred Noyes. The Café de la Paix must have been very full that evening; at least, they shortly re-emerged, followed by some rapid remarks from the maître d'hôtel.

The second time I heard of Mr. Noyes was in London. I had been swimming, and had dug down to the office of the *New Age*, where I discovered an individual bearing the savory name of Oliver Onions. This gentleman proved to be full of Mr. Noyes, and informed me that it was the boast of that individual that he had made a living out of poetry ever since he left Oxford. "Interesting indeed," said I, "whose poetry?" I was then reminded that Mr. Noyes was himself a poet, and indeed, on investigation, it appears that this Mr. Noyes is the most determined poet that ever lived. It seems that he set the career of Tennyson before him from the very start. He intended to become Poet Laureate, and nothing should stop him. I do not think anything will stop him.

THE evidence of his campaign is to be seen in his career. The very fact of seizing upon the canons of Oxford is evidence. But as soon as he left Oxford he perceived that he must pick up with the bigger traditions of popularity. He therefore took the big English traditions: the sea, and King Arthur, and the May-Queen, and tied them up with Swinburne and Kipling. One can see traces of the style of all

of these. Here is a passage of so-called blank verse of the most wooden Tennysonian model:

"So six days passed, and on the seventh returned
The courier, with a message of the Queen
Summoning Drake to court, bidding him bring
Also such curious trifles of his voyage
As might amuse her, also be of good cheer
She bade him, and rest well content his life
In Gioriana's hands were safe: so Drake
Laughingly landed with his war-bronzed crew
Amid the wide-eyed throng on Plymouth beach."

Here is a purely Kiplingesque stanza:
"If you try and lay there, sir, with your face turned wonder,
Up to twenty million miles of stars that roll like one,
Right across to God knows where, and you just huddle under
Like a little beetle with no business of his own,
There you'd hear, like growing grass, a funny, silent sound,
sir.

Mixed with curious crackles in a steady undertone,
Just the sound of twenty billion stars a-going round, sir,
Yus, and you beneath 'em like a wise, old ant, alone,

Ant upon a stone,
Waving of his antlers, on the Sussex downs, alone."
Here is a stanza which reads like a parody of Swinburne:
"Whether the walls that I know, or the unknown fugitive
faces,

Faces like those that I loved, faces that haunt, and waylay,
Faces so like and unlike in the dim unforgettable places,
Startling the heart into sickness that aches with the sweet
of the May."

WHENEVER anybody makes a hit, Alfred Noyes must be on the spot with another poem exactly like it. No sooner does Herbert Trench score a success with "Apollo and the Seaman," than Mr. Noyes obliges with "Bacchus

THE INTERNATIONAL

and the Pirates." No sooner does Henry Newbolt produce "Admirals All," than up jumps Jack-in-the-box with "Forty Singing Seamen," and a lot of stuff in the same key. Here are a couple of stanzas:

"He stretched out his dead cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and his arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake!

- O, what matters the uniform,
- Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

Francis Thompson starts religious poems, introducing little bits of Latin hymns. Noyes does not lose a minute; he goes and does the same:

"Here, not set in a realm apart,
East and West are one Nowell!
Holy Land is in our Heart!
North and South one Gloria!
Death is a birth, birth is a death,
Love is all, O sing Nowell!
And London one with Nazareth—
And all the world a Gloria!"

But there is not too much of the Latin hymn. Mr. Noyes is a very orthodox Protestant. He knows well enough that the Archbishop of Canterbury must be consulted when Robert Bridges dies. To him Catholics are scarcely human:

"Now, provost-marshall,
Begin with you two friars, in whose faces
Chined like singed swine, and eyed with the spent coals
Of filthy living, sweats the glory of Spain.
Strip off their leprous rags
And twist their ropes around their throats and hang them
High over the Spanish camp for all to see.
At dawn I'll choose two more."

To Mr. Noyes Queen Elizabeth is a maiden saint, and Rome the one great enemy:

"This letter, stolen by a traitor spy,
Out of the inmost chamber of the Pope
Sixtus himself, here is your master planned:
Blame not your Ministers who with such haste
Plucked out this viper, Mary, from your breast!"
"Rome, Rome, and Rome again,
And always Rome," she muttered; 'even here
In England hath she thousands yet. She hath struck
Her curse out with pontifical fingers at me,
Cursed me down and away to the bottomless pit!'"

Every prejudice of middle-class England, every snobbery, every baseness, is seized upon by Mr. Noyes as the basis of his unique art. In bold, wooden phraseology, tricked out with every tinsel appanage of the poetaster, England's latest Alfred belches forth the banality of an utterly mediocre mind from that coarse, brutal, mouth, which makes it so difficult to support the contemplation of his photographs. It is superfluous to say that there is not an idea in the whole of his voluminous writings. Even from the brief passages quoted above it will be evident that commonplace has reached its climax.

I AM asked why I should notice Mr. Noyes at all. It is because I am concerned for the fair fame of England. I remember the writings of one William Shakespeare. There is one thing in Shakespeare which no man can forgive: it is his foul attack upon the memory of Joan of Arc, the culmination of his shame as a political toady. Shakespeare's greatness is altogether marred by his willingness to blacken people like Richard III, who was unpopular with the dynasty in power—to praise tyrants like Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, because he was paid for it or thought it the best way to popularity. Now I am glad enough to compare Alfred Noyes to Shakespeare, but only on this ground. As previously observed, Noyes has always been a toady of the English bourgeoisie. He has set the seal upon himself by his abominable aspersions upon the memories of those saints and martyrs of my own holy isle, whose tragic figures—may one venture to say?—have added a new lustre to the greatest of the festivals of the Christian church.

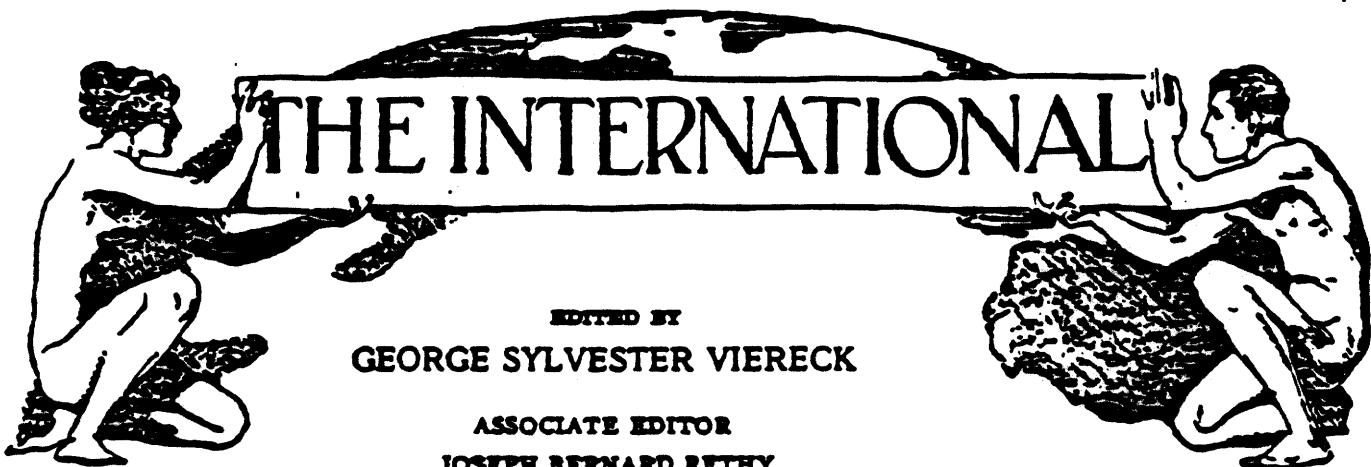
THE MAIDENS

By RAINER MARIA RILKE

(Rendered into English by Jessie Lement.)

O THERS must by a long dark way
Stray to the mystic bards,
Or ask some one who has heard them sing
Or touch the magic chords.
Only the maidens question not
The bridges that lead to Dream—
Their luminous smiles are like strands of pearls
'Gainst a silver vase agleam.

The maiden's doors of Life lead out
Where the song of the poet soars,
And out beyond—to the great world—
To the world beyond the doors.



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MR. WILSON'S GREAT
TALK ABOUT PEACE
WITHOUT VICTORY.

WHAT particularly strikes one in President Wilson's plea for peace before the Senate last month is its implication. We might say its implications. The first of them is that Mr. Wilson has knowledge which is denied the rest of us. He is so profound a master of state craft that we shall not suppose he overlooks the means to his great end. He will not have it imagined that he can bring peace by merely talking about it. He has thought out long in advance the various steps he must take to give his peace policy effect. He does not let the world see all that is in his mind. Consequently, any comment upon his words is but a guess or perhaps a clever conjecture. Making this confession of our incapacity to criticise Mr. Wilson in a well-informed way, we venture to think that his words have brought peace within a measurable distance of the belligerents. Even the mighty British Empire will not too haughtily reject the proffer of the olive branch from a President of the United States. If it were not for our faith in the subtlety, the diplomacy, the art of Mr. Wilson—using these terms inoffensively—we should say at once that he is doomed to humiliation. As it is, we credit him with genius, diplomacy, skill, subtlety and a noble purpose. On the basis of that combination of qualities in Wilson, we hope. We do no more than hope until the President makes his next move. It will be striking, sensational, and, let us pray, successful.

IS GERMANY ABOUT TO
STARVE?

THERE is a very general expectation in London that the Germans will be so hungry in the spring as to be capable of making a meal of Emperor William and the general staff. Moreover, the Germans are big eaters and they will not relish a

curtailment of their diet beyond a certain point. The crops will not permit the masses to live between one harvest and another. These calculations are very finely made. They are convincing on paper. The reply to them is embodied in the anecdote of Napoleon and his hungry and ragged soldiers, "You have nothing," he said to them. "The enemy has everything." The starving soldiers fought for their stomachs and they soon drove off the well-fed and enervated enemy. All military history shows that when troops are fighting for a meal in the possession of the enemy, they are invincible. Nor need we overlook the factor of despair. Let us grant that the Germans are as badly off as the English would have us believe. Their despair would lend them a power of offense against which the allies might contend in vain. In short, a little knowledge of history ought to teach the theorists who think the Germans are starving that it is the hungry, the ragged and the despairing who conquer the world.

WHY THE WAR SITUATION
WILL NOT SOON CHANGE

FOR a period that may extend through the next few years, and which, at the best, will last a year, the world will witness the progress of the sanguinary struggle for the dominion of the world which has brought calamities untold to the white race. The condition of the professional man may become worse and worse. The holders of tangible assets may find them shrinking. The speculators in values that rise and fall with the tide of battle may reap immense fortunes and lose still greater ones. All this misery will not bring the mighty struggle to an end. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the men at the foundation of society, the toiling millions, are, on the whole, benefited by the duration of the war. The masses in England continue still to find money in their

PERCY MACKAYE

An Appreciation, So Far as Is Possible

By ALEXISTER CROWLEY.

A PUBLISHER, hearing recently from Mr. Percy Mackaye, to whom he had sent a book for review, was advised by this great poet to have the volume rebound; for the cover was so brutal and repulsive that, for his part, he had thrown the book into the waste-paper basket without further investigation.

Here is the calibre of Mr. Mackaye's mind.

What insight! What knowledge of the world! How much must one know who judges of literature by what is not even its outward show, but an accident for which the writer is not, as a rule, in any way responsible.

This revelation of genius, the power to divine Hercules not from his own foot, but from the boot of somebody whom Hercules had never even met, sent me headlong to the library; for alas, my own shelves were bare of any such masterpieces as Percy Mackaye's.

The covers of his books were neither brutal nor repulsive; my path to the *chef's d'œuvre* themselves was easy.

The "frightfulness" only appears on beginning to read.

I began with "A Thousand Years Ago." In a preface the great poet explains why he wrote this play; for which much thanks.

The scene is laid in Pekin. Mr. Mackaye has read the encyclopedia for China under the letter C, and for Drama under the letter D, and confined his information. But it must have been a somewhat poor encyclopedia.

All his characters rant like Ancient Pistol; wordy bombast, all at the top of their voices. "By the carcass of Charlemagne, I am dog-awary of twanging these gutstrings for breakfast." (Dog-awary is a new one on me, but it is probably poetic license. This stuff is printed as if it were blank verse, but the scansion is as poor as the sense.)

To get the Chinese flavor, Mr. Mackaye deems it sufficient to preface every other speech by an oath introducing the name of what he probably supposes to be a Chinese God. The emperor keeps on ejaculating "by holy Confucius!" "Great Buddha!" "My star!" His name, by the way, is Altorma, which does not sound very Chinese, somehow. But it doesn't matter much, for his courtiers talk Arabic, saying, "Salaam!" when asked to salute a superior, who then assumes a "toploftical" attitude, though probably still "dog-awary."

The book is full of such delightful finds—almost every page has a gem. "Is he at the door?" "Not him."

The play itself is the veriest rag-bag of stale device. The Princess whose hand depends on the guessing of three riddies; the potion which if dropped on a sleeping lover's lips will make him tell his secret thought; the prince who disguises himself as a beggar, and so on. As the princess herself says, "O, you poor, bloody heads on Pekin's wall. Have you, then, died for this?"

I thought perhaps that Mr. Mackaye might be happier at home; so I turned to "Yankee Fantasies." Here also he graciously explains himself, and why he did it, and his importance to the theatre, and again I am very glad. He tells us how impossible it is to represent dialect graphically, but

in the text he proceeds to do it, and by great Buddha I am dog-awary.

But I do adore his stage directions; the climax of "Chuck" woke me up. Here you are:

"A locust rasps in an elm.

"Paint crickets chirp in the grass.

"An oriole sings from an apple tree.

"From his hole, the wood-chuck crawls cautiously out, soosing, as he does so, a crumpled and earth-soiled veil, which clings to his dusky hair, half clothing him.

"Pulling from his burrow an ear of corn, he sits on his haunches, silently nibbling it—his small eyes half shut in the sunshine."

I do honestly hope the greatest success for Mr. Mackaye, the modern Shakespeare, because I want to see Sir Herbert Tree as The Woodchuck.

And now I am awake enough to get on to "Gettysburg." This play is printed in blank verse, minus capitals at the beginnings of the lines. But Mr. Mackaye is out to prove that blank verse need not be poetry. He ambles along with perfectly commonplace thought and language, which happens to scan. It simply makes the play read like shocking bad prose.

"O' course;

but I must take my little laugh. I told him I guessed I wasn't presentable any how, my mu'stache and my boots wan't blacked this morning. I don't jest like t' talk about my legs. Be you a-goin' to take your young school folks, Polly?"

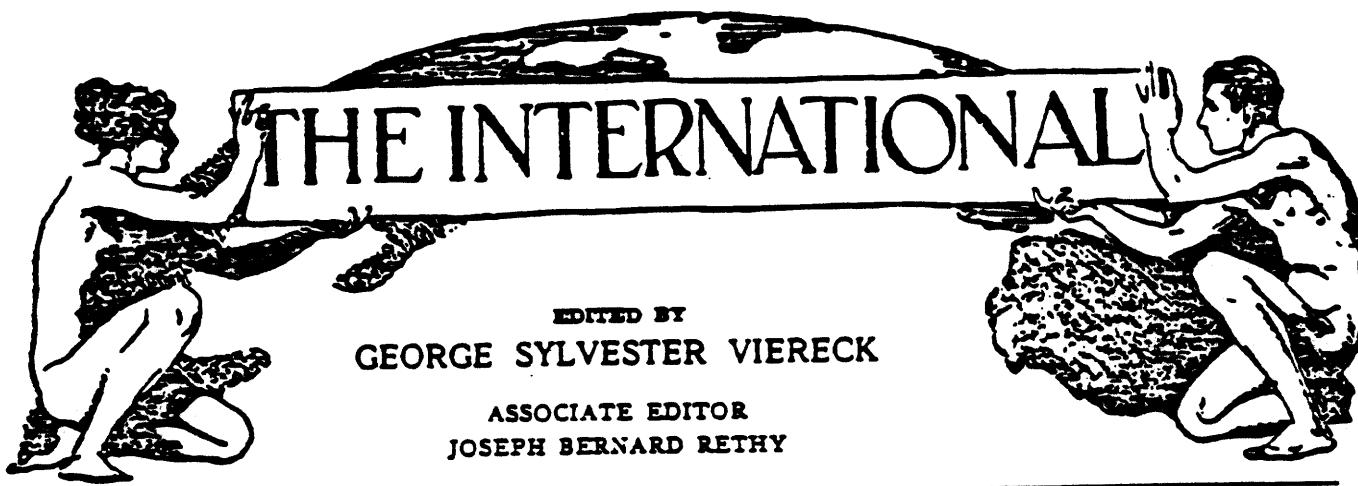
Mr. Mackaye, like other amateur minor poets—if you can call him that—never suspects that there is a reason for using blank verse, that the only excuse for using it is to produce an effect which cannot be produced elsewhere. Without exaltation of theme and treatment, blank verse is a blunder, and one can usually spot the poetical booby by his abuse of it.

In the books at my disposal I can find few lyrics. It may be that Percy Mackaye—how full of suggestion is that name!—has written some odes which leave the "Nightingale" and the "Grecian Urn" and "Melancholy" in the wastepaper basket; along with that book with the brutal and repulsive cover; he may have "Prometheus Unbound" beaten a mile; he may have "Lycidas" and "Adonais" taking the count; he may be able to give cards and spades to "Atalanta" and "Dolores" and "Epipsychedion" and "Anactoria." Hope so. I want some first-rate fresh poetry to read. Hope so. But I have not seen it. Instead, I see this!

"Long ago, in the young moonlight,
I lost my heart to a hero;
Strong and tender and stern and right
And terrible than Nero.
Heigho, but he was a dear, O!"

At the conclusion of this, one of the listeners asks: "Was it a fragrance or a song?" In my considered opinion, it must have been a fragrance.

I am aware that this is a very short article, but there are really limits to the amount one can write about Nothing.



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THE EFFORT TO INTIMIDATE
AND COERCE CONGRESS

PRESIDENT WILSON'S
NEGLECTED WARNING

AMERICANS of every shade of political opinion have noted with concern the efforts of a military clique to impose its will upon Congress. Daily we read in the newspaper dispatches, long and short, from Washington, in which somebody or other in the War Department is represented as impatient at the course of Congressmen in deliberating upon proposals. The martinetts of the War Department labor under one hallucination. They think the policy of this country—the military policy as based upon principle—must be taken from the military. The truth is the exact opposite. The principles upon which our military policy is based will be taken by the officers from Congress. This point will have to be emphasized again and again. Are we to go to war? The Congress decides that question. Shall we have conscription or the voluntary system? The decision rests with Congress. Once the matter of policy is decided by Congress, the military will be told to execute the national will. The military will decide questions of strategy and of tactics after the policy of the country is declared by Congress. Let there be an end of the disedifying spectacle of men in exalted army positions using the newspapers to express covertly their displeasure at Congress. These militarists, who are running amuck for no other reason than that they hold high command in the army, ought to be taken to task by Secretary of War Baker. It is a pity that Mr. Baker has not the backbone of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Mr. Daniels permits no trifling with the principle of the subordination of the military power to the civil power. Mr. Baker does not seem to realize that there is such a principle. We suggest to Mr. Baker that he take the martinetts in hand, telling them that national policy in this country is made by the people through Congress. Once the policy is made, the President will give the orders to the Secretary of War.

THREE has been so much to distract and bewilder the public mind in the crisis we all face that the recent words of President Wilson respecting its nature have passed unheeded. He said in effect that it was a subtle, that it was extreme and that our peril in consequence may be the greatest in our history. His food plea went to our stomachs. His warning should stir our hearts. We are not quoting the President, textually, but it seems that he meant something of this kind. His warning words have passed unheeded, practically. The truth is that the nature of the national peril at this moment is such that it could be grasped only by one who had made a careful and prolonged study of international relations. It is a peril fraught with what Bismarck called the imponderabilia. It would not be obvious, even if explained, to the simple American mind of the Middle and Far West. One of the perils includes the committal of the nation to all kinds of intrigues among the powers of Europe. We earnestly hope that the talent at the disposal of our Department of State will be qualified to cope with the difficulties. Our one dread is that some morning or other we shall be confronted with an accomplished fact which the Senate, as the treaty making power, will be asked to endorse. The Senate must confirm every treaty with a foreign power or it has no binding force upon our country. The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is of grave importance in these peculiar times, when all the powers of Europe, to say nothing of those of Asia, are bearing down upon us clamoring for money, for food, for troops and for God knows what. Here, we suspect, is one of the subtle perils at which the President so wisely hinted. Fortunately, we have in Woodrow Wilson a man who, in eloquence, can rival Viviani, and in subtlety can prove deeper than the deep Balfour.

A REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

LET me make confession of a personal prejudice. It would be an indeed unhappy home that I would leave to revel in even the best kind of Oriental poetry. The trail of the pedant is over it all. Its formalities, its affectations, its redundancies stifle the cries of the babe genius. The spirit of poetry cannot live in the air of the inhumanities of the grammarian. All Indian arts are peculiarly tainted with precision and preciosity. Indian music must be composed in an approved "rag," or (to them) "it is not music." Indian art is mostly ancestor worship; Indian religion is more rigid than Presbyterianism. Originality has been crushed under the stone of a petrified civilization. Such new art—in every branch—as has been created in India in the last thousand years is definitely due to the influence of some invading civilization, and even this imitative stuff has been seized on by the frozen perfections of classicism, its life vampirized by the suction of atavism, and its throat caught by the dead hand of tradition.

Now far be it from me to utter a word in dispraise of one who has received the rare and ineffable honor of knighthood from so gracious and discerning a sovereign as the latest—perhaps, if Providence in its inscrutable wisdom so decree, the last—of the Georges, but the poetry of Sir Rabindranath Tagore is certainly Oriental poetry, and I must plead prejudice and incapacity in excuse of my failure to admire it.

THE people of New York are doubtless more fortunate than I, in being able to read his works in the original Bengali, which I am unable to do. Their rapture is thus easily explicable. But some persons, even in New York, share my ignorance of Bengali, and these (so it seems to me) are possibly a little perierwid in their enthusiasm, a shade obsequious in their genuflexions.

As to the originals, though, one may remark that the people of Bengal are themselves as insensible as I myself to the beauties of Sir Rabindranath. His popularity in that great but unpleasant province depends upon a few popular "nationalistic" songs. The work on which he makes his American appeal is totally unknown in his own country. It consists principally of what appears to me to be a type of mysticism as spineless and amateurish and affected as Maeterlinck's, a collection of pious phrases tricked out with the tinsel of conventional similes. Ladies of a certain age are prone to weep when warmed with sherry and this kind of poetry, for the transference of the emotional stimulus from sex to religion is often accompanied by serious instabilities of mind. It is apparently to such individuals that Sir Rabindranath Tagore makes his most effective bow. Besides, he is a polite person; he says nothing, and he says it very nicely; he has a most noble and venerable beard, and the royal sword has been laid upon his shoulder. Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Chaucer, Shakespeare himself—none of these attained that height.

BUT then they were not colored. There is something about the mere fact of color which appeals irresistibly to a certain type of female. This country in particular has been overrun with "Yogis," who have all succeeded beyond wonder, diapering the favors of idle women with Pekinese

dogs and dancing masters. At least the Indian poet is on a higher level than these; but, for all that, he owes much, if not all, of his popularity to some such itch of idleness, as accounts for the vogue of the others. It is an indignity for an artist to allow himself to be exploited in the salons of the nouveau riche; a man of virility and self-respect does not consent to be treated like a bearded lady or an oafish wonder. The true artist has then yet one more handicap in America; for if the devotees of culture learned to tolerate him, they would desire to pet him. Mrs. Leo Hunter never yet bagged a real lion; it is the straw-stuffed models, breathing by dint of bellows, that roar to order in the gaudy junk-shops which in this country pass for "artistic homes."

However, we will quote a little of Sir Rabindranath's poetry, and leave the reader to judge whether it be the lyre of Apollo, or the voice of Bottom; in any case, the style is W. B. Yeats, who varnished these poems from a "crib."

I

I was walking by the road, I do not know why, when the noonday was past and bamboo branches rustled in the wind.

The prone shadows with their outstretched arms clung to the feet of the hurrying light.

The koels were weary of their songs.

I was walking by the road, I do not know why. [Nor do I.—A. C.]

II

The hut by the side of the water is shaded by an overhanging tree.

Some one was busy with her work, and her bangles made music in the corner.

I stood before this hut, I know not why. [Tired, possibly? A. C.]

III

The narrow winding road crosses many a mustard field, and many a mango forest.

It passes by the temple of the village and the market at the river landing place.

I stopped by this hut, I do not know why. [Nearly stopped by this stanza; I do not know why.—A. C.]

IV

Years ago it was a day of breezy March when the murmur of the spring was langourous, and the mango blossoms were dropping on the dust.

The rippling water leapt and licked the brass vessel that stood on the landing step.

I think of that day of breezy March, I do not know why. [Memory is indeed a strange thing! How profound is this thought!—A. C.]

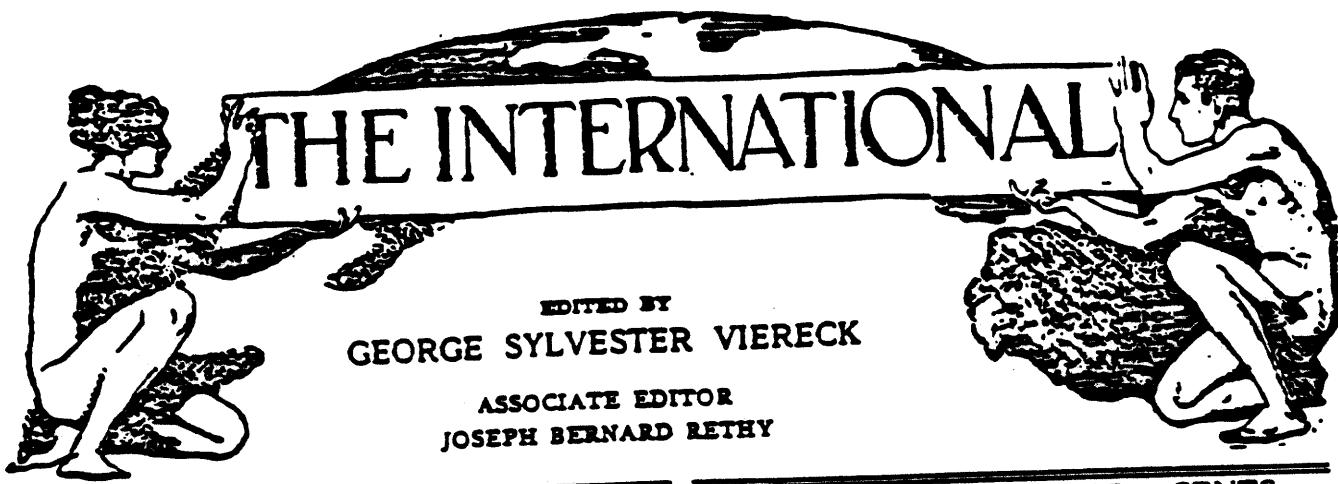
V

Shadows are deepening and cattle returning to their folds.

The light is grey upon the lonely meadows, and the villagers are awaiting for the ferry at the bank.

I slowly return upon my steps, I do not know why. [Closing time?—A. C.]

It is faint, intangible stuff.



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THE MILITARY OCCUPATION IN NEW YORK

THE effort of the military to take the government of the city of New York out of the hands of Mayor Mitchel was exciting while it lasted. A story or two, circulated in the newspapers here, indicated that uniformed soldiers acted as if martial law had been proclaimed and its administration handed over to them. Tales of lawless procedure filled the newspapers, these reports being all the more mystifying because no one in authority over the troops would accept responsibility for their acts. Meetings were invaded, citizens were subjected to causeless and meaningless arrest and the right of peaceable assemblage ceased to exist. Perhaps the military wish to make the war unpopular. Certainly, the deeds accredited to some men in uniform would justify a suspicion that they were deliberately trying to make their vocation odious. The truth probably is that these young men were instructed in their duties by incompetent officers. The Mayor of this city is supposed to be responsible for its government. He maintains law and order through the police. Are we to assume that the Mayor has abdicated government here or is it possible that by an exercise of superior physical force, the military authorities have simply superseded the local government?

A POSSIBLE PERIL TO
THE NATION

IF we are to assume—in the face of the probabilities of the case—that the conduct of the uniformed troops in New York in upsetting the local government, in practically superseding it in the exercise of the police power, reflects a matured policy in high quarters, then a period of extreme tension must ensue. The subjection of a large civilian population to the whim of the military, the treatment of a community accustomed to self government as

if it were an Asiatic satrapy, must in the end kindle a fire that will prove destructive before it is quenched. It can not surely be the purpose of the War Department at Washington or of the militia in the several States to render the war odious, to foment a spirit of cowed revolt, to destroy every organ of expression possessed by the popular will. The creation of such a situation in our large self-governing American communities would be fatal to the war. It would arouse a flaming resentment that must in the end substitute for the war with Germany a severe domestic crisis. So obvious is all this that we must explain the episodes in New York as manifestations of some inadequacy to the situation on the part of inexperienced officers of the army.

OUR BOB AND THE
CHINESE IMBROGLIO

IT is not at all unlikely that the enemies of our diplomacy will seek to make Bob a scapegoat in this Chinese business. Somebody sent a note to China and the Japanese do not like it. One story is to the effect that a bogus note got into circulation. This seems to us highly likely. In our opinion the affair amounts to nothing but an effort to discredit Bob. He is the greatest Secretary of State we ever had, especially in the matter of notes. He writes them with surpassing effect. They are far more exciting than the letters of Junius and they ring with the scorn of that immortal unknown. One can tell a note by Bob owing to its indignation at anything like a slur upon democracy. If, as we suspect may be the case, the enemies of Bob have been putting notes into circulation that Bob never signed, the plagiarism ought to be punished. Otherwise, notes will be put into circulation purporting to be addressed by Bob to the British, the French and the Italians, with results that can be imagined. Fortunately, Bob has so long been

A DEATH BED REPENTANCE. TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I

ACCORDING to the local G. P., there was no hope for Timothy Bird. There was nothing the matter with him beyond the fact that he was 86 and that his weakness was alarming. People snuff out at all ages: accident apart, our vital clocks vary immensely in the matter of mainspring.

The mind of Timothy Bird was extraordinarily clear and logical; in fact, so logical that he was unreasonable. He was unwilling to die until he had made one further effort to transform that which had most embittered his life into its crowning joy. At the last moment, said he, God will surely touch the heart of my dear lad.

He therefore telegraphed, with a faith which 30 years of disappointment had done nothing to shatter.

The telegram was worded thus:

John Nelson Darby Bird,
99 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn.

Jesus calls me at last unless He comes first come to your
father and your God Luke XV

Father

The curious wording of this message mirrored infallibly the mind of Timothy Bird.

Why (do you interrupt) assert religious beliefs in a telegram? Because the Holy Ghost may "use" the telegram to "reach" the clerks in the Post Office. Enough of such querulous query: to the facts!

John Nelson Darby was the founder of the "Brethren" gathered together to the name of the Lord Jesus" and called "Plymouth Brethren" owing to their early great successes having been won in Plymouth. This excellent man was a very fine Hebrew scholar, to say nothing of Greek. His eminence had entitled him to the offer of a seat on the Committee of the Revision of the Bible, but he had refused to meet other scholars of heterodox theological views, quoting:

Matthew, XVIII, 17,
II Thessalonians, III, 6 and 14,
Romans, XVI, 17.

and particularly

II John, 9, 10, 11.

His undoubted great all-round mind led him to see that One Infalible Authority is necessary to any religion. Rome had this in the Pope: he followed the apostasy of Luther, and proposed to replace this by the Bible. Now, since the Bible is the actual word of God, dictated by the Holy Ghost—else where is its authority?—this word must be taken literally in every part as well as in the whole. Now you may formulate a soties from any one text and another soties from any other. But a contradiction in your conclusions will not invalidate either of your first premisses!

This involves a somewhat complex metaphysic, in spite of the fact that metaphysic, being the work of heathen philosophers, is of its father the devil.

It is, however, impossible in practice to corner a Plymouth Brother in these or any other ways, because he scents danger from afar and replies with an argumentum ad hominem on these simple lines:

I am saved.

You are not I.

Therefore, you are damned (I John, v., 19.)

In these degenerate days fact is supposed by the ignorant

to be truer than fancy, and one must therefore plead for belief by referring the sceptic to Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son." Reviewers of that book cast doubt on the possibility of such narrowmindedness as is shown by Philip Gosse. But in the boyhood of another writer sprung of the loins of the Brethren, the poet of "The World's Tragedy," the name of Philip Gosse was a byword, a scorn and a reproach; he was an awful warning of the evils of latitudianarianism!

And Timothy Bird was of the anti-Ravenite section of the Exclusive Plymouth Brethren. His had been the dominant voice of that Assembly Judgment which "delivered" Philip Gosse and his kind "to Satan for a season"; and he had been the mainstay of the movement which expelled a majority of the remainder when Mr. F. E. Raven had "blasphemed" in a manner so obscure and complex that not one in twenty of the most learned of the seceders ever gained even a Piagah glimpse of the nature of the controversy.

For Timothy Bird was indeed a Gulliver in Lilliput. He had known John Nelson Darby intimately; he had been the close friend of Wigram and Crowley, even of Kelly before his heresy; he was a scholar of merit if not of eminence; he was a baronet of the United Kingdom and a man of much property. Baronets not being mentioned in the New Testament, he had refused to use his title; but the other brethren, at least those in the lower middle classes, never forgot it.

He lived simply, using his large income principally for the distribution of tracts; he evangelized greatly while he had the strength, going from town to town to establish or confirm the brethren, and it was generally known that he had left the whole of his great fortune in trust to Arthur Horne and Henry Burton for the use of the brethren to the entire exclusion of the aforesaid John Nelson Darby Bird, who had not only背slidden but gone over wholly to Satan, being in fact a barrister of repute, the most distinguished member of the Rationalist Press Association, and, worse than all, a zealous and irrefutable advocate of easy divorce.

This disinheritance weighed little with the younger Bird, who at 44 was earning some £5,000 a year, and who had such painful memories of eighteen years of the most cruel (because perfectly well-meaning) form of slavery that the word "home" was habitually used by him in moments of excitement instead of the familiar "hell" of the pious Englishman.

Now, as Herbert Spencer (a little late in the day) maintained, "Action and reaction are equal and opposite"; and experience teaches that fanaticism does not escape this law. There are no anti-Christians like the children of Plymouth Brethren. They have the Bible at their fingers' ends; they quite agree that Brethrenism is the only logical form of Bible Christianity; they associate it with every grand tyranny or petty spite of the hated home; and so they are frankly of Satan's party. Terrible opponents they make. The Plymouth Brother can find a text of Scripture to buttress his slightest act, and his son has consequently an equal armory of blasphemy, which, with a little knowledge of Greek and Hebrew and of various infidel writers, makes him unchallengeable in debate.

Timothy Bird had learnt to fear his son. From the age of puberty he had been in fierce revolt: it was the subtleties of that five years' intense struggle that had made him intellectually supreme both in strategy and tactics, the most dangerous advocate at the Bar. He had become a fine psychologist as well; he had penetrated every blind alley of his father's

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mind, and to that mind he was merciless. He, too, was a fanatic. He really wished (in a way) to avenge the tortures of his boyhood; and perhaps he felt that his emancipation was not complete until he had converted his torturer. However this may be, year after year with ever-gathering strength, he hurled battalion on battalion at the squat blind citadel—to foreseen repulse. It was probably the parable of the unfortunate widow, or the endurance which his horrible boyhood had taught him, that made him continue. It is impossible to argue with a Plymouth Brother, for his religion is really axiomatic to him, so that everything he says begs the question, and you cannot get him to see that it does so. This is not so unusual as it appears: it requires a very good mind to acquit even for purposes of argument, in non-Euclidean geometry, so fixed is the mind in its certainty that the whole is greater than its part, and the like.

It is good to hear them discuss anything.

Propose the question of the Origin of Evil; your Plymouth Brother will remark sooner or later, but always irrelevantly, "God is a just God." You argue that his God is certainly not just, or he would not have commanded the rape of virgins by the thousand, or sent bears to devour forty and two little children whose sole fault was to call attention to the baldness of a prophet.

This is unanswerable; give up the story, as the better mind does, and you are launched for atheism or mysticism; hold to it—the Christian's only hope—and the sole possible reply is, "Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?" "Yea," you retort. "He shall: that is just my proof that your God is a tribal fetish, and not at all the judge of the whole earth." The conversation, after a sulphurous interlude, again rises to the dignity of argument, and on some infinitely subtle and obscure minor point which he had never thought of before—I speak of a rare incident much prized by connoisseurs—you do really and truly prove to him from Scripture that he is wrong.

Is he downhearted? NO!

The momentary cloud upon his brow passes: the glorious sun shines out amid the wrack:

"The devil can quote Scripture."

In vain you reply that this consuming doubt invalidates the whole of his arguments, which are all drawn from Scripture: and this again admitting of no reply, the worthy man will continue to breathe out lightnings and slaughter until physical weariness bids him desist.

Yet it was the cherished belief of John Nelson Darby Bird that the last straw will break the camel's back; or, more practically, that if you sandpaper bricks at the base of a building long enough the building will suddenly and without warning reel and fall. You remember that Noah spent 120 years building the ark—with hardly a shower. When the flood came, it came suddenly. J. N. D. Bird, K. C., was quite ready to "go to the ant, thou sluggard," or to Noah, as circumstances might indicate.

Before he answered his father's telegram he borrowed the billiard chalk from the waistcoat pocket of his clerk, whose sporting instincts had got the best briefs for his employers in horsey and divorcey circles.

(Lord John Darcy v. the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Riddell v. Riddell, Clay, Arthur, Thompson, Battersby, Jacobs, Bernheim, de la Rue, Griggles, Waite, Shirley, Williamson, Klein, Banks, Kennedy, Gregg, Greg and others. These were the remarkable cases that established the reputation of Mr. Bird. His successful defense of Mrs. Riddell had won him, in addition, a vice-presidency of the Anthropological Society.)

To those who are not Plymouth Brethren it will not be obvious why John Bird pocketed the billiard chalk, and a new

digression becomes Cockar.

Chalk is the commonest form in which carbonate of calcium is found in Nature. Under the microscope it is seen to be composed of the dust of the shells of minute marine animals. Geologists consider it impossible that a layer of chalk 10,000 feet thick should have been deposited in the course of a week, or even in the course of, say, 4,004 years.

The year after John Bird was called to the Bar he had fished his maiden steal upon his father by taking a piece of chalk, a microscope, and twenty-seven volumes of geology to Carswith Towers for the long vacation. Father and son talked chalk day and night for nine weeks. It was a drawn battle. The father had to admit the facts of geology. "Then," said the son, "I cannot believe that God wrote a lie upon the rocks." Timothy replied, "Let God be true, and every man a liar!" He also very ably urged that it was not a lie. If men of science were not blinded by the devil (owing to their scared consciences and their quite gratuitous hatred of God) they would see, as he, Timothy Bird, saw, that it was obvious from the chalk itself that it had been created in a moment. Alternatively, God had written a lie upon the rocks in order to blind them. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they may believe a lie."

The immorality of this latter proceeding, of course, led to the old "God is a just God" line of argument with its inevitable conclusion in Sheol for the younger Bird.

Phoenix-like, however, he caused lumps of chalk to be conveyed to his father at irregular intervals; for he saw, with the astuteness that had discomfited Lord John Darcy, that his father's belief had really been shaken by the argument. The outworks held; the citadel crumbled. In the deepest shrine of sub-consciousness Timothy Bird, or, rather, Something that was in very truth not Timothy Bird, knew that the world was not made in six days, that the Book of Genesis was a Jewish fable, that the whole structure of "revelation" was a lie, that the Incarnation and the Atonement were but dreams.

Armed, therefore, with the integrity described by Horace, and the billiard chalk, John Nelson Darby Bird went to Carswith Towers by the 3.45 for a final wrestle with the Angel.

II.

The old man was sitting up when his son arrived. Arthur Horne and Henry Burton, the one pale, the other sallow, the one stumpy and fat, the other dried up, had come to pray with him. The doctor, who was not of the fold, appeared nauseated at the unction of the vultures, and (before he left) communicated a portion of this feeling to the nurse who, although a "Plymouth Sister," had experience in her profession of the realities of life, and consequently to some extent saw things, though dimly, as they really were.

Burton was praying audibly as John Bird entered. Without moving a muscle, he directed the current of his supplications into a new channel.

"And, dear Jesus, we beseech Thee, on behalf of one among us, or perhaps now among us, or soon to be present among us (it would not do to admit that he knew of anything that was occurring in the room), one we truly fear dead in trespasses and sins and so it seems far indeed from the precious blood. May it please Thee that this thine aged servant may at last be gladdened, ere he pass into his exceeding great reward, by Thy wonderful mercy working in this hard heart and unregenerate Adam"

With utter weariness of tautologies and repetitions, the prayer meandered on for another ten minutes. At last came the Amen.

Not until then did Timothy Bird open his eyes and greet

his son. Feeble as he was, he began to "plead with him" to "come to Jesus." The son had a terrible temptation to acquiesce, to spare the oldster "useless" pain. In the stern school of the Brethren, truth, or what passes for truth, must outweigh all human feelings, as if a sword were thrown into a scale wherein two oat-husks were contending. The obstinacy of those five terrible conscious years of revolt assisted his decision to sway to that austerity which here he thought was cruelty.

"Father," said he, "don't poison your last hours by these delusions! If there be a God, it is certain that He never trapped man as you say He did."

Arthur Horne interrupted: "God is a just God."

"Then why did he make vermin?" retorted the barrister.

A long and labored explanation followed from the excellent Horne, who never suspected that the repartee was not part of the argument.

It all wound its weary way back to the old subject of the sure and certain damnation of John Bird.

The latter paid no heed. His human feelings swamped all else. He knew instinctively at that moment the supreme human truth that the son is the father, literally identical of one substance. Also, in the great presence of death there is no place for religion of any kind. The sham of it becomes patent—a hideous masque and revelry of mocking thoughts. Even where it is the strongest of all drugs, it lowers, hypnotic cloud or levin of storm, shines never as a sun of life. The Pagans knew: try and write even a letter of condolence to a friend bereaved, and you will know it too. Glib consolations are the work of shallow hypocrites, or of cowards too scared to face their fear: they break into a sweat of piety; their eyes glaze with a film—the easy falsehood of immortality. The iridescent bubble of faith is easily burst—woe to the man who dares touch it by so much as one word of truth on any serious subject!

"My son," began Timothy Bird, to whom the approach of death now lent a majesty indescribable—the feeble baronet might have been a patriarch of the patriarchs—"my life has failed. Its one desire has been that God would bring my only son to His grace. It was not His will. To that I bow; my times are in His hand. His will, not mine, be done. It may be that my death may be the means . . ." and on he rambled the well-worn paths of "pleading with a soul," things so hackneyed that John Bird, facing his own problem as he was, hardly heard them trickle through his ears. He only marked a stumbling, a growing hesitation, and a look of trouble and of awe. It was a machine interrupted; yet, strangely, not so much as if it were breaking down, but as if a new hand were on the levers. Surely the end was near. The old man himself seemed to think so. He detected his own weakness; he flushed with a sort of shame; he seemed to gather himself for an effort.

"John," said he firmly, "shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? You are a lawyer; you understand the value of testimony. Here are we four, three living and one almost gone to be with Christ, all ready to lift up our voices and testify to the saving grace of God. Is it not so?"

Solemnly enough, Horne, Burton and the nurse gave their assent:

"Will you not accept their witness?"

"I, too, have witnesses," replied John Bird; and he drew the billiard chalk from his pocket and laid it on the mantelpiece. "Let God be true," said he, "and every man a liar!"

The light of fanaticism that blazed from the eyes of the moribund man flashed once, and went suddenly out. An uncomprehending stare replaced it. He seemed to search the Infinite. All thought he was at the extreme, and Horne and

Butler, intent as they were on their own plans, were frightened into silence. John Bird returned to his problem: it was himself that was dying. And yet no, for the true self was living in himself. And he understood that marriage is a sacrament, and must not be blasphemed by hedging it about with laws of property, and canon prohibitions, and inspection and superintendence sacerdotal. Every man is a king and priest to God; every man is the shrine of a God, the guardian of an eternal flame, the never-extinguished lamp of the Rosicrucian allegory.

The eyes of the old man were still fixed on the chalk in an unwinking stare. His color heightened and his breath came faster. Yet his muscles grew ever more rigid; he seemed to grip the arms of the chair in which he was propped by pillows.

It was he at last who broke the silence. "Nurse," he said, very slowly but firmly and distinctly, "take my keys and open the buh! cabinet." The woman obeyed. "Bring me the paper in the lower middle drawer." She did so.

With perfect calm and deliberation, but with more vital energy than he had yet shown, and with his eyes shining now with a warm kindly lustre, he tore the paper across and across.

"Burn it!" said he. The nurse took it to the flame of her spirit lamp and consumed the pieces.

The son understood what had been done.

"Father," said he, "I don't want the money. I didn't come down here for that."

Placidly came the amazing retort: "Then give it to the Rationalist Press Association!"

Horne and Burton broke into a shrill twittering and rumbling of protest. His mind is gone, was the burden of their swan-song. The old man smiled, like a God smiling at his puppets. Their plaint turned to denunciation.

John Bird aroused himself. "You must leave the house," said he. With barely a push they complied: they were too astounded to do themselves justice.

The dying man beckoned his son. "Your life must have been a hell," said he, "and I made it so. But it was blindness and not unkindness, Jack." His son had not heard "Jack" for thirty years. He fell on his knees beside his father, and burst into strong sobs. Those thirty years of strife and wrong and misunderstanding came back, single, and in bat-talions, too!

The old man's head had fallen back; a smile had softened the old stern expression; the eyes closed as if in ecstasy.

Even the nurse was mistaken: she touched the shoulder of the barrister. But John would not move; and suddenly she recognized that the old man was breathing; from swift and shallow it deepened to strong and slow; a great sleep was upon him.

For three hours his son knelt by him, his lips fastened on one hand; and of the experience of those three hours who shall speak?

Then came the doctor—to pronounce the patient "wonderfully better."

And indeed he lived three years, sane, healthy and strong.

I saw him the year after at the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association—the weight of his theories roiled off the grand old shoulders. And far down the table I saw Messrs. Horne and Burton; but not being encouraged.

There is a cenotaph in the family vault. Following the usual recital of the virtues of the deceased, written in smiling irony by his own hand, comes this text:

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

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PANTOMORPHOPSYCHONOSOPHIOMETRY

The New School of Literature: A Note on Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I HAVE a liver. This organ is so constituted that if, at midnight, at the Café des Beaux Arts, I consume a ham sandwich with its own weight in mustard, and a pint of iced coffee, the result is similar to, but more urgent than that alleged of a dose of a quarter of a grain of morphia. A sleepless night of violent and concentrated, yet widely roaming, thoughts, passionate yet pell-mell, is obtained at this trifling cost: I perceive and glorify the infinite goodness of God.

The ancients did not know these things; great classics (still unappreciated in some quarters, 'tis to be feared), like the authors of "East Lynne" and of "Lady Audley's Secret," show no acquaintance with these phenomena. When good Queen Victoria wept for priceless Albert these things were not so. At least, Emily Bronte, she alone, foresaw the possibilities of today.

The incalculable increase of human knowledge has been such that no mind could follow it. I have sat at meetings of the Chemical Society where only two or three of the eminent men present were competent to discuss the paper read; perhaps not more than a dozen could even follow it. The mind of man has, therefore, developed like a cancer, thrusting out tentacles in every direction, depositing strange poison even in the remotest tissues, and bearing no relation, save the most malignant enmity, to the rest of the structure. We have known too much; we have lost our standards of measurement. In "East Lynne" it is merely a question of the Ten Commandments. All our motives, as our acts, were as simple as they are—in those dear dead days beyond recall!

NOW we have discovered pantomorphism. We have broken down the line between man and monkey, nay, between man and moss and malachite. We can still argue that nothing has a soul, or that everything has a soul; but the half-way houses have lost their licenses.

Zola, in a vague symbolic way, makes his still or his locomotive accomplice in his tragedies; but it is only the modern pantomorphist who makes the seaweed and the spindrift characters in his novel as active as its human protagonists. It is really the old animism, the old demonology, come again, the Rosicrucian doctrine of elementals burst into sudden flower; and it comes triumphant over all its enemies, because it has placed itself beyond the reach of criticism, basing itself as firmly on the Academic Scepticism as on the Academic Theology. No self-consistent theory of the universe can rule it out.

Pari passu has come—almost as part of this—the discovery of the human soul. In the old days a man was a man and a rock was a rock, "and no damned nonsense about it, sir"—which nonsense consisted in persistence at "But what is a man? What is a rock?" and ended, as above stated, in pantomorphism.

So also our souls were not souls; we were going to heaven or hell or purgatory, and there was nothing to worry us. But what are "we," asked the man of science, and ended by the discovery: "Every man and every woman is a star." The soul is now recognized as an individual substance, beyond the categories of time and space, a king in itself; not one of a group, but capable of its own destiny. The old theory of

stars—night-lights in God's bedchamber or holes in the floor of heaven—has gone the way of phlogiston. We no longer confuse Sirius with Aldebaran. Each is itself. Just so every man is Himself, with his own Way to Heaven.

MANY of us are become conscious of this truth: and, reaching out and up on our new wings, are at times liable to dizziness, to spiritual cremnophobia, agarophobia, claustrophobia—and nostalgia is in any case become quite normal to us.

Hence the psychonosologists have begun to construct manuals of spiritual pathology. They have hardly done anything even to describe the varieties of disease. Von Kraft-Ebing was the first to gain popular appreciation. He saw (at least) that the Seventh Commandment was not a simple matter of the divorce court, and even got a glimpse of the fact that to inhale the perfume of a gentian on the mountain-side may imply a sexual "abnormality" more profound and possibly more terrible than a thousand rapes. He erred (he has since seen the error), in classing these manifestations as disease. They are "variations" in the Darwinian sense, evidence of the growth of the race. The ox, the savage, the Victorian, the modern American, the cave-man, do not suffer in this way from the specialization of the functions of the soul. But since these phenomena are undoubtedly accompanied by severe distress, we are at present justified in speaking of psychonosology.

Now, the soul is eternally silent; it expresses itself only through the sexual instinct and its branches, Art and Religion. The Unconscious Will of a man is, therefore, his sex-instinct, in the first place. Therefore, this new passionate growth of his new-found soul must perforce express itself in sexual abnormality. Freud and Jung have done much to trace sex in the unconscious mind, in symbolic thinking, in instinctive selection of literary metaphor, and so on; Jung, in particular, has brilliantly perceived that sex expresses the Unconscious or True Will. But deeper thinkers, deeper because they are artists with the vision of Gods, not groping, purblind men of science, have gone further, and discerned sex beating at the heart of man's simplest, most conscious, and most rational acts.

I REFER to Louis Umfraville Wilkinson and John Cowper Powys. In the latter his "Eureka" is so vivid that it resembles the cry of an epileptic: the former bears himself more godlike, the cynical yet caressing smile of some hermaphrodite child of Pan and Apollo quivering faintly upon his lips. Powys makes you want to go out and invent something deliciously damnable; Wilkinson makes you feel that everything you have ever done is damably delicious. The former reveals to you the possibilities of life; the latter reveals you to yourself as a past master of all actualities.

It is needless, I trust, to insist that these masters have left Kraft-Ebing and his school with Dens and Liguori—nay, they have buried him far deeper. For the older writers did really understand the appalling possibilities of "innocent" things, though their simple standard of right and wrong prevented their perception of whether their facts tended. But Wilkinson and Powys see more clearly. They know that one can morally contaminate a soap-bubble, if one go the right

way to blow it, defile the virginity of a valley by looking at it, or corrode the soul of a strawberry by refusing to eat it. It will be hard for Puritan legislation to check the cerebralist!

BUT why (ask!) should we so uniformly perceive this curious development as evil? Wilkinson, it is true, is beyond the illusion of good and evil; not so is it with Powys, whose characters mostly understand themselves as unfathomable abysses, haunted by nameless horrors. The reason is simple: Powys is temperamentally a Christian. The soul is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked"; therefore its will is evil; therefore its sex-instinct is evil; therefore its universe is evil. Such is the Puritan sorites; and to the inverted Puritan, whose pleasure consists of inventing "sins" in order to commit them, the Pagan simplicity of a Wilkinson is rather tragic. For the Pagan accepts joyfully the Law of Liberty: "Every man and every woman is a star": "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." He delights in his independence, in pursuing the glory of his orbit, free, self-balanced, inscrutable, ineffably alive. The mind

which is bound to the Christian philosophy, the clinging, parasitic, Oedipus-complex, mind, dare not confront Immensity. In a word, a Christian, when he dies, wants to go to heaven; a Pagan shrugs his shoulders and takes things as they are.

But, will he, nill he, these pantomorphopsychonosophilographers have "unloosed the girders of the soul," as Zoroaster says, Wilkinson rather as a chorister in love for the first time, Powys as a child that has lost its mother; but the effect is the same. We must learn to take care of ourselves, to be suns in ourselves, not planets lackeying a central orb. We must conquer "air-sickness," the nostalgia for atavistic superstitions to comfort us. In a few years we shall be as happy in being ourselves as we have hitherto been in our dependence, physical, mental and moral, upon others. Then, not till then, will constructive work, the mapping-out of a free universe, become possible. And in that day let us not forget the noble, the austere, the elegant, the august spade work of these great pantomorphopsychonosophilographers, John Cowper Powys and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson. *Cras ingens iterabimus sequor.*

A LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(The following letter addressed to Lord Northcliffe was published in the London "Star" more than a year ago and created a sensation throughout England. A. G. Gardiner is a noted and fearless journalist, and his indictment of Northcliffe makes particularly interesting reading just now, in view of the fact that the Lord of Thanet has come to the United States in order to take personal charge of the organs of the Allies. "We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond." Thus exclaimed Northcliffe's "Evening News" October 7, 1913. Let us bear this in mind when the Northcliffe papers scream the loudest and demand the utmost sacrifices of blood and wealth.)

My Lord: This is not a time when I should wish to write to you or about you, for there is something indecent at such a moment in inflicting the old battle-cries on the public. But you have chosen to issue a book of newspaper scraps the object of which is to cover yourself and the *Daily Mail* with honor as the true prophets of the war and *The Daily News* and other representatives of Liberalism with odium as the false prophets of peace. To let such a challenge pass would be a wrong to the cause which this journal holds sacred, and therefore, unwillingly, I address you.

Your claim to be the true prophet of the war does not call for dispute. It has always been your part to prophesy war and cultivate hate. There is nothing more tempting to the journalist than to be an incendiary. It is the short cut to success, for it is always easier to appeal to the lower passions of men than to their better instincts. There is a larger crowd to address, and you have never deserted the larger crowd. The student of your career will find it difficult to point to anything that you have done and to say "Here Lord Northcliffe sacrificed his journalistic interests for the common good, for the cause of peace, for some great human ideal that brought no grist to his mill; here he used his enormous power not to enrich himself but to enrich the world." But he will have no difficulty in pointing to the wars you have fomented, the hatreds you have cultivated, the causes you have deserted, the sensations, from the Pekin falsehood to the Amiens falsehood about the defeat of the British army, that you have spread broadcast. You have done these things not because of any faith that was in you, not because of any principle you cherished. You have done them because they were the short cut to success—that success which is the only thing you reverence amidst all the mysteries and sanctities of life.

"NOTHING."

If one could find in you some ultimate purpose, even some wholesome and honest hate, you would present a less pitiful

spectacle to the world. You would at least be a reality. But you are nothing. In all this great and moving drama of humanity you represent no idea, no passion, no policy, no disinterested enthusiasm. Like Mr. Lowell's candidate you

scent which pays the best an' then

Go into it baldheaded.

When you preached war against the Boers it was not that you hated the Boers or loved England; it was only that you understood how to sell your papers. When you preached war against France, told her that we would roll her in "mud and blood" and give her colonies to Germany, it was not that you had any rooted antagonism to France, but that you knew how to exploit the momentary passions of the British mob. When you called for reprisals against Russia over the North Sea incident it was not that you did not know that there had been a mistake, but that you knew that a cry for war was a good newspaper thrill. When last spring you set all your papers from *The Times* downwards prophesying "civil war" and went to Ulster to organize your brigade of war correspondents and triumphantly announced that hostilities were about to begin, it was not that you cared for Unionism or hated Home Rule. You care for neither and have coquetted with both. It was only that you thought that Parliament was going to be beaten and that you could be the prophet of red ruin and the breaking up of laws. Even your loves are rooted in hates as meaningless as your loves. When you covered the Kaiser with adulation, called him "Our friend in need," and pleaded for an alliance with Germany, it was only to make your gospel of war with France more effective. In a word, you have been the incendiary of journalism for twenty years—a man ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard.

MR. F. E. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

And as you have been the preacher of war abroad so you have been the preacher of discord and hate at home. There



EDITOR
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
ALEISTER CROWLEY

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OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

By ANATOLE FRANCE

IN the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would feign indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money would rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbor's, since woman is ever the

enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For while not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

"Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, ensure to me the possession of the joys of paradise."

NOW on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

"Fellow traveller," said the monk, "how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?"

"Not at all, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread."

"Friend Barnaby," returned the monk, "be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the tip of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a

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LISTEN TO THE BIRD-MAN!

HERBERT SPENCER pointed out that the fittest, who survived, were those who could get used to anything. How wonderfully fit we all are these days! Three years ago we could be surprised and upset by the mildest political crisis anywhere; to-day the greatest revolutions do not make us even yawn. The war will have been a good thing for the world if it teaches us all that great truth of Heraclitus that Everything Flows. The Buddhists have the same philosophy. Nothing truly IS; it is only a flux, a set of combinations constantly flowering in some new way, never crystallizing. To harden is to die; ask your arteries.

So it is delightful to find people seriously discussing "the inevitable Anglo-German rapprochement," in spite of the campaign of hate on both sides; Northcliffe coming out for Home Rule, and Socialists sickening of Socialism. The fact is that all the "isms" are doomed; common sense is beginning to assert itself under the stress of the terrible and beautiful facts of war. Sir Edward Grey perhaps never realized that his devotion to certain political principles would materialize in the bombardment of London. Time has shown us what high explosives ideas are, when there is a detonator handy. But it is more important to concentrate our attention on the fact that nothing matters that we used to think did matter.

FOR here is Lady Aberdeen, of all people, talking like a Sinn Feiner. There was applause, says the New York Times, when she said that she looked forward to the time when Ireland would take her place as "one of the sisterhood of free nations that make up the British Empire." This is just two years since Mr. Aleister Crowley said almost the same words facing the Statue of Liberty, to be hailed as a madman or a traitor, and but five quarters of a year since the Irish Martyrs wrote similar remarks in blood in the streets of Dublin, and on the flagstones of the Tower of London.

It is time that we all took a new look at the world. Things are not what they were. In fact, they never were at all: our beliefs have been prejudice and illusion. Only canned brains should be incapable of the effort now required. We are, by definition, the fittest, since we survive: and if we are to continue this process, we must do so by accommodating ourselves to the changed conditions.

WE have seen where national prejudice and the gospel of hate have led us. Any one who continues to preach hate is simply a snake. We are talking to the Irish who hate England as much as to the French who hate Germany. It simply will not do. We are in an impoverished world, and for the future we have got to pull together. It is absurd to repair "historical injustices"; no nation but her past is black with such. We must get off the plane of hate and envy together. We must recognize the plain truth that quarreling does not pay. Germany and England are both very silly to starve their best customers—each other. But we should like to put it on a little higher ground than this: it is inhuman to be inhumane. There is only one attitude possible to an

enlightened man to-day. It is not original. It was worded rather epigrammatically quite a few years ago, as follows: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Heaven knows the idiots who brought about this thing didn't know. But most nations trust their destinies to imbeciles.) In the Dhammapada, a classic of Buddhism, six hundred years before Christ, we find the same idea, though without any religious theory to clog the wheels: "The state of hate doth not abate by hate in any time or clime;

Put hate will cease if love increase; so soothly runs the antient rhyme."

The idea had whiskers, even then; but the idea is not proved false by the fact that Mr. Wilson is clean-shaved.

Here, then, is yet another reason for the vigorous prosecution of the war. To fight a man honorably is to win him to respect and love you; a course of mutual cheating, as in time of peace, has the precisely opposite effect.

THE obstacle to mutual understanding has been, of course, ignorance. "Greek" means a thief; Johnny Crapaud, as a term for a Frenchman, commemorates the legend that Frenchmen live entirely upon frogs; even the Bulgar has contributed in a similar way to the wealth of the English language. An idea has to be well fixed before it gets into the language in this way. Mohammedan hill-men always refer to Bengalis as fish-eating bastards. The French think all Englishmen "perfidious." And so it goes, or rather went, for travel, and this war, in particular, is slowly driving the truth home, that we are all men. We must learn to tolerate each others' customs, and we must understand that LAW is only the concrete and organized expression of those customs.

AMERICA has a good point in this matter, and a bad one. The good is that we are accustomed to the most radical changes, not indeed in ideas, but in the essential conditions of life. The average man of 50 may have been bell-boy, horse-thief, bank messenger, minister of the gospel, cowboy, ragpicker and college professor before settling down to serious life as a yeggman. We live in a country where the economic conditions change overnight in the most amazing fashion. We are a live people, accustomed to catastrophe as others to a change of weather. Nothing can abate our elasticity. But we are cursed with the most dreadful of all plagues that can afflict a nation: variegated law.

IN America no man knows whether he is a criminal or no, unless he is sure that he is one. And this conviction is very widespread. Laws being passed in Albany alone at the rate of 600 per annum, even the judges make no attempt to "keep up with the Joneses," as Judge Welles complains in his recent book. The general disrespect for law has become universal. It is impossible to go into a bar in New York without seeing men in uniform being surreptitiously supplied with alcohol. The

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decent man objects to being made into a criminal by a few faddists who slyly pass laws directed against his normal actions. He consequently ignores the law completely, and relies solely on his conscience. This is all very well for the good man, but it encourages the bad man. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," says he, and finds murder more profitable than spitting on the sidewalk.

THIS business of having two sets of laws on top of police regulations is Gilbert and Sullivan. When a burden is greater than a man may bear, he simply dumps it. It is already a curse in Great Britain that Scotland should have a separate law. If you rent a shooting lodge, your lawyers get a letter couched in a corruption of mediaeval French of which they cannot understand one word. You have to compear as a panel and grant warrantice, and you are never quite sure how this is to be done. But you do understand how necessary it was to let a Scots jury return a verdict of "Not Proven"!

Much of the trouble in Ireland comes from this same business of multiplying sets of laws. That is one reason why Home Rule will never work. The Federal power will always be interfering; a separation as complete as Australia's is the only practical solution, since an assimilation as complete as that of Wales is out of the question.

NOW America has this curse in forty-nine-fold measure. In one State you are an honest man; ten miles off you are liable to be boiled in oil. It is bad enough to mess up the civil law; that confuses business and makes it possible for all sorts of shysters to graft by setting booby-traps for perfectly good citizens. But to play this joke in criminal law is to trifle inexcusably with the lives and liberties of the people. In prohibition States the first thought of every man is to offer his friends a drink. The minds of the inhabitants are completely obsessed by the Demon Rum. This applies to the men who themselves vote the Prohibition ticket. They drink themselves, but they think they are such fine fellows, and their neighbors such weak fools that they must have the law; oh, dear, yes!

ANY European visiting the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave is practically compelled to form the most extraordinary conclusions. For example, let him read the new law in West Virginia, constraining every able-bodied man to work thirty-six hours in every week. "Why," he exclaims, "this is stark, crude slavery, naked and unashamed." Of course it is nothing of the sort; but we shall be glad of some line of explanation that will convince the average Englishman.

Take again the little matter of the censorship. Congress refused to pass several laws on this matter. "Tut," said Secretary Baker, "Tut." And gave orders to establish exactly what Congress denied. Nobody seems to have cared very much, except the aforesaid average Englishman, whose mind flew instantly to the scene in the House of Commons two hundred odd years ago, when Cromwell marched in with his mus-

keteers, threw the Mace on the floor, and cleared the House with the simple remark: "Give place to honest men." To the English mind it seemed that the Administration had abolished the farce of representative government with a stroke. To that mind the incident was highly encouraging; the Englishman is always glad to see the strong silent men take hold, and get rid of the gaping mob of busybodies. But what does the American think? He doesn't think. The political game has long ceased to interest him, except so far as he can use it in his business.

It is because of this attitude that law after law is passed against the will of the majority, against common sense, against the most obvious principles of the Constitution. Nobody cares. Nobody is going to take any notice of the law, anyhow. And the result is that we have a practical anarchy.

IN East Saint Louis we hear that the sole regret of the white population is that their little ebullition of natural feeling should have attracted notice elsewhere. They meant the party to be quite private; no flowers. One hears the most appalling stories from private sources: One man stops flying negroes, promises them safety, takes them into a dark alley, and shoots them. A gang tosses them, men, women, and children, back into their burning houses. Young girls beat an old negress to death with her own shoes. The most conservative local estimate is 175 dead; many think 300 a nearer figure. Coming on top of the abominable torture and lynching in Memphis of a few weeks ago, this is a Sign. People are not acting according to law, but according to conscience. And the political term for this mode of government is Anarchy. The whole trouble lies with double legislation, complicated by crank legislation.

WHERE respect for law is inbred in a community, where the conscience of the solid elements of the community is expressed by the law, there is no trouble in the enforcement of the law. But where law grows rank and wild, where nobody cares about it, habitually, there may be grave trouble at just the moment when the most danger is. As things are in this country, an absolutely unpopular law may go through without notice; and if the authorities happen to be serious, for once, and attempt to enforce it, the spectre of Civil War may leap from the churchyard before any man is aware. Where the people are despised because of their longsuffering, ruthless repression of even mild and lawful protest is the first thing that occurs to the police. We noticed the other day some beautiful and timely pictures of the new automobile machine guns supplied to the New York Police. We suppose these are wanted in case of an invasion by the Republic of Andorra.

IT is a splendid sign of our national efficiency that Talk is never permitted to interfere with business, except, of course, the legitimatized talk of Congressmen. The world must be kept safe for democracy, and the only way to do this is obviously by the exercise of autocracy. Otherwise, democracy degenerates into anarchy. One cannot find much sympathy for the people who, whatever their merits, had not the intelligence to come in when

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it rained. Lots of us thought that the war was a pity; we even thought that Eve made a mistake about eating that apple. But the mischief has been done. The only sensible word is Shakespeare's: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." If chased by a bull, it is unwise to occupy the mind with considerations as to whether the bull may not, after all, be in the right of it, or with reflections upon the bull tribe in general as useful to mankind. If a part of one's brain persists in such thoughts, it is, at that particular moment, a traitor to the whole organism, though very likely on any other occasion it may be the most valuable part of it.

IT is hard to please some people. A dear friend writes to the N. Y. Times to complain of the editorial attitude of the International, and to demand its suppression. The ground chosen is a delightful one; it is that that attitude is so scrupulously correct that it must conceal some nameless horror. If I say that So-and-so is a crook, that is a libel; if I say that he is an honest man, that is "obviously sarcastic." As a matter of fact, there is a case in which this argument is perfectly sound: it is when everybody is well aware of the fact that the man in question is crooked. Then whatever you may say about him simply reminds people of that fact. A corollary of this proposition is that when a man knows himself to be a crook he becomes ultra-sensitive to any reference to himself whatever. He spies the cloven hoof even on the devil's good leg. He may even become suspicious of silence itself. This is the psychological penalty of the tyrant. Free Speech is, therefore, the very best proof of good government: it is like the coldness of a dog's nose. Men whose conscience is void of offence before God and man, and who are busy with their work, do not give a damn what fools and knaves are saying about them.

ONCE a nation starts to distrust its own people it enters upon a very slippery slope. Secret service men multiply. The "agent provocateur" appears. Presently you get a man like Azef, who is trusted by police and revolutionaries alike; and no one knows, even after his death, on which side he really was. Every citizen looks upon his neighbor with suspicion: he may be either an anarchist or a spy: the production of bombs would prove nothing: the production of police authorities would prove nothing. The Reign of Terror begins where all evil begins: in the mind of man itself. And it does not take very long to translate that into action.

SPY-FEVER is one of the most dreadful mental diseases. Just as a nervous man with some trifling ailment may seek its diagnosis in a medical book, and conclude that he has Bright's disease, diabetes, tubercle, leprosy and Herpes Zoster complicated with typhus fever and cancer, so the spy, amateur or professional, watching his neighbor, will soon find something sinister in the way he parts his hair. There is no rational way to refute such a proposition, unfortunately: a conspirator will nat-

urally adopt the most innocent-looking symbol of his dread intent. Ergo, the more innocent a man appears, the more dark and deadly a villain is he likely to be. The only cure for this frame of mind is resolute conquest of it by the Will. Reason only makes bad worse. Of course, the original cause of the malady is just plain FUNK. If the sick man does not want to live, he should worry whether he has cancer or not. It is his fear of death that causes his anxiety. In the body politic we should not be afraid to die well if we have lived well; our business is to go ahead with courage and good-temper. If we take to seeing a robber behind every bush, and a ghost in every scarecrow, we are soon morally lost. A man who goes through life in the perfectly rational fear of "germs" cannot be said to live at all; at least, it is not a Man's life. It's much better to be shot from ambush now and then than to spend existence crawling on one's belly in the furrows. It is the difference between a man and a worm.

THE "House of Windsor" is a very interesting joke. George V is a German of the Germans. His mother was Russian, but the Romanoffs are German too. "Albert the Good," the Prince Consort, was of course the purest possible German. He was selected for being such a perfect specimen of German Germanness. He endeared himself to the English bourgeois by his priggishness and the correctness of his frock-coat and watch-chain. In fact, in these articles of adornment his name still lives. Now it occurs to us as something of a slur upon this Best of Men that his name should thus be contemptuously disowned. It is a blow to bad poetry, too, for Tennyson lackeyed himself into the peerage by adulation of this Prince. Obviously, we must now stop reading those pro-German propagandist tracts, *In Memoriam* and *The Idylls of the King*. We must also pull down the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial. And if this is done, it will be a deathblow to the cowardly pacifists: for no one will ever be able to say again that war does not bring the greatest conceivable blessings to Humanity.

A. C.

GOURMET

By IRIS TREE.

HOW often when the thought of suicide
With ghostly weapon beckons us to die,
The ghosts of many foods alluring glide
On golden dishes, wine in purple tide
To drown our whim. Things danced before the eye
Like tasseled grapes to Tantalus: The sly
Blue of a curling trout, the batten'd pride
Of ham in frills, complacent quails that lie
Resigned to death like heroes—July peas.
A muffin or a crumpet tea to drink
And honey gathered from the clover bees—
A peach with velvet coat, some prawns in pink,
A slice of beef carved deftly, Stilton cheese,
And cup where berries float and bubbles wink.

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FELO DE SE.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

It lacked a little of midnight. In the east the moon, rising high above the trees that fringed the river, made a lane of light. Her beams fell full upon the face, delicately pensive, with the lips thinly tightened from their drooping corners, of a young exquisite, in whose slender and nervous fingers trembled a gold-headed cane. He was standing at the very edge of the calm water, upon the narrow grass that lay between it and the towing-path. On his right, across the river, rose a hill, cloaked in giant woods, a menace and a mystery. On his left, a clump of beeches sheltered a knoll of velvet grass, one would have said a lover's bower. Behind him lay many miles of pleasant fields and villas. There was no sound in the night but the rare hooting of an owl in the great wood, and the secret undercurrent of sound caused by the commotion of a distant weir.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. A fine night!" said a strange voice in the young man's ear. He failed to catch the first part of the greeting, so absorbed was he in his thoughts; to the second he answered mechanically "a fine night, sir!" As he did so he turned to look at the stranger. He saw a man between thirty and forty years of age, both full and broad, yet slender, and giving the impression of great strength and activity. It was, however, the face, barbered in Vandyke fashion, which startled him. No one could ever forget it. Deep melancholy lay upon it, yet only as a veil to roguishness. The mouth was small, scarlet and voluptuous, although firm. But in the eyes lay something beyond any of this. The pupils were extremely small, even in that dim light, and the expression was of such intensity that the young man, startled, no doubt, by the suddenness of the apparition, thrilled with fear. By instinct he moved backwards to the towing-path, for in that place the river runs exceeding deep—and who could decipher the portent of such eyes?

"I am afraid that I have broken in upon your meditations," continued the new-comer. "Pray excuse me. I will resume my walk." But the young man gave a little laugh, harsh and bitter. "Not at all," he said with a little sneer. "I am only going to kill myself."

"Good," returned the other, whom we may identify as a Master of the Law of Thelema—and this story will explain what that is—"I applaud your decision."

The youth, although not a disciple, failed entirely to understand that the Master meant what he said. He sought instantly to excuse himself. "If you only knew all my reasons," he began gloomily.

"I do not ask them," replied the elder man. "You have announced your intention. I do you the common courtesy to assume that your intention is in accordance with your Will. That is reason enough and to spare. There is no Law beyond: Do what thou wilt. Besides, you'll make a honny corpse."

The young man stared rather wildly. "No. I'm not a lunatic," smiled the Master: "would it perhaps bore you if I explained my reasons for not excluding felo de se from that infinite list of acts which are now lawful? It may relieve you of some

silly scruple, and enable you to take the plunge with that calm ecstasy which should accompany our every act."

"You interest me greatly," acquiesced the youth. The other nodded.

"Let us then sit here, where we can enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Perhaps you will join me in a cigar?"

"I only smoke cigarettes."

"Every man to his taste. Well," and he lit up, "in order to set ourselves right with the Academies we had better begin with Plato. What say you?"

The youth removed his cigarette and bowed with deference.

"The Phaedo," continued the adept, "is certainly the feeblest of all the Dialogues. It is a mass of very silly sophistry, and the classic of petitio principii. But the argument against suicide is put with all the cogency of a nursemaid. 'The Gods will punish it, probably,' is the Alpha and Omega of that monolith of stupidity. Socrates himself saw it, no doubt, for he changed the subject abruptly. His only attempt to save his face is to shelter himself behind Pythagoras. Now he saw, just as you do, that death was desirable to the philosopher . . . and young though you are, my friend, if I may dare call you so, that brow bespeaks the love of wisdom . . . yet he would not 'take death the nearest way. Gathering it up beneath the feet of love, or off the knees of murder reaching it,' because of the gods. He has given the most excellent reasons for wishing to die, but he will not admit their validity. Yet he had himself, as he admits later, committed suicide by not escaping 'to Megara or Boeotia.' True, he gives an excellent reason for so acting, but to admit one reason is to admit the edge of the wedge. If an act is permissible for love of law and order, even unjust law—and this is, as you know, the reason advanced by Socrates—then why not for—let us say—the safety of the republic? What of the messenger, fallen into the hands of the enemy, who kills himself lest torture wring the army's secret from him; the man who throws himself from the raft, that his comrade may be saved—or his enemy—

'I alit

On a great ship lightning-split,

And speeded hither on the sigh

Of one who gave an enemy

His plank, then plunged aside to die.'

One can think of a thousand cases from Curtius to Jesus Christ, this last surely the most deliberate suicide possible, since he had planned it from all eternity, even taking the trouble to create a universe of infinite agony in order to redeem it by this suicide. You are, I hope, a Christian?"

The young man declared that he was an humble and erring, but sincere, follower of the Man of Sorrows.

"Then observe how suicide is the hallmark of your religion. 'If thine hand offend thee, cut it off.' Scourge thy body, starve it, lick the sores of lepers, risk everything, but save the soul. This is all suicide, some partial, some complete. It does not even

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demand a reason: sheer hatred of the body is sufficient. Again 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'; suppress it; faith and obedience are enough; reason will surely destroy them and the soul as well.

"Now, even those unfortunate persons, who, like myself, not being Christians, cannot assent to so much, can at least admit that some one man, in some one strange circumstance, may rightly lay violent hands upon himself. Then who is to judge of such a circumstance? Is the man to consult his lawyer, or to ask for a referendum? Absurd, you will agree. Then what is left but a private judgment? And if it seem good and sufficient cause for self-murder that 'I am idle; also, it is true, I have no more money,' as in the case of Prince Florizel at the Suicide Club, who shall judge me? You may disagree; you may call me mad and wicked and all manner of names; I can do the same to you with equal right, if I wish to be discourteous. But I can imagine many a situation, incomprehensible to any but its central figure, which would justify such an act in all men's eyes if they understood the case. Every man is commander-in-chief of his own life; and his decisions must always be taken in the sanctuary of his own soul. The man who goes to others for advice abdicates his godhead, except so far as he does it merely because he wishes to hear the case argued by another. The final decision is his own responsibility; he cannot really evade it, even if he would, except by a subservience and slavishness which is more horrible than any suicide of the body could be to those who most object to it. . . ."

"Of course, the law forbids suicide," urged the young man, puffing violently at his seventh cigarette, "on the ground that a man owes service to the King."

"It is a convenient weapon, like religion itself, and all its other precepts, of the tyrant against the slave. To admit this argument is to confess yourself a slave. It is a wise weapon to have forged, moreover. If one hundred workmen were to commit suicide simultaneously, instead of starting silly strikes, the social revolution would arrive that day. I did not ask the King for permission to be born; I came here without my own volition: at least allow me the privilege to depart when I please! In the Middle Ages the necessity of preventing suicide was so well understood that they devised horrible and ridiculous maltreatments of the body—as if any sensible suicide would care. Nowadays populations are larger, and it does not matter so much. The tyrants rely on silly superstitious terrors. I am supposed, by the way, to have a great deal of what is called occult knowledge, and when I make a magical disappearance, as I do now and then, without warning, my most devoted disciples always console my anxious paramours with the remark that I can't have killed myself because I 'know only too well what the penalties are.' It would be more sensible to retort, 'Anyhow I bet he hasn't killed himself for your sake, you cuckoo!' But my disciples have no sense: they prefer to utter pompous and blasphemous nonsense, and to defame my character. James Thomson makes Bradlaugh say, in that stupefying sermon:

This little life is all we must endure:
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure;

We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.—
that sermon which concludes on the grand dia-
pason:

'If you would not this poor life fulfill,
Then you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.'

I know of nothing to reply to that. I tell you on my magical honor that it is so. I will admit that I know of states of Being other than that familiar to you as a man. But does the ego persist after death? My friend, you know very well that it does not persist after one breath of the nostrils! The most elementary fact in Buddhist psychology is that! Then (to pursue Gotama into his jungle) "What can be gained, and what lost? Who can commit suicide, and how?" But all this metaphysics is more unsatisfying than chopped hay to an alderman. I counsel you, my young friend, to avoid it in your next incarnation, if you have one. (It doesn't matter to you whether you have or not, since you won't know it. What has posterity done for you, anyway?) At least let us avoid it for the few brief moments that remain to us. To revert to the question of the right to make away with yourself—if it be denied that you have the right to end your own life, then, *& fortiori*, I think you must admit, you have no right to end another's. Then you should be in revolt against a government whose authority rests in the last resort on the right of capital punishment. You are participants criminis every time a murderer is hanged; you deny the right of peoples to make war, and possibly that of doctors to practice medicine. You have excellent reasons for hanging and shooting others, and do so, by your own hand or another's, without a qualm. Surely then you are on unassailable ground when you sacrifice a victim to Thanatos not against his will but at his express desire. The only objection I know to allowing doctors to offer a fuller euthanasia to hopeless sufferers than is now permitted is that it might facilitate murder. Well, do any further objections to your very sensible decision occur to you?"

"People say it's cowardly," ventured the young man, who was now enjoying a cigar, slipped to him by the adept, and lit with the acquiescence of one half-hypnotized.

"Shame, foul shame!" returned the Master with indignation, as he started to his feet and began to pace the path to and fro in his honest wrath. "Shame on the slanderers who try to mask their own cowardice by branding with that stigma of indelible infamy the bravest act that any man can do. Is not Death the Arch-Fear of Man? Do we not load with titles and honors and crosses and pensions the man who dares death even by taking the small chance of it offered in battle? Are we not all dragged piteously howling to the charnel? Is not the fear of death the foundation of religion, and medicine, and much of law, and many another form of fraud and knavery? But you, in perfectly cold blood, face this fiend calmly and manfully—you with no chance of temporary escape like the soldier or the man in the consulting-room—you who face a certainty when the rest of the world tremble at a chance—they call you coward! Why, death is such a fear that the very word is taboo in

polite society. Is it not because religion has failed to fortify the soul against this apprehension that religion is no longer the vogue? Instead we indulge in dances and music and wine and everything that may help to banish the thought. We permit no skeleton at modern feasts. Philosophy dwells much upon death: perish philosophy! Mankind today dreads every discussion of realities, because to modern men death is the supreme reality, and they wish to forget it. It is the fear of death that has fooled men into belief in such absurdities and abominations as Spiritualism and Christian Science. I would be honored, sir," he stopped in front of the youth, "if you would allow me to grasp the hand of the bravest man that I have ever met, in the very moment of his culmination!"

The youth arose, automatically almost, and gave his hand to the adept.

"I thank you, sir," continued the latter, "you have given me an example, as you have taught me a lesson, of sublime courage. You are a thousand times right. When the evils of life become intolerable, they should be ended. I have half a mind to join you," he added, musing. "I have many disciples."

He sighed deeply, and threw away the butt of his cigar, first lighting another from the glow. "It seems to me that far too much fuss is being made about death now-a-days, as it is about death's deadlier twin-sister, Love. The ancients were our masters in these matters, and so are the Japanese and Chinese of today. The fear of these two things—who are but the man and wife at the lodge gates of Life Park—was probably imported from the effeminate, cowardly, and degenerate races of the Indian peninsula. Early Christians, with their agapae and their martyrdoms, feared neither. The Crusaders feared neither. But those nations that have become effete, that preach peace and morality, and women's rights, these have the cur's spirit, the eunuch's soul, and in these nations death is dreadful and love dangerous. The virile temper of the Romans grasped love and death like nettles that excite even as they sting. That temper has decayed—the war should revive it—and men flee from death and love. Love stands apart and weeps; but Death cries Tally-Ho, and hunts them down to hell. 'But dried is the blood of thy lover, Ipsithilla, contracted the vein,' 'Novem continuas futationes!'" ended the adept, raising his voice even more than possibly the best taste would have sanctioned, though after all a river's marge at night is not an alcove. However, he recollected himself, and continued more gently. "Pardon me, young sir, I beg," he said, "my feelings overcame me for the moment. Balk at love, you balk at death; balk at death, you balk at life. It's hard to score," he added laughingly, "with both balls in baulk." (The allusion is to the English game of billiards.) The young man laughed, not wholly from courtesy, but because he was really amused, despite his tragic situation.

"If we all took things more easily," the Master added, "they would go more easily. Confidence is two battalions in every regiment that we have. Fear, and you fumble. Go ahead, a song on your lips and a sword in your hand: and meet what comes with gaiety. Damn consequences! If you

see a girl you like, prove it to her by Barbara and Celarent all the way to Fresison or whatever the logician's Omega is—I forget."

The boy was unable to remind him. He had taken Paley for the Little-Go.

"If you see a danger, embrace it," went on the elder man. Nothing seemed to exhaust the energy of his harangue. "If you escape, you have lived more beautifully and more intensely. If you die, you die, and one more bother is done with. Best of all, then, when one is tired of life, to face the Great Adventure gay and gallant—as you do to-night!"

"Then do you see no objection, of any kind," answered the youth, a trifle more earnestly than his habitual manner (Harrow and Trinity Hall) would have permitted in more usual circumstances, "to the fatal act which, as soon as you deprive me of the great charm of your company, I shall have yet one more excellent reason for putting into execution?"

"None," smiled the Master, bowing rather pontifically at a politeness to which years of the servility of disciples had inured him. "Unless, perhaps, we look at the matter in this way. Assume one moment that you are what we empirically call an immortal soul incarnating from time to time in various bodies as occasion offers. Very good; then you willed to live in this body. You knew the conditions—assume that! Good: then you formulate the accursed dyad, you deny your own will, by cutting short this life. Or, say this; assume that your body is an instrument by which you perceive material things, for a whim, or from some inexplicable desire, I know not what. Then, why destroy your instrument? True, it is hopelessly damaged, let us suppose, so that it perceives badly. If it were possible to mend it, you would cheerfully endure the necessary pangs; but all being decayed, scrap it, and get a new instrument. The only argument is that you may have willed to observe the great cruelty of Nature, not only by seeing, but by feeling it, so that you may thereby become fortified in your resolve to 'redeem it from all pain.' But this is all a mass of assumptions, little better than the twaddle of the Buddhists and the Christians and the Theosophists and all the other guessers. Ignore it. 'Thou hast no right but to do Thy Will. Do that and no other shall say thee nay.' Then since it is your Will to kill yourself, do not be turned from your purpose. That indeed would be a crime. The best argument I ever heard against suicide, if you will pardon my introducing a new witness, was an English journalist whose face resembled a cancer of the stomach in a rather advanced stage of the disease. 'Excuse a personal remark,' said I. 'but consider our feelings. Why not blow it all away with a pistol?' He replied with ready wit: 'I use it to pour drink into.' Clever Cecil!"

The adept rose once more. "But I detain you," he murmured apologetically. "Religion, philosophy, ethics, and common sense concur in approval of your purpose. I am infinitely obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me by your elegant and informed conversation; I dare not even voice a regret that I shall have no opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance. Farewell! Love is the law, love under will."

The Master bowed and moved slowly towards the towering beeches. But the boy—he was barely

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eighteen years of age—sprang to his feet and followed him. "You say," he babbled eagerly, in his enthusiasm a little forgetful of propriety, "you say you are a Master, that you have disciples. Won't you take me?"

The adept showed no embarrassment. He would not even seem to rebuke the outburst, unconventional as it was.

"Certainly," he returned. "Since I have persuaded you with all my power to do a thing and you now desire to do the opposite, you are pre-eminently fitted for a disciple. You will get on splendidly with the others, I am sure."

Such ready acquiescence, couched as it was in the

delicately-phrased English of which the adept was an acknowledged master, and made tart by that silky sub acidity which had made him famous and infamous, delighted the boy beyond all bounds. He sank to his knees, and caught the Master's hand and kissed it, his face wet with tears, and his throat choking. The Master's own eyes dimmed for a moment: something rose in him that he did not even try to suppress. He stooped and put a friendly arm about the lad and raised him. "Come," he said, "it is no such great matter. Let us talk of other things. Or, if you will, enjoy the silence of this moonlit loveliness."

Presently the sun rose, and woke the world to a new day's life worth living.

DRONDON

By FORD TARPLEY.

IN the garden of blue flowers Lucien found me. I was gathering delphineum for the green bowl on the piano because he liked them there. A moment before I had been looking wonderingly at myself in the fountain and he was part of my thoughts. And I knew he would come; so his voice was no surprise.

But when I looked around my smile suddenly became a gasp of fright. Running at his side was a lean black hound, and I thought I had never seen such a strange animal. My first glance was into his weird eyes, and it was like running onto a snake in long grass.

"Sara, he is to stay with you," Lucien said. "I can't bear to think of you living in this lonely isolated house any longer. But with Drondon near you I shall feel at ease. He is an extraordinary creature. He is supposed to see into the hearts and souls of those around him. And when he accepts you as his master or mistress his devotion is like that of a mother for her child . . ."

Drondon was gorgeous on the black rug in the music room, and there he loved to lie watching me at the organ or piano. And on all my walks he would accompany me. What a decorative spirit he was, darting through the long alleys of cypress or over the open lawn! And when I rested, what a delight it was to see him spread out the glorious design of his sleek black body beside me on the marble benches.

At the full of every moon a flutist comes to play in the grove behind my house.

Lucien and I walked there for the first time with Drondon.

Star-jeweled trees against silver sky! The moon a great lantern tossing amid the branches! Sweet swooning scents! Melody! . . . Flute notes drifting from the darkness on quiet mid-summer breezes (Pan sobbing his heart away for a dream). . . . The dripping water in fountains. . . . A bird breaking the far-off silence. . . .

Blue moonlit meadows rising to distant hills. . . . Dark depths of surrounding woods. . . . The gleam of marble against smooth soft lawns and amongst climbing vines. . . . The black velvet of red geraniums. . . . Ghost-like white lilies . . .

Oh, memorable night!

Lucien walked very closely at my side. Often he would take my hand for a moment in his and then I would feel a tremor pass through him and he would draw away as if frightened. . . . Aimlessly we wandered for hours. . . .

Seldom did we speak. But on the long flight of steps leading back to the house he suddenly seized me in his arms and muttered my name over and over again as if I were trying to escape him. . . .

And he asked me to be his wife.

"Do not answer now," he said. "Think—Consider—I shall return at dawn, and if I find a rose beneath your balcony then I shall know."

Night of wonder! . . . Of fear! . . . Of hope! . . . Of dreams! . . . Of dread! . . .

The madness of lips near and warm breath! And hands! Eyes!

At the foot of the long flight of steps he left me.

Morning.

A humming bird is sipping sweets from the blossoming vines clustered around my windows. A gentle breeze lifts lightly the blue curtains and leaves them drifting into the room waving me the sweet treasures from my gardens of flowers.

Often I have thought of the delicious excitement with which an artist must regard the clean space of blank canvas upon which he intends to produce his masterpiece. As filled with possibilities is this day for me.

Suddenly a cry!—A piercing shriek! My maid! I sent her out to bring Drondon in.

Stifled hysterical sobs—and then the excited voice of the gardener!

Silence.

I wait—I wait—

Finally a hand fumbles at my door and it opens.

Lucien is dead.

Lucien is dead. I have seen him. Between the long rows of narrow cypress trees he lay, his face lifted upwards and slightly smiling and white as last night it was with the moonlight upon it.

But on his throat were the red wounds of teeth.

In his hands the withered petals of a shattered rose!

I swooned. I seemed to be falling into dark infinite depths—like depths of eyes—depths where were innumerable hidden snakes.

Drondon!—Drondon!—

They have killed Drondon.

They found him in the woods crying like a human being; and they shot him.

A REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK.

By THE MASTER THERION.

The obvious course for one who wishes to write on Magick is to invoke the God Thoth, for He is Lord both of magick and of writing.

In truth, that is the very apt slip for our leash of silence. The word used by Sir Walter Scott for Magick is "gramarye," and a ritual of magick is a "grimoire," "grimorium," or grammar; all from gramma, a letter. Thoth, scribe of the Gods, was probably just a man called Tahuti—the Egyptian form of the Coptic word Thoth—who invented writing. First, one remembers, who invented printing, became Faust, the "black magician." The first great miracle of progress, after the conquest of fire, was this art of writing.

Magick then may be defined for our present purpose as the art of communication without obvious means. Curiously, the new harnessing of that form of fire—I use the word in its old magical sense—called electricity to the shafts of the car of progress was followed by a new art or rather series of arts of communicating without obvious means; the telegraph, the telephone, and now Hertz's discovery (exploited by one Signor Marconi) of wireless telegraphy.

Now no man doubts the existence of a supreme and illimitable power, whether he conceive of it as soulless, unconscious and mechanical, or as spirit, self-conscious, and self-willed. You may think the Sun to be God; some very ignorant and some very illuminated people have done so; but the fact is disputed by none, that the Sun, within the limits of its own system, is, physically speaking, the source of all light, heat, Energy in all its forms, as well as of the earth itself. Being or Matter in all its forms as we know it.

Now if we wish to obtain heat from the Sun, we can go and sit on Palm Beach; or we can dig up solar energy in the form of coal—and so on: in a hundred ways we can make communication with that material source of heat. Very good; magick pretends to be able to do the same thing with the Secret Source of all Being and all Form, all Matter and all Motion.

It claims to be able to draw water from the Fountain of All Things, according to its needs, by certain methods. And though ordinary prayer is a part of Magick, this point is to be considered, that in the purely religious theory, God may or may not think it fit to answer prayer. This then is the great heresy of Magick—or of religion, if you happen to be a Magician! The Magician claims to be able to force a favorable answer. If he tries to make the Elixir of Life, and fails, he has simply failed. He is a bad Magician, just as a chemist is a bad chemist who tries to make Oxygen and fails. The chemist does not excuse himself by saying that it was the Will of God that he should not make Oxygen that day!

The explanation is simple. What the Magician

calls God is merely the divine Emanation in himself. And the reconciliation with orthodox theology follows at once. The Magician is using the formula of Hermes Trismegistus, "That which is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance." That is to say, in order to perform his miracle he must call forth his own God in the Microcosm. That is united with the God of the Macrocosm by its likeness to it; and the Macrocosmic force then operates in the Universe without as the Magician has made it operate within himself; the miracle happens. Now then it follows that unless the will of the magician be really at one with the Will of the Cosmos, this likeness does not exist, this identification does not take place. Therefore the magician cannot really perform any miracle unless that be already the Design of the Universe. So that he who sets out by saying "I will impose my will on all things" ends "Thy will be done."

It is possible, indeed, to perform magic in other ways by other formulae, but all such efforts are mere temporary aberrations from the path; at the best they are mistakes; persisted in knowingly they become black magic; and in the worst event the sorcerer is cut off by his own act from the Cosmos, and becomes a "Brother of the Left Hand Path." This truth is taught by Wagner in *Parsifal*. Klingsor was unable to comply with the requirements of the Graal Knights; he could not harmonize Love and Holiness: so he mutilated himself, and was for ever debarred from even a possibility of redemption.

It was because the Church misunderstood this doctrine, and saw in magic but a rival power, that she strove with all the agony of fear to suppress it. Soon only charlatans dared to practice it, because they were known to be harmless. The whole thing fell into contempt.

When I was twenty-two years of age I devoted myself to the attainment of adeptship, or whatever you like to call it. That was indeed the question: what should I call it? (For I am first of all a poet, and expert in the use of words.) I decided to call my life-work magick. For this very reason, that it was fallen so utterly into disuse. I cut myself deliberately off from the modern jargon "theosophy," "occultism," and so on, all words with an up-to-date connotation. I would make my own connotation, and impose it on the world. The only chance of confusion was with prestidigitation, and that not being of the same universe of discourse, hurt no more than the homonymity of "box," "game" and a hundred other words. There was something of boyish defiance, too, no doubt, in my choice of the word. However, I labelled myself with it, and I used good gum!

It has been necessary to insist that Magick is done by an identification of the magus with the Supreme in order to show how in practice one goes to work.

There are two branches of this one tree; we may conveniently call them the Catholic and Protestant.

The Protestant method is that of direct prayer.

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As a child asks its father for a toy, so the magician asks God to cause rain, or whatever he may need at the moment. The prayer book is full of such spells, even to the extreme use of "Oh, Lord, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the healthful spirit of Thy grace." But there is no record of any favorable answer to this particular prayer!

In the supreme prayer of Christ in Gethsemane we find the advanced magician speaking. "If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done." This ends in "My will, which is Thine, be done" for bye-and-bye Christ tells Pilate that if He wished He could have twelve legions of angels to defend Him. But he no longer wishes the cup to pass from Him; His will is one with the Father's.

Now, in order to persuade the God addressed that it is right to grant the prayer, or in order to convince oneself that one is asking for a proper miracle, one resorts to commemoration of other miracles wrought by that God in the past.

Thus the talisman made by Dr. Dee, which raised the tempest in which the Spanish Armada was destroyed, has figured upon it a symbolic image of a face blowing forth a great wind, and around it is the versicle "He sent forth His lightnings and scattered them"—or some similar words. God is reminded that in the past He brought victory to His chosen people by raising a storm at the proper moment. There is, in legal phrase, a precedent for the miracle.

The conjurations of the Grimoires abound in this sort of recitation before the God of His previous exploits.

Here then is the link with the second form of magick—the "Catholic." For in Catholic magick the formula is this: the story of the God is enacted before Him; He is moved by the sight of His own sufferings or adventures (Here we must remember that most Gods are deified men) and at the same time the sympathy of the actors with the God is stirred to its highest point.

The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this kind of ritual. In fact, almost all Greek drama of the classic period is of this kind. The "deus ex machina" speech at the end marks the identification complete.

Similarly, the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated the adventures of Demeter; those of Adonis and Osiris and Mithras tell the story of the Sun, and thus invoke his power. J. M. Robertson goes further, and says that the story of the Last Supper, Trial and Crucifixion of Christ is not a history but a scenario. Nor is this view confined to rationalists and anthropologists of the type of Spencer, Frazer, and Grant Allen; many Christian mystics uphold it, and say that their reverence for the Logos is not lessened but increased by the identification of the legend of His life and death with that of the Cosmos.

I must again call attention to the necessity of this formula of identification in order to show the impossibility of evil in magick. Evil is synonymous with failure.

With the low class sorcerer who sells himself as a slave to some "devil" we have nothing here to do. That is the antithesis of magick. The aim is to com-

mand the spirits. Very well; suppose we begin in a gross, selfish, avaricious way, and try to get the spirits to bring us gold. We call Hismael, the Spirit of Jupiter. Nothing happens. We learn that Hismael will not be commanded but by his proper Intelligence, Iophiel. So we call Iophiel. Equal recalcitrance on the part of Iophiel, who is only amenable to the orders of Sachiel, his Angel. Same story with Sachiel. We go to Tzadquiel the Archangel. Still no good; for Tzadquiel obeys none but El. Good; we invoke El, the God. We must then become El; and having done so, having entered into that vast divine essence, we cannot bother any more as to whether we have any money. We have left all that behind. So then we see that to perform any miracle we must show a divine reason for it. I have often asked for money and obtained it: but only when the money was really needed for some manifestly cosmic benefit.

In fact, with whatever work one begins, one is led up to the Great Work. This is a logical process, and even if one were tempted to be illogical, and turn to Black Magic, those great forces whose names one has (perhaps ignorantly) invoked are invisibly about one, and bring one into line with a jerk—and none too gentle a jerk at that!

Eliphaz Levi defines Black Magic as the result of the persistence of the will in the absurd. One does not go mad on seeing the devil, because before invoking him one must be already mad.

It is extraordinary how the formula of Hermes Trismegistus holds throughout: Magick is but the extension of the microcosm in the macrocosm. And as the macrocosm is the greater, it follows that what one does by magick is to attune oneself with the Infinite. "In myself I am nothing: in Thee I am All-self. Dwell Thou in me! and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!" concludes the great prayer of the Rosicrucians.

This, however, explains why those who meddle with magick out of curiosity, or who try treacheries on magicians, find themselves in trouble.

The Magician is an expression of the Will of the Universe: the meddlers rebel, and suffer. To oppose a true Magician is as silly as to put your hand on a circular saw in motion. But the handless blames the saw.

I know of one modern Master who has been often attacked. In every case the attacker has come to absolute ruin. One woman came to him, a woman old and sly, and wormed herself into his confidence. He knew her for an enemy, and trusted her absolutely. He left her his check-book duly signed, and she embezzled his money. He left his wife in her care, and she tried to corrupt her. By-and-bye it became obvious to the woman that the Master knew everything. He only smiled, and continued to trust her. So she went down with meningitis, and there was an end of her.

In such a case the only mistake the magician can make is to defend himself in the normal manner. He leaves his castle: he will be slain. You must not go on to the enemy's ground. Perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust, and you are unassailable. But use the weapons of the flesh, and you are lost.

(To be continued)

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

SOMEONE said the other day that there is something about THE INTERNATIONAL which he can't find in any other periodical.

THERE is. It is indefinable; something which even we ourselves cannot describe. It isn't quite enough to say that ours is a magazine of international politics, literature, art and events of current interest; that THE INTERNATIONAL contains the best fiction and the best essays of the day. There is more to be said for the quality and for the style of this magazine.

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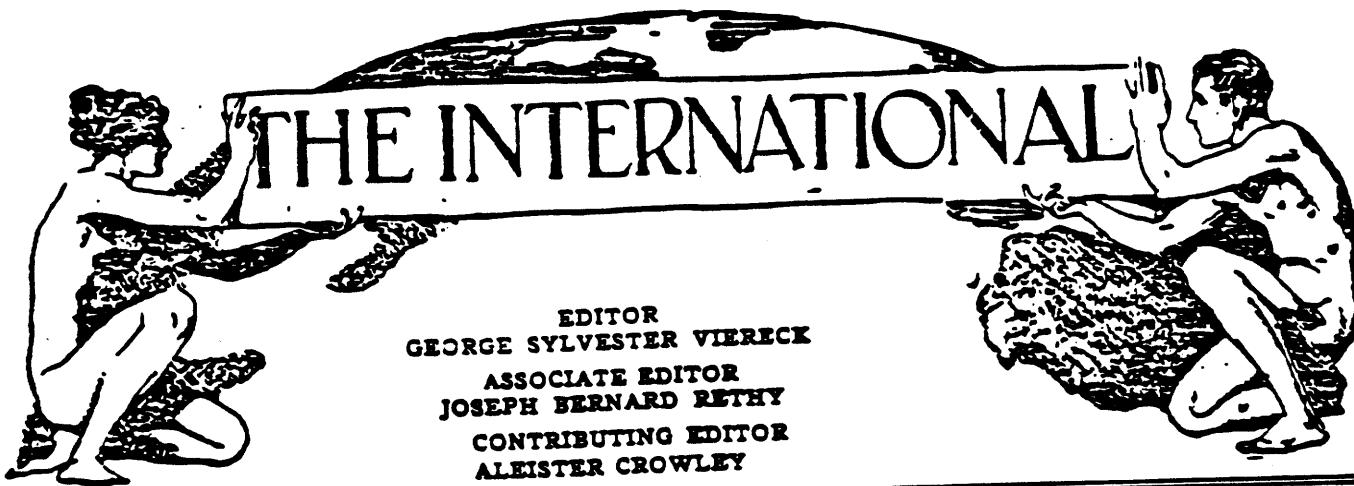
SIMON IFF

THE SCRUTINIES OF
**SIMON
IFF**
No. I. BIG GAME

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR
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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

NO. 1. BIG GAME.

L

Dick Ffoulkes was in good practice at the Criminal Bar, and his envied dinner parties, given to few and well-known friends, were nearly always held in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They looked out on one of the pleasantest green spots in London.

There was a brooding of fog on the first December night of 1911, when Ffoulkes gave a supper to celebrate his victory over the Crown in the matter of the Marsden murder.

Marsden was a wealthy man, and had no enemies. The police suspected a mere protégé of his unmarried sister, who was his only heir; he might thus benefit indirectly; no other motive could be found. The boy—for he was barely twenty—had dined with Marsden on the night of the murder, and of course the police had finger-prints by the dozen. Ffoulkes had torn their flimsy web to rags, and tossed them in the air with a laugh.

All his guests had gone but one, his oldest friend, Jack Flynn. They dated from Rugby, and had continued their inseparability at Balliol. They had read together for the bar, but Flynn, after being called, had branched off into the higher journalism.

The Marsden case had stirred England profoundly. Slight as was the motive attributed to Ezra Robinson, the suspected boy, there was no other person with any motive at all; faint as were the clues which pointed to him, there were none at all to point elsewhere.

Besides these considerations, there was apparently no physical possibility of any other murderer. Marsden had unquestionably died of a thrust in the heart from a common carving-knife, which was identified as the one which had been sent up with the dinner. Unobserved access to the suite was impossible, a floor clerk being continuously seated in full view of the only door to the whole apartment. The only person known to have been in the room, after the table had been cleared by the hotel servants, was the accused. And even Ffoulkes had not

dared to suggest that the wound—a straight drive from above and behind—might have been self-inflicted. Nor was there any motive of robbery, or any trace of search for papers. But there was an undoubted thumb-print of Robinson's in blood on the handle of the carving knife, and there was a cut on his left hand. He had explained this, and the presence of the knife itself, by saying that it had slipped as he was carving, and that he had run into the bathroom to wash and bind the cut, leaving the knife on the washstand.

The only point clean for the defense was the medical evidence, which put the time of death some two hours later than the departure of Robinson. This coincided with a temporary failure of the electric current all through the hotel. Ffoulkes suggested that the old man, who had drunk a good deal of wine, had gone to take a bath before retiring, seen the knife, remembered his old skill as an amateur juggler, ample testimony of which was forthcoming, and started to play at catching the knife. The light had gone out while he was throwing; he had dodged maladroitly, and the blade had chanced to catch him between the shoulders.

The opposite theory was that Robinson had returned to fetch his cigarette-case, which was in fact found in the room by the police, passed the floor clerk and slipped into the suite in the short spell of darkness, seen his opportunity and seized it, making off before the light was restored. He had not been able to give a satisfactory account of his movements. His story was that he had left Marsden early on account of a severe headache, and had wandered about the streets trying to obtain relief; on the other hand, no one in the hotel would swear to having seen him after his ostensible departure. The floor clerk had testified to a considerable commotion just at the time of the failure of the electric supply; she had heard noises apparently in several rooms; but this might well have been the normal confusion caused by the sudden darkness.

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Flynn had been of the utmost service to Ffoulkes in the case. He had performed a weekly miracle in avoiding a spell of prison for contempt of court; for every week he had returned to the charge. There were long articles on miscarriages of justice; others on the weakness of circumstantial evidence where no strong motive was evident; others again on strange accidental deaths. He quoted the case of Professor Milnes Marshall, who slipped and fell while setting up his camera in Deep Ghyll on Scawfell. He was on a gentle slope of snow, yet he made no effort to recover himself, and rolled over and over to the edge of a precipice, at whose foot he was found dead, smashed to a pulp. This happened in full view of several other climbers. This accident was contrasted with that of Arthur Wellman on the Trifhorn. He fell eight hundred feet, and yet only hurt himself by cutting his leg slightly with his ice axe.

A hundred such parallels were at the service of Flynn, and he hammered them into the head of the public week by week, while scrupulously avoiding any reference to Marsden. As the courts had no idea, officially, of the line of the defense, they could say nothing. But Flynn moulded the opinion of the public soundly and shrewdly, and in the end the jury had acquitted Robinson after a bare quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Ffoulkes' guests had complimented him on the ingenuity of his theory of an accident, but the lawyer had not been pleased. "That was a frill," he had replied: "the real defense was Absence of Motive. Grant the police their theory of Robinson's movements; put the knife in his hand, and a certain get-away—which he had not got, mind you; the light might have come on any second—but allow everything, and then ask yourselves: 'Why should he stab the man?'" There was no quarrel; his marriage with Miss Marsden was not opposed; on the contrary he risked that marriage by a mix-up of this sort; yet we are to suppose that he did it on the mere chance that there would be no fuss, and that his fiancee would have twelve thousand a year instead of four. Why, a sane man would hardly kill a rabbit on such motive!"

But now the guests were gone; Ffoulkes and Flynn lit fresh cigars, and settled down for an honest talk. At the elbow of each stood a bottle of the Green Seal '63, one of the soundest wines that ever came out of Oporto. For some time they smoked in silence.

"This is capital wine, Dick," said Flynn presently.

"Ah, cher ami, it is only ten years older than we are. We are getting to the port and portly stage of life."

"Well, there are thrills left. This has been a great case."

"Yes. I'm glad you stayed. I thought you might care to hear about it."

"Hear about it!"

"Yes, there were interesting features."

"But we need hardly recapitulate."

"Oh, I don't mean what came out at the trial."

"No? . . . I suppose nothing ever does come out at a trial!"

"Just as nothing ever gets into the newspapers."

"All right. Spit it out. I suppose Robinson did it, for a start."

"Of course. There was an accident in it, but one of a different kind. When the elevator put him out on Marsden's floor, he was amazed to recognize an

old flame in that very prepossessing floor clerk Maud Duval. They had been members of some kind of devil-worship club, and one of their games was cocaine. Robinson's a perfect fiend, by the way; we had to smuggle the stuff in to him all the time he was in prison, or he'd have gone crazy. Well, the old passion lit like tinder. They had lost each other somehow—you know how such things happen—both had made desperate efforts to renew the link, but in vain. So he told her his plans in ten words. Her answer was equally sweet and to the point 'Kill the old man—I'll cover your tracks; marry the old girl; and meet me at our old trysting-place at midnight a year from to-day. We'll find a way to be rid of her. Don't risk another word till then.' Great and successful criminals have always this faculty of firmness of character and promptitude of decision. The rest of the story is short. The knife incident was intentional; for Robinson had brought no weapon. He left the hotel openly at nine-thirty; came in again by the bar entrance, went unnoticed to the mezzanine floor, and thence to Marsden's floor, thus avoiding the notice of the main office. The failure of the electricity had nothing to do with it—happened twenty minutes later. He walked in, killed the old man, and left as he had come. Pretty bold? Only cocaine. So now he's off to marry old Miss Marsden's money."

"I begin to see some sort of motive! Maud is what they call 'some peach' across the Straits of America."

"Yes; a perfect devil, with the face of a baby, and the manners of the jeune fille bien élevée. Just such a woman as you are a man, Jack, you old scoundrel."

"Many thanks. I think your own morals—in this case—have been a trifle open to criticism. I suppose it's your fifteen years of law."

"No: it's being under the influence of dear old Jack, with his fifteen years of journalism!"

"Stop rotting! I'm a bit staggered, you know, straight. Let's have another bottle of port."

Ffoulkes went to the buttery, and returned with a couple. For ten minutes neither spoke.

"I've a damned funny feeling," said Flynn at last. "Do you remember the night we put the iodide of nitrogen in the Doctor's nighties?"

"By the soft leather of this chair, I do!"

"Yes; we caught it! But it's the spirit, not the flesh, which goads me now. I've loved skating around the judges, these last weeks. The best thing in life is the feeling of escape. It's the one real thrill. Perhaps that's why I've always been so keen on solitary climbing and big game shooting."

"I always preferred fishing. My thrill comes from proving my intellectual stamina or subtlety." There was a pause.

"What do you think of murder, anyhow?" suddenly blurted out the journalist.

"The most serious crime, except high treason, known to the English law."

"True. O wise judge! But what is it morally?"

"An art, according to that ass Wilde."

"When I write an essay on it, I shall treat it as a sport. And between you and me, that is why I have never written one."

"Why?"

"Why, old intellectual stamina and subtlety, because if I ever do take it up, I don't want some fool to fix me up with a motive. But after your story of to-night, I don't mind telling you; if I'm caught, I'll

brief you! Observe. O man of motives, the analysis. Man is no longer killed for food, except in distant countries, or in rare emergencies such as shipwreck."

"He is only killed nowadays for one of two motives, gain or revenge."

"Add love."

"That's psychopathic."

"Well, we're all psychopaths; it's only a term of endearment in common use among doctors."

"Get on!"

"But there's the greatest motive of all—adventure. We've standardized life too much; and those of us who love life are more and more driven to seek adventure in crime."

"Or journalism."

"Which is only one of the meaner crimes. But you needn't talk; the practice of law is the nearest thing we have to man-hunting."

"I suppose that's true."

"Of course it's true. But it's a mere pheasant-shoot, with all your police for beaters. The game hasn't a chance. No. The motiveless murderer has the true spirit of sport; to kill a man is more dangerous than to follow a wounded gaur into the jungle. The anarchist goes after the biggest game of all: but he's not a sportsman; he has a genuine grievance."

"Your essay on murder will make some very pleasant reading."

"But doesn't it attract you too, with your passion to prove your mental superiority to others? Think of the joy of baffling the stupid police, fooling the detectives with false clues, triumphantly proving yourself innocent when you know you are guilty!"

"Are you tempting me? You always did, you know."

"Anyhow, you always fell!"

"Cher ami, for that alone I could forgive you everything!"

"Sarcastic to the last!"

"You have me to thank that we usually escaped the consequences!"

"Pride, my poor friend!"

"Truth, comrade in misfortune!"

"No. Seriously. I'm crazy to-night, and I really am going to tempt you. Don't prove it's my fault, blame your own good port, and also certain qualities in your own story of the Marsden case. One or two little remarks of yours on the subject of Miss Maud Duval—"

"I knew something would come of that."

"Yes, that's my weak point. I'm absurdly feminine in vanity and love of power over—a friend."

"Now I'm warned; so fire ahead. What's the proposal?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet!"

"You big baby!"

"Yes, it's my bedtime; I'll roll home, I think."

"No, don't go. Let's sober up on coffee, and the '48 brandy."

"It's a damned extraordinary thing that a little brandy makes you drunk, and a lot of it strengthens you out again."

"It's Providence!"

"Then call upon it in the time of trouble!"

Ffoulkes went in search of the apparatus. Jack rose lazily and went to the window; he threw it open. and the cold damp air came in with a rush. It was

infinitely pleasurable, the touch on his heated, wine-flushed face.

He stood there for perhaps ten minutes. A voice recalled him to himself.

"Café noir, Gamiani!"

He started as if he had been shot. Ffoulkes, in an embroidered dressing gown of black silk, was seated on cushions on the floor, gravely pouring Turkish coffee from a shining pot of hammered brass.

At one side of him was a great silver hookah, its bowl already covered by a coal from the fire.

Jack took a second dressing-gown that had been thrown across his chair, and rapidly made himself at ease. Then he seated himself opposite to his friend, bowed deeply, with joined hands upon his forehead, and said with mock solemnity: "Be pleased to say thy pleasure, O most puissant king!"

"Let Scherezade recount the mirific tale of the Two Thousand and Second Night, wherein it is narrated how the wicked journalist tempted the good lawyer in the matter of murder regarded as a pastime and as a debating society!"

"Hearing and obedience! But I must have oh! such a lot of this coffee before I get wound up!"

As it happened, it was two hours before Jack deigned to speak. "To use the phrase of Abdullah El Haji i-Shiraz," he began. "I remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed huqqa from my mouth. When King Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, there were two brothers named Chuckerbutty Lal and Hari Ramkrishna. For short we shall call them Pork and Beans. Now Pork, who was a poet and a devil of a fine fellow, was tempted by the reprobate Beans, a lawyer, whose only quality was low cunning, to join him in a wager. And these were the terms thereof. During the season of the monsoon each was to go away from Benares to a far country, and there he was, feloniously and of his malice aforeshortened, to kill and murder a liege of the Sultan of that land. And when they returned, they were to compare their stories. It was agreed that such murder should be a real murder in the legal sense—an act for which they would be assuredly hanged if they were caught; and also that it would be contrary to the spirit of sport to lay false trails deliberately, and so put in peril the life of some innocent person, not being the game desired to fill the bag. But it must be an undoubted murder, with no possibility of suicide or accident. The murder, moreover, must be of a purely adventurous nature, not a crime inspired by greed or animosity. The idea was to prove that it would be perfectly safe, since there would be no motive to draw suspicion upon them. Yet if either were suspected of the mamelukes, the Sbirri, the janissaries, or the proggins, he should take refuge with the other: but—mark this, O king!—for being so clumsy he should pay to him a camel-load of gold, which in our money is one thousand pounds. Is it a bet?"

Ffoulkes extended his hand. "It's a bet."

"You're really game?"

"Dying oath."

"Dying oath. And now, O king, for I perceive that thou art weary, hie thee to thy chaste couch, and thy faithful slave shall doss it on the sofa."

In the morning Ffoulkes said, over the breakfast-table, "About that bet." "It's on?" cried Flynn in alarm. "Oh, yes! Only—er—I suppose I need about another seven or eight years of law; I stipulate that—what is thrown away—shall be as worthless as

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possible." "Certainly," said Flynn, "I'm going to Ostend." "Good for you. Newspaper accounts shall be evidence; but send me the whole paper, and mark another passage, not the one referring to the bet."

"O intellectual subtlety and stamina!"

"Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks."

An hour later each, in his appointed lighthouse, was indicating the sure path of virtue and justice to the admiring English.

II

The Trinity sittings were over. Sir Richard Ffoulkes—for the king's birthday had not left him without honor—was contemplating his wig and gown with disgust. On the table before him was a large leather book, containing many colored flies; and he had just assured himself that his seventeen-foot split cane was in good order. In fact, he had been boyish enough to test the check on his Hardy reel by practicing casts out of the window, to the alarm of the sparrows. It was the common routine for him on the brink of a holiday, but it never lost its freshness.

Then there came back to him the realization that this was to be no ordinary holiday. He was pledged to do murder.

He went over to the mirror, and studied his face steadily. He was perfectly calm; no trace of excitement showed in his keen features. "I have always thought," he mused, "that the crises of life are usually determined by accident. It is not possible to foresee events with mathematical accuracy, and in big things it is the small things that count. Hence the cleverest criminal may always make some slip, and the clumsiest escape by a piece of luck. Let me never forget the story of the officer at Gibraltar who, focussing a new field-glass, chanced to pick up a shepherd in the very act of crime. On the other hand, how many men have got clear away through stupid people disturbing or destroying the clues: from Jack the Ripper downwards! But it is the motive that counts. Where that does not exist, the strongest clues lead nowhere. For our surest faith is that men's actions are founded upon reason or upon desire. Hence the utter impossibility of guarding against lunatics or anarchists. I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses in such a case as this: Suppose the Master of the Rolls dropped in to see me, and in the course of a perfectly sound conversation, broke up my fishing-rod without explanation or apology, and, when questioned, calmly denied that he had done so. Who would believe my story? Hence I think that I could walk into the Strand, shoot a perfect stranger in the crowd, and throw away the gun, with no danger of being caught, provided only that the gun could not be traced to me. The evidence of those who saw me fire would be torn to pieces in cross-examination; they could even be made to disbelieve their own eyes.

"From this I draw these conclusions as to the proper conditions for my murder: First, there must be no conceivable reason for the act; second, there must be no way of tracing the weapon to my possession. I need not trouble to hide my traces, except in obvious matters like blood; for it is exceedingly stupid to attempt to prove a false alibi. In fact, there is no bigger booby-trap for a criminal, pace the indignant ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior.

"My plan is therefore a simple one; I have only

to get hold of a weapon without detection, and use it upon an inoffensive stranger at any time when there happens to be nobody looking—though this is not so important."

He returned to his fishing tackle. "It's rather a big bet, though," he added; "there's more than a thousand pounds to it. I think I will be pretty careful over details. Practice may not be quite so simple as theory!"

However, the first part of his programme turned out to be delightfully easy. It was his custom to train during the holiday by taking long walks, on his way to the lake or river where he fished. He detested motor-cars. As luck would have it, during the first week, as he tramped a lonely road, his eye was caught by an object lying on the ground. It was a heavy motor spanner, evidently left behind by some chauffeur who had had a breakdown. His mind instantly grasped the situation. There was no one in sight. The spanner was already rusted, had lain there some days. Any of a hundred people might have picked it up. It could never be traced to him. He had never possessed such a tool in his life; besides, the pattern was common. He thrust it quickly into his pocket. When he got home, he packed it away carefully in his traveling cashbox, a solid steel affair of which there was but one key, which never left his chain. "Now," said he, "the problem is to find the inoffensive stranger. I had better leave Scotland. Every one in Scotland is offensive. Also, in the matter of motive, our common humanity urges us all to kill Scotchmen. So goodbye, land o' cakes!"

Further meditations were in this key following: since he was to kill with the spanner, certain precautions must be taken. It must be a very clean kill, with no outcry or struggle. At the end of his cogitations, he decided that the victim had better be asleep. His legally trained mind had snapped its last link with the idea of adventure or sport; his motto was "safety first." His attitude to his projected crime was simply that of preparing a brief; he wished to meet every contingency; the atrocity of his proceedings was invisible to his intellectuality. Reason is perfectly amoral.

It was on his way from Edinburgh to London that the brilliant idea occurred to him. He would kill old Miss Marsden! She was now Mrs. Robinson, by the way, for she had testified to the faith that was in her by marrying her protégé directly after his acquittal. Ffoulkes knew the house well; he had stayed there several days while working up the case. It was a lonely place, and the old lady was a fresh-air fiend, and slept on the veranda, winter and summer. She was perfectly friendly, had paid most liberally for the defense. Everything was in his favor. Even if Ezra happened to see the murder committed, his tongue was tied; indeed, he stood the strongest chance of being arrested for it himself. The servants slept far away from the veranda, at the other end of the old rambling house; there were no neighbors, and no dogs. His presence in the vicinity would excite no remark, for there was good dry-fly fishing in the streams. He would rent a cottage in the district for the second half of his holiday, walk over the downs, five miles or so, nothing to him, one moonless night, do the job, and walk back. A thousand to one that no one would know that he had ever left his cottage.

On this plan he acted. The only additional precau-

tions suggested themselves to him on the spot; he cultivated the vicar assiduously, playing chess with him every evening; and he feigned a considerable devotion to that worthy gentleman's only daughter. It will be well, he thought, to seem to have my mind well occupied with the pleasures of a simpler chase. Further, the villagers would see nothing in a lover taking long walks by nights, in case he were seen leaving the cottage or returning to it.

A last refinement shot across his mental horizon when he began to calculate the time of the new moon. She would be just a week old on the anniversary of the Marsden murder. That would be the night for the job; the clever-clever novelist-detectives would fabricate a mystery of revenge in connection with the date. Ezra, too, would be away to meet Maud. There was, of course, a possibility that poignancy of memory would keep the old lady awake on that particular night; but he must chance that.

Things turned out for him even better than he had hoped. Three nights before the proposed crime the vicar mentioned casually that he had met young Robinson—"the charming lad whom you defended so brilliantly"—motoring to London—called away suddenly on business. He expected to be back in a week or ten days. No, Mrs. Robinson was not with him: "she is slightly ailing, poor lady, it appears."

When the great night came Ffoulkes made his master-stroke by proposing to the vicar's daughter. He was obviously accepted, and the young people, after dinner, went gaily arm-in-arm through the village, and received the congratulations of the few belated travelers in that early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise corner of the planet. But Ffoulkes had the spanner in his pocket, and after bestowing his fiancée at the vicarage, went, deviously at first, then swiftly and directly, over the downs. Luck followed him to the last: he found his victim fast asleep. A single blow of the spanner, which he had wrapped in a paper bag to deaden the sound, smashed in the skull: he made his way home without being seen or heard by anybody.

Two days later he wrote to Flynn, with a cutting from the local paper.

"My dear Jack, here's a terrible sequel to the Marsden murder. It is now clear that there is some family feud connected with the fatal date. Probably an affair going back a generation. Shocking, indeed, even to a hardened lawyer like myself; but you see how right I was to insist that there must have been a strong motive for Marsden's murder. Shall we ever know the truth? It sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale."

A month later he returned to London: he had had no answer from Flynn, and supposed him to be still away on his holiday.

There were no arrests, and no clues, in the matter of Mrs. Robinson. The spanner, which Ffoulkes had dropped by the veranda, served merely to suggest a tramp, who might conceivably have been a chauffeur gone to the bad. But the mystery was deepened by an amazing development; her husband had disappeared completely. There was no question of his complicity in the crime: for on the previous evening he had dined with the British Vice-Consul in Marseilles; and it was physically impossible for him to have returned in time to commit the murder.

The obvious deduction was that whoever hated the Marsdens had included him in the schedule.

"Well," soliloquized Ffoulkes in his chamber, "at

least I shall not lose that thousand pounds. But now I've got to edge away from Miss Bread-and-Butter-and-Kisses. Ugh!"

III

When you have dined at Basso's, which is the summit of human felicity, you should avoid too sharp a declension to this vale of tears by taking a stroll along the quays to the old quarter on the west of the Bassin. There you will find streets almost worthy to rank with the Fishmarket at Cairo, and decidedly superior to even the best that Hong Kong or Honolulu or New Orleans can produce. In particular, there is an archway called by initiates the Gate of Hell, for it forms an entrance to this highly fascinating and exceedingly disreputable district.

Under this archway, on the night of the exploit of Sir Richard Ffoulkes, stood a young man, quietly dressed in the English style, though with a trifling tendency to over-indulgence in jewelry.

He glanced at a watch upon his wrist; ten minutes before midnight. He then took a little bottle from his pocket, after a quick inspection of the vicinity. From the bottle he shook a few grains of powder on the back of his hand, and drew them into his nostrils. Next came a moment's indecision: then, swinging his cane, he walked briskly out of the archway, and paced up and down a strange little square of green, set there as if somehow hallowed by great memories. After a little while he returned to the archway. This time it was tenanted. A girl stood there. She was dressed in plain black with the extreme of modesty and refinement; but the piquancy and vitality of her face, and the lustre and passion of her eyes, redeemed the picture from banality.

There was a long look of recognition: the girl reached out both arms. The man took them in his own. For a minute they stood, feeding on each other, prolonging the delicious torture of restraint. Then slowly they drew together, and their mouths met in an abandoned kiss.

It would have puzzled them to say how long the embrace lasted: but at its close they saw that they were not alone. Close to them stood another man, tall, elegant, slim, almost feminine in figure, as he certainly was in the extremity of the fashion which tailored him. Nor was there wanting a touch of rouge and powder on his cheeks. His thin, white hand was lifted to his nostrils, and the lovers perceived that he was taking advantage of the darkness to indulge in cocaine.

The newcomer spoke in silken tones. "Forgive me," he said in softest French, "but it gave me pleasure to be near you. I saw monsieur here a few moments ago, and knew that he was one of the elect. And mademoiselle, too? May I have the honor?"

The girl smiled. "Among friends," she murmured charmingly, and raised the back of her hand towards him. He saluted it with his lips, and then shook out a generous supply of crystal poison from a snuff-box in amber and emeralds that dated from the great days of Louis XIV.

The girl turned her eyes full upon him, almost ardently. "I haven't touched it," she said. "for ever so long. By the way, excuse me, won't you, but aren't we all English?"

"I am," said the exquisite. "I'm an actor on a

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holiday. Won't you come to my rooms? It's only a garret, or little better, but I have plenty of the Snow of Heaven, and we could have a wonderful night." "Let's go!" said the girl, pressing her lover's arm. He hesitated a moment. "Three's company," urged the other, "when they all understand."

"It would be perfect," chimed the girl. "and it would suit us—in other ways," she added, darkly. "Yes, the scheme has points," admitted the younger man; "thanks very much. We'll come. What's your name? Mine's Herbert Aynes. This lady—we'll call her Mab, if you don't mind. There's an injured husband in the offing, you know; that's one reason why we have to be careful." "Certainly, prudence before all things; but I've no troubles; call me Francis Ridley." They linked arms, and strolled gaily along the main street of the quarter, enchanted by the color and the chiaroscuro, by the hoarse cries in all strange tongues that greeted them on every side, even by the weird odors—for when people are lit by love and adventure and cocaine, there is no place of this whole universe which is not sheer delight. Presently, however, they branched off, under Ridley's direction, and began to climb the steep streets on their right. A minute later they entered an ancient doorway, and after three flights of stairs found Ridley's dovecote.

It was a charming room, furnished, as if for a woman, with all bright colors and daintiness. On one side of the room was a divan, smothered in cushions; on the other a hammock of scarlet cords hung from the rafters. Ridley went to the window and closed the shutters. "Madame est chez elle!" he announced gallantly. "What a wonderful place!" laughed the girl. "However did you find it?"

"Oh, it used to be a house of assignation."

"Used to be!"

And this time all three laughed in unison.

IV.

The reopening of the courts found Ffoulkes enormously preoccupied. For the past two years several influential newspapers had been accusing Ministers of the Crown of the grossest kind of robbery. They had bought and sold stock, it was alleged, manipulating the prices by using their positions to announce that the government had or had not decided to make contracts with the companies involved, and subsequently denying the rumors when they had taken their profits. The attack had been so persistent that the accused ministers had been forced to desperate measures. They had started a prearranged libel action against a newspaper in Paris for reprinting one of these articles; but people still asked why they did not prosecute one of the sheets that were attacking them in London. Unhappily, not one of these was to be bought; each, carefully sounded, announced its intention to fight; and redoubled its venom.

It was at last decided to attempt a criminal prosecution of the weakest of its enemies, a paper edited by a man personally unpopular, and to bring every kind of indirect pressure upon the court to secure a conviction.

Of course the law officers of the Crown were unavailable for the prosecution; and the choice of a leader had fallen, at the last moment, when their own counsel suddenly declined to go on with the case and returned the briefs, upon Ffoulkes

. He had thus only a month to assimilate what really required six; but if he won, he could be sure of office next time a Liberal Government was in power.

So he worked day and night, seeing nobody but the solicitors and witnesses employed on the case.

He had no news of Flynn but a telegram from Berlin, saying that he would be back in a month, and that there was "nothing to report as yet." This amused Ffoulkes hugely; it would be great if Flynn failed to bring off his murder. However, he had no time for trifles like murder these days; he had to get a conviction for criminal libel; nothing else mattered.

But when the case came actually into court he saw it to be hopeless. His opening was masterly; it occupied two days; but on the second day he sent word to his clients during the lunch hour that it was no good to go on, and that he felt forced to take the measures previously agreed upon. These were simple; near the conclusion of the speech he managed to blunder into disclosing a flaw in the procedure so obvious that the judge could not possibly overlook it. His lordship interrupted: "I am afraid, Sir Richard, that you have no case. If you will refer to Jones vs. The Looking Glass, you will see that it has been expressly laid down that—" An elaborate legal argument followed, but the judge was inexorable. "You must redraw your plea, Sir Richard. The case is dismissed."

The docile organs of the government condoled with the great counsel for losing an "already won case" on a technicality; but Ffoulkes was sorry he had ever touched it. He would go to the club and play a game of chess. Flynn would be there later; he had returned to London that morning, and telegraphed his friend to make it a dinner and the Empire.

In the lounge of the club was only one little old man, who was known as a mathematician of great eminence, with a touch of the crank. He had recently finished a pamphlet to prove that the ancients had some knowledge of fourth-dimensional mathematics, that their statement of such problems as the duplication of the cube implied an apprehension of some medium in which incommensurables became tractable. He was especially strong on Euclid's parallel postulate, which has not only been unproved, but proved unprovable. He was also a deep student of Freemasonry, whose arcana furnished him with further arguments on the same thesis.

This old man, whose name was Simon Iff, challenged Ffoulkes to a game of chess. To the surprise of the lawyer, who was a very strong amateur, he was beaten thrice in very short games. Iff then took off a knight, and won a fourth game as easily as before. "It's no good, sir," said Ffoulkes: "I see you are in the master class." "Not a bit of it," replied the old man, "Lasker can beat me as easily as I beat you. He really knows chess: I only know you. I can gauge your intellect; it is limited in certain directions. I had a lost game against you most of the time: but you did not make the winning continuations, and I knew that you wouldn't and couldn't."

"Let me tell you something, if you'll forgive a senior for prosing. There are two ways to play chess. One is a man against a man; the other is a man against a chess-board. It's the difference between match and medal play at golf. Observe: if

I know that you are going to play the Philidor defense to the King's Knight's Opening, I do not risk being forced into the Petroff, which I dislike. But in playing an unknown quantity, I must analyze every position like a problem, and guard against all possibilities. It takes a great genius and a lifetime's devotion to play the latter game. But so long as I can read your motive in a move, so long I can content myself with guarding that one line. Should you make a move whose object I cannot see, I am compelled to take a fresh view of the board, and analyze the position as if I were called upon to adjudicate an unfinished game."

"That's exceedingly interesting. It bears rather on my game, law."

"I was about to venture a remark upon that point. I was fortunate enough to be present at the trial of Ezra Robinson, and I cannot compliment you too highly on the excellence of your defense. But, as you will be the first to admit, his acquittal was no solution of the question, 'Who killed Marsden?' Still less does it tell us who killed Mrs. Robinson exactly one year later."

"Do you know the solution?"

"No; but I can show you on what lines to attack the mystery."

"I wish you would."

"I may be tedious."

"Impossible. You have beaten me so abominably at chess that I am all on fire to learn more from watching the working of your intellect."

"Intellect is our weakest weapon. This world is run upon 'inflexible intellectual guiders,' as Zoroaster put it, but it was 'the will of the Father,' as he also explained, which laid down those laws which we call laws of nature, but, as Kant has shown, are really no more than the laws of our own minds. The universe is a phenomenon of love under will, a mystic and poetic creation, and the intellect only stands to it as mere scansion does to poetry."

"It is at least a charming theory."

"It works, Sir Richard. Let us apply our frail powers to this Marsden mystery. Let us take the second murder first, because it is apparently the more abstruse. We have no clues and no motives to mislead us. True, Robinson had a strong interest in his wife's death—yet not only does he prove an alibi, but he vanishes for ever! If, as we might imagine, he had hired a knave to do the job, he would have kept in sight, pretended decent grief, and so on. Of course, as has been suggested, he may himself have come to some sudden end; but if that be so, it is a marvelous coincidence indeed. No! We are forced to believe him guiltless, of this second murder at least. Consequently, having eliminated the only person with a motive, we are thrown back upon the master's way of playing chess, pure analysis. (Notice how Tchigorin handicapped himself by his fancy for that second move, queen to king's second, and Steinitz by his pawn to queen's third in the Ruy Lopez. Their opponents got a line on them at once, and saved themselves infinite trouble.) Pardon the digression. Now then, let us look at this second murder again. What is the most striking fact about it? This, that it was committed by a person with a complete contradiction in his mind. He is so astute that he leaves no clue of any sort: there has not even been any arrest. If he did the first murder also, it shows that he is capable of turning the same

trick twice. In short, we see a man of first-class mind, or rather intellect, for we must assume a lack of moral sense. A man, in fact, with a mind like your own; for since this afternoon's exploit, I imagine you will not claim to be scrupulous."

"You saw through the trick?"

"Naturally; you knew you had no case, so you preferred to lose on a foul, and claim a moral victory."

"Good for you!"

"Well, this same first-rate intellect is in another respect so feeble that the man takes pleasure, or finds satisfaction, in arranging his crime on a significant date. He must be the sort of man that takes precautions against witches on Walpurgis Night!"

"Jove, that's a good point. Never struck me!"

"Well, frankly, it doesn't strike me now. There are men with such blind spots, no doubt; but it is easier for me to think that the murderer, with plenty of nights to choose from, chose that one in particular with the idea of leading people astray—of playing on their sense of romance and mystery—of exploiting their love of imaginative detective stories!"

"If so, the point is once more in favor of his intellect."

"Exactly. But now we are going to narrow the circle. Who is there in whose mind the date of the first murder was so vivid that such a stratagem would occur to him?"

"Well, there are many. Myself, for example!"

Iff began to set up the pieces for another game.

"We must eliminate you," he said, after a few moments of silence, "you lawyers forget your cases as soon as they are over."

"Besides, I had no possible motive."

"Oh, that is nothing in the case. You are a rich man, and would never do a murder for greed: you are a cold-blooded man, and would never kill for revenge or jealousy; and these things place you apart from the common run of men. Still, I believe such as you perfectly capable of murder: there are seven deadly sins, not two; why should you not kill, for example, from some motive like pride?"

"I take pride in aiding the administration of justice. My ambition is a Parliamentary career."

"Come," said Iff, "all this is a digression: we had better play chess. Let me try at Blackburne's odds!" Iff won the game. "You know," he said, as Ffoulkes overturned his king in sign of surrender, "whoever killed Mrs. Robinson, if I read his type of mind aright, has left his queen *en prise*, after all. There is a very nasty gap in the defenses. He killed the woman from no common motive; he has therefore always to be on his guard against equally uncommon men. Suppose Capablanca dropped into the club, and challenged me to a game, how should I feel if I had any pride in beating you? There may be some one hunting him who is as superior intellectually to him as he is to the police. And there's a worse threat: he probably took the precaution of killing the old woman in her sleep. He could have no conscience, no remorse. But he would have experience in his own person that such monsters as himself were at large; therefore, I ask you, how does he know, every night, that some one will not kill him in his sleep?"

Ffoulkes called the waiter, and asked Iff to join him in a drink. "No, thank you," returned the old man. "playing chess is the only type of pleasure I dare permit myself."

At this moment Flynn came into the club, and greet-

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ed both men warmly. Iff had written many a glowing essay for the Irishman's review. He wanted both to dine with him, but once again Iff declined, pleading another engagement. After a few moments' chat he walked off, leaving the two old friends together.

They dined at the club, and pointedly confined the conversation to the libel case, and politics in general. With their second cigars, Flynn rose. "Come round to Mount Street," he said. "I've a lot to tell you." So they strolled off in the bright autumn weather to the maisonette where Flynn lived.

V

They made themselves at ease on the big Chesterfield. It was a strange room, a symphony of green. The walls were covered with panels of green silk; the floor was covered with a great green carpet from Algeria; the upholstery was of green morocco; the ceiling was washed in delicate eau-de-Nil with designs by Gauguin, and the lamps were shaded by soft tissues of emerald. Even the drinks were of the same color: Chartreuse, the original shipping, and crème de menthe and absinthe. Flynn's man brought cigarettes and cigars in a box of malachite, and set them down with the spirits. Flynn dismissed him for the night.

"Well," said Jack, when the man had gone, "I see you got away with it all right."

"I had a scare this afternoon. Old Iff made rings round me at chess, and then proceeded to develop a theory of the—exploit—that was so near the truth that I thought for half a moment that he had guessed something. Luckily, he's just an old crank in everybody's eyes; but, by Jove, he can play chess!"

"Iff's one of the biggest minds in England; but the second-raters always win in London."

"Well, what about your end of the bet?"

"Oh, there's no news yet. But they'll find the bodies next week when my tenancy of the place expires."

"Bodies!"

"Two. You see, I went after your friend Ezra Robinson and the fair Duval. I knew from you of the appointment on the anniversary of the murder, but not the place; so I had him shadowed from the day of the bet. I took a room in the old quarter of Marseilles, when I found that he had stopped there. I got myself up as Francis Ridley, whom you may remember in certain amateur theatricals.

"I got them along to make a night of it, and filled them up with cocaine, while I took—mostly borax. Then when we got to the stage of exhaustion and collapse, I unslung a convenient hammock that hung in the room and told them what I meant to do. And then I hanged them by the neck until they were dead, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! Next day I crossed to Algiers, went down to El Kantara and shot mouflon—I'm having a fine head mounted especially for you—then I came back through Italy and Germany. That's all!"

"I say," cried Ffoulkes, shocked, "that's hardly in the spirit of the bet, old man. I don't see any moral turpitude involved!"

"You wretched hypocrite," retorted Flynn, "it was deliberate murder by both French and English law. I don't see what you can want more than that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, with your legal mind!"

But the lawyer was not satisfied. He began to argue, and ultimately turned the discussion into what

was as near a quarrel as such old friends could ever contemplate. In fact, Ffoulkes saw the danger, and went home at an unusually early hour.

Flynn dismissed the matter from his mind, and passed the night in composing sonnets, in French, to the honor of the green goddess—absinthe.

VI.

A month later, Flynn had been unusually busy, and saw little of his friends. Twice he dined with Ffoulkes, but the latter was more moody and irritable than ever. He had lost three important cases, and seemed altogether out of luck. His looks reflected his worry as much as his manners. Flynn asked him to come to Paris for a week's rest; he refused; Flynn went alone.

Returning to London, he called at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They were shut up. He went on to the club, hoping for news.

Almost the first man he saw was an old college friend, a judge, the very man to have the latest tidings. Probably Ffoulkes had been in court that day.

"Hush! it's terrible," said the judge, and drew Flynn into a corner of the lounge. "They had to take him away yesterday. He had persecution mania, a hopeless form, I'm afraid. Hadn't slept for a month. Said he was afraid of being murdered in his sleep! These things are too bad to talk about: I'm going home. Brace up!" The judge rose and went; but when Flynn came out of the stupor into which the intelligence had thrown him, he found Iff seated at his side.

"You've heard? Isn't it awful?"

"No," replied Iff, "not more so than the fact that two and two make four. Which in a sense is awful indeed, and according as you are for or against the tendency of the universe, is encouraging or terrifying. But it is fatal and inexorable. Perhaps to say that is to say enough!"

"Explain what you mean."

"A little while ago," replied the old mystic, "he came here to play chess with me—you remember: you were there, the day of your return. Well, I mastered his mind: I saw its limitations: I mapped its roads; I measured its heights and depths; I calculated its reactions. I beat him easily, at odds. We then began to talk of the Marsden mystery, and I analyzed the mind of the man who killed Mrs. Robinson—a mind like his own. I showed that the coincidence of dates was probably a deliberate false trail. I then asked who would be likely to think of such a point, who would have vivid reason to think of that date. I was speaking in perfectly general terms; no suspicion of him had crossed my mind. He instantly suggested himself. I knew how he played chess: so I knew that he must have had himself in view subconsciously; that he must be trying to put me off the scent by boldness. It was just the same type of tactics as choosing the anniversary of the first murder. From that instant I knew that he was guilty.

"A moment later he confirmed me. I suggested that a man like himself might kill for such a motive as pride: and he replied that he took pride in the administration of justice. Now after that libel action, and coming from such a man, the English hypocrisy, which might have been natural in a lesser man, was a complete confession. Therefore I determined to punish him. I knew there was only one

way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And—how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly, and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. If seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it,

with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down, and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!" he said, "—for you will never grow up—you have perhaps erred in some ways—ways which I find excusable—but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack. "but it was I who tempted my friend—it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended, and in the measure thereof."

THE LYRIC SHAMBLES

By FRANCES GREGG

The age-old instinct for rebellion against the limitations of mortality, working blindly through an unresisting people, is accountable for war. To be, not a single human entity, but a People, and that a great People: to fulfil the need for dependence: to create, and to destroy: these are the things that beget wars.

An exile, I have seen crowds surging through the streets of Rome, crying out for war; I have seen the conscript trains drawing out from Paris, and I have seen the recruiting agent at work in England, and on the faces of all these peoples there was the glamor of romance. What did it matter to them that thin rationalists were crying through the cities: "There is no romance, there is no glamor, there is no personal glory in this war of the machine!"; that the cry was going out: "What does it matter to you, Man-in-the-street? Will you be any the better off for their war?"

They were the "better off," if only for that one ecstatic vision of adventure. The emotional occasion justified all shattering and mangling of bodies. Where there had been poverty, there was richness of experience. Where there had been a man smitten into stupidity, or brutality, or genius, by the reverberating echo of hopeless human desire: where there had been a soul crying up through the darkness of the commonplace: where there had been an ego ceaselessly demanding its legitimate annihilation: there was now a unit of force, of force made noble by the subjection of all life to an inexorable obedience.

Does it not matter to any god that, in the shameful humor of our Creator, our thoughts, our minds, our identity, were made to spin round and round in those rocking bowls, our skulls—were made to clasp and jangle in those bone boxes, subject to all the petty limitations, the extraordinary chance thickening of the senses, of separate human bodies? And to the impotent gesticulation of our shamed fury only the god of war responds with the one word, "Immolation."

I do not mean to intimate that the sober English Tommies burst upon the recruiting sergeant with impassioned speeches in the fantastic lyricism of Russian style. They go to "do their bit" in response to some crude and sentimental poster, and they don't talk about it; because they have adenoids, or are anaemic, or have only a board school education, or have been subjected

to public school corsetting of the emotions, all of which things are inimical to the art of self-expression.

It is the glamor of adventure that whirls the English volunteers and all the conscripted hordes into the agonized vortex of war—adventure, that deep-rooted longing for romance. The very word stirs in us that instinct for the grand manner, the wish to live in the grand style, the desire for more enthralling situations, for a heightening of existence, for more than human emotion.

That alone, that "more than human emotion," accounts for the inhuman atrocities of all these civilized nations. That lurking savagery in us, that drop of black African blood, that blown dust of an Egyptian king, that atom of an Assyrian slave-driver that was in the manure that fertilized our vegetables—that archaic cruelty assimilated by one means and another into each human being, to lie in uneasy restraint before expediency, fear of consequences, pride of virtue, and those other ape-like moral mannerisms imposed by civilization—burst forth at last under pressure of "crowd psychology" (that strange subsidizing of emotion), into an orgy, an ecstasy, a more than human frenzy of Sadistic indulgence.

What accounts for the astounding spectacle of thousands of men advancing, cheering, to almost certain impact with tons of explosive material that is being voided upon them by invisible machines? Any one of these men, under normal conditions, put into range of a .22-calibre repeater, would turn and run like a rabbit; but surround him with a thousand of his kind, all acting in unison with the danger heightened beyond a thousandfold—nor is he, poor wistful fool, any less solitary than he has always been—yet he will drive on, at a high tension of poetic fervor, to a revolting and filthy dissipation of all his parts. Again it is an orgy, an ecstasy, a frenzy, this time for an ideal emotion, the purely aesthetic quality of courage.

There enters into this last, of course, that obedience to which he has committed himself in going to war. An obedience entered into with what Saurian content! Here he has the institution lowered to the last level of immoral efficiency. He ceases to be responsible for any deed; he is no longer required to plan any course of action. The desire for dependence that has been

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fostered in him from the beginning of civilization is gratified in the most perfect form. Born, as all poor mortals are, ignominiously fettered, weighed down with shackles, the one thing he might reasonably hope for is an all-powerful above him; instead of which he is confronted by the horrible problem of free will. Brought up, as he has been, to rely upon everything, from the omnipresent policeman to an omnipresent God, and yet required, with all these carefully loosened others, to shape events, he clings to all institutions, Church or State, and finds in them his only retreat from life. In the noble institution of war his subjection reaches the lowest depths of its infamy; he is put into a uniform.

Englishmen, those young lords of illusion, those last inheritors of the world's romance, look charmingly in "the khaki," but see it upon some people of the South, where beyond romance and passion there is something hard and unsentimental! I have seen a company of Italians after an all-night route march. They came up over the brow of a hill in the early morning as though they were being born out of the rising sun. File after straggling file, squat and spare, some in step, some not, their faces and heads white with the white dry dust of the road—to—Rome, their empty faces like masks made by a cruel young sculptor too much bent upon betraying life. It was a thing to remember, those peaked crowns and flat back-heads, and all the expressions there are of vacuity being borne along above the same garments. Well, they had satisfied their need for dependence while the rest of mankind were crying out upon God or upon science.

If there were nothing else to drive men to war there

would be the madness of change. In the many years that I have lived, and in all my wanderings to and fro through many lands, I have only met one man who wanted to live for ever with all things and people exactly as they are; and that static contentment of mind, it seemed to me, spoke very excellently well for that man's life. But for the rest of us there is always the mirage of change. In our childhood there was the fairy who "took a wand—," and for our youth the myths of metamorphoses; but for our age there is only war: war, a destruction of the existing and a recreation of the unchangeable, a magic that does not work, a metamorphosis that is the same thing too bloodied over, too torn, too mangled, too unchangeably the same.

And, as one strains back the petals to gaze into the heart of this thing, there is "immolation" written upon the very core. And before this last mystery one draws back; here is a veil that a bolder than I must lift. Men have seen stars hurl themselves into the nothingness of the abyss, and souls shrivel before dreams of their own making; they have seen the frost lay waste the earth's surface, and the hot sun parch already fevered places, and the moth's wings curl in the flame of the candle: these things are immolation.

And what of the women, while men palpitate with the tremor of the earth's bosom, and destroy themselves with the earth's will to destruction, and are blown upon the rhythms of creation—what are the women doing? Do they not still give birth to children?

So the basic note of creation sounds, through ecstasy, in destruction. There is no will but the earth's will. As long as the stars swing in sublime stupidity, so long is war.

THE PURPLE MANDARIN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

There is a purple mandarin
With mystic madness in his eyes:
He hath deflowered the virgin Sin.
And she hath made him otherwise.
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he sports:
He never speaks his thoughts.

Well knoweth he the Way of Phang,
Matching the Yang against the Yin;
He marketh Tao in God and dung,
Seeth the secret—"soul is skin."
With power and sight behind his will
He chooseth to keep still.

For he hath dreamed: A blossom buds
Once in a million million years,
One poppy on Time's foamless floods,
A cup of cruelty and tears.
Its heart secretes a sacred gum
—Man's only opium.

Come back to me, my opium-flower,
Chaste and corrupt, my saint of sin,
My flame of ice, my porcelain tower
—I hate the purple mandarin
Who gurgles at me in the fall:
"Dream's water, after all."

O mystic flower! O midnight flower
Chaste and corrupt as patchouli!
A silver saint—a porcelain tower—
A flame of ice—a silken sea—
A taint—a vice—a swoon—a shame—
Pure Beauty is thy name!

I sought thee in Sahara's sand,
Hunted through Himalayan snows;
Gods led me friendly by the hand—
Me blind! where every soul-wind blows.
I was more foolish than my kin,
The purple mandarin.

He dreamed—I followed. Then the Gods
Who mock at Wisdom spun the wheel,
Reversed the incalculable odds
And flung out laughing—flat to steel—
The one impossible event:
Pure Beauty came—and went

1066

A Study of the Ruling Classes of England.
By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

The first date I ever learnt, and almost the only one that I have never forgotten, is "William the Conqueror, 1066." But most people seem to have omitted this item from their curriculum.

It is customary to think of England as Anglo-Saxon. It is this mistake which leads to all misunderstanding about the kinship of the English with the American. The British government has always been Celtic and not Teutonic. The five Celtic nations, at one time or another, in one way or another, have always come to the front. The Scandinavian and Saxon elements have been made hewers of wood and drawers of water. The paradox is sufficiently curious, since it is the Celts themselves who have been oppressed. But until the time of William III when the kingly power passed to the aristocracy, once and for all, no monarch of other than Norman or Celtic blood sat upon the throne. The Celtic chiefs allied themselves, too, with the Norman nobility.

Now the principal characteristic of the Celt is that he is a mystic; and whenever mysticism condescends to take hold of the common things of life and becomes aggressive, it is the most dangerous of qualities. In the first place, it confers the most extraordinary subtlety; in the second, it puts its possessor right with his conscience. It makes him the prince of diplomatists; for he is never so sincere as when he is telling his most elaborate lie. It is quite impossible for the Anglo-American to understand this temperament. All the strength and virtue of the American people lie in that section of the population which is of German origin. The Anglo-Saxon elements were mostly the scouring of the Puritan latrine. The only other good element in America, and it is not nearly so numerous, consists of the Irish. Most of them seem to have come over actuated by a positive spirit, seeking for freedom. The others had little choice in the matter. It is for this reason that the Irish and Germans have gone ahead so rapidly, and now control most of the government and most of the big business. The purely Anglo-Saxon name is nowhere prominent. Wilson is Lowland Scots, Roosevelt Dutch, Morgan Welsh. The deeper one looks into the ancestries of prominent men either here or in England, the more one is struck by the complete absence of the English. Run through the British cabinet to-day: I think it will puzzle anyone to find a genuinely English name in the whole crowd.

Now, the conception of the most elementary principles of things is radically different in the case of the Celt to what it is in the case of the Saxon. The Saxon idea of law is based on justice. In the Celtic conception it is a device for getting what you want with an appearance of justice. In England in the last twenty years the judges have again and again deliberately misinterpreted the plain intentions of the law, and stultified the House of Commons completely. This does not imply a conflict between the legislature and the judiciary. It is a kind of practical joke, carefully pre-arranged, in order to fool the people. Take

a single, concrete example: Home Rule. The House of Commons passes this bill again and again. And it is always thrown out by the Lords, as Gladstone and all who fathered the bill intended that it should be. The device becomes a little threadbare; so a great agitation is started to destroy the power of the Lords. With infinite pains an act is passed, making the veto of the Peers only temporary. In ninety cases out of a hundred it would never happen that this law came into action at all. The framers of the bill hoped that the majority in the House of Commons would always break up long before the act became operative. By a series of accidents, however, the Irish remained masters of the situation for the necessary period, and the Home Rule Bill became law over the head of the House of Lords. Nobody minded. A civil war was quietly arranged with the connivance of the military authorities and therefore of the King, and the situation would have been calmed down by the usual massacres, if the British working man had not seen whether these things tended. His political education had been carried too far. He had become capable of reasoning that the same methods to defy the will of the people would be just as applicable when it came to some of his own pet measures. And one of the Labor men got up in the House of Commons and made a speech which thoroughly frightened the government.

The reader will doubtless remember that in the first part of 1914 Ulster was, save for an "if" inserted by the legal mind of Sir Edward Carson, actually in rebellion. It had established a provisional government; it was drilling and arming an army; munitions were being run into the country under the very nose of the British navy. To these facts the Labor member in question called attention. He accused his own government of acquiescing in armed revolt against its own authority, and he intimated that the people would not stand it. The situation now appeared very serious to the ruling classes. They did not mind civil war in Ireland—on the contrary, every little helps—but civil war in England was a very different thing. All sorts of abortive conferences were held, with the idea of persuading the people that something was being done to settle the difficulty. As a fact, it was being discussed: though not at ridiculous conferences, but at the proper places, dinner parties, smoking rooms, and golf clubs. Everybody who was anybody argued that much the best way out of the trouble was a European War. There was nothing in the political situation to make this undesirable. The weak spot in the intellectual grasp of the situation was that nobody recognized the rottenness of Russia. This was because Russia had been the bogey for so long. So the war was hastily decided upon, and the results lie before us.

The whole of this incident is extraordinarily characteristic of the dominant, aggressive, unscrupulous, super-subtle, mystic minds of the Norman and the Celt. They will find a needle in a haystack, if they have to burn down the haystack to do it.

It is because of this strange temperament that the methods of the English have always been so inscrutable. They have a caste secret, as incomprehensible as the divine Tetragram, and as powerful. It has been carefully explained to the world by Rudyard Kipling:

but only those who already knew it have been able to understand what he meant. A very illuminating incident is given in one of the early chapters of "Stalky & Co." where the headmaster thrashes three boys who have proved their innocence to the hilt. It is one of the essential features of the mind of the Celt that he refuses to take the least notice of facts. He refuses to be bullied by his own reason. It is for this reason that Britain has been so extraordinarily successful in dealing with Orientals. A Hindoo will come along with a wonderful and beautiful story carefully prepared in many months with the utmost subtlety; and then his case will be judged by a boy of twenty-five on some totally different ground. It will be judged justly, too, and the Hindoo will appreciate and respect the moral superiority implied.

When George V. was in India he only made one hit, and that was by accident. A particularly important Rajah had come a particularly long distance with a particularly large retinue, to bow before the heir of the great King-Emperor . . . and the latter was too lazy or too hot to notice him. So the Rajah crawled out of the presence, and remarked afterwards, confidentially, that that was something like an emperor! He felt that all his pains had been well repaid by the contempt with which he had been treated; it flattered him that he should have been in the presence of a person who could practically fail to notice him.

It is this habitual insolence which galls all those who are not prepared to cringe before it. Unless a man has absolute assurance of some equal kind, it is bound to annoy him. And it is so strongly rooted, that death itself seems to bear its impress. It is part of the general scheme, the incomparable code of manners in vogue in England, the idea that a gentleman must never show his feelings. This is of the utmost importance; and of course the corollary is, that one who does show his feelings is no gentleman, except in the case where the feelings in question are assumed. Had the English been really indignant about Belgium, there would never have been a word about it in the newspapers. The indignation with regard to the Lusitania and Edith Cavell was just as factitious. Both incidents pleased enormously, because their effect upon the ingenuous American could not but be admirable.

But this mask is so much part of the face, that the man himself cannot see it even in the looking-glass. At the time when he is showing the feelings, he is apologizing to himself for showing them; he is explaining to himself that unless the circumstances were so hideous and so unprecedented, he would not bat an eyelid. This is not actual hypocrisy. He has taught himself to simulate a mood so well, that he really feels it at the time. It is only when the opportunity arises to do something, that he walks away from the mood, just as a man who has been sitting over the fire all morning suddenly notices that the rain has stopped and the sun is shining, and he instantly goes out for a walk. So one sees in private life the most apparently hypocritical actions, which are really only temperament. A man loses his wife, and calls heaven and earth to witness to the greatness of his grief, refuses to do his work, is completely upset, visibly, before the eyes of all men . . . when without so much as twenty-four hours' warning he marries somebody else. Incidentally he has had from two to six mistresses in full blast all the time.

Conduct of this kind staggers all other nations. Moreover, it makes them rather afraid. They never know where they are. Hence the term "Perfidie Albion." To this day in France it is the Normans and, to a much less extent, the Gascons who have this reputation, or something rather like it. A Norman horse-dealer will unblushingly rob an Armenian of his last maravedi.

I do not think that there is anything in the world so subtle and so strong as this peculiar caste feeling which obtains in the ruling classes of England. You can recognize a public school boy (in the event of this article being read by savages, it will be perhaps best to explain, that in England "public school" does not mean a place of free, elementary education, but a highly privileged and exclusive institution, very expensive, where nothing whatever is allowed to be taught except the Secret of Government) forty years afterwards, when drink has brought him to sell matches in the gutter. He never altogether loses a peculiar power which is apparently only conferred by the application of various instruments of flagellation by that caste within a caste, head-masters. It is absolutely impossible to convey to the American mind what one means by a head-master. He is utterly different in kind, not only in degree, from all other masters. It is almost unheard-of for a house-master to become Head in the same school. He is often quite a young man. But he is certainly not of the same flesh and blood as other men.

The same idea is carried out in the universities. The vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge are the most absolute monarchs in Europe, and the strongest testimonial that one can bring to the quality of the spirit which makes the English what they are is that the authority of the vice-chancellor is never brought in question. Professors are often unpopular: the master of a college is sometimes the subject of attacks: but the vice-chancellor could expel the whole university and hardly arouse comment. If the vice-chancellor were abolished, the masters of colleges would begin to acquire some of his immunities.

Now, in this extraordinary respect and obedience, there is no idea of subservience. It is part of the game to suffer at the hands of the proper person, if it is only one's house prefect. The individual realizes himself as part of the governing machine, really very much more strongly than has now been done with Germany, where the humblest official has been taught to regard himself as an essential cog in the clock of state. But the Englishman's is not an honest pride that he is helping on the good work. There is a very devilish quality, a sardonic joy, in his position. He feels himself an honored member of the great conspiracy against the world. This attitude accounts for the superior smile of recognition with which members of this truly secret society greet each other. Observe a couple of Englishmen, strangers to each other, perhaps even disliking each other at first sight, at a party in New York. There is an immediate understanding, an unspeakable contempt for all the Americans present, which they do not even try to hide, and which, being the grossest possible form of rudeness, naturally annoys. They may have every kind of antagonism for each other, these two men; but they could and would act in perfect harmony, without word spoken, against the rest of the world, if the emergency arose.

The trouble in which England now finds herself is

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partially due to the gradual decadence of this system. The idiotic "intellectuals" have been a terrible nuisance. And the death of Edward VII. was of course an absolutely stunning blow. George V. has none of the qualities required in an English king. He is therefore being left to the management of Mary, and we hear nothing of him, except when he falls off his horse and hurts himself, which is one of the things that no king can do. Various stories have been circulated about this humiliating accident; but the world may rest assured that, had it been anything honorable, there would have been more fuss made than when Achilles conquered Hector. "Why then," the reader will ask, "did not the press bureau, so fertile in invention, hasten to invent something very beautiful about him?" Because it is no part of the policy of the rulers of England to praise this shadow of a king. He is despised and detested by everyone for his weakness, his imbecility, his grotesque physical appearance, and all the rest of it. We do not want this man to reign over us. And for this reason he is subtly discredited in every convenient way. On the whole I think that the old spirit is strong enough to win its particular battle, which is not in the least against Germany. On the contrary, the Hohenzollern spirit, as opposed to the German spirit, has many points of great similarity. The Hohenzollerns are of course no more Teutons than the Fijians are. As a further illustration, we shall see how the existence of this secret explains some otherwise quite inexplicable problems like Lloyd George, the natural successor of Joe Chamberlain.

Lloyd George is nobody. He might be made king-emperor, and he would still be nobody. He is a solicitor from Wales; nobody quite knows who his father was; and he doesn't count. He is very useful for the moment. He got an act through Parliament which reduced the working classes to the level of galley-slaves. They were branded like so many cattle by the government itself. Just now, munitions are wanted, and he is very useful to boom the supply. But all the while, though every one is praising him and saying: "Ah, yes, there is the man for prime minister! There is the great genius! There is the savior of the country!" we are saying quietly to ourselves that he is just a splash of mud, to be wiped off our trousers by our valets, when we return from our stroll on this damp morning.

The possession of the secret is the one passport to success in England. If you have this, you can go anywhere and do anything; you may make a perfect cad of yourself and commit all the crimes in the calendar. But as long as you do not do anything "un-masonic"—to borrow from the craft the only word which hints at one's meaning, since this greater craft has been so clever in the matter of secrecy that they have even taken care not to invent a word to mean it—so long are you "possible." An obvious example is the immunity of Alfred Douglas. Here, in spite of innumerable violations of the law of the most outrageous kind, both by him and his enemies, no prosecutions ever take place. A ring is kept for the antagonists, and very good sport they have given us in the last ten years or so. The whole thing is a family quarrel, just like the European war. As soon as education and progress have been knocked on the head, we shall all be good friends again.

Onlookers never understood why Wilde was disgraced. It was because he was popularizing one of the secrets of the aristocracy, a disgusting thing to do, when you are just trying to gain admission to it. Wilde was letting the uninitiated know what the initiated did. The church, the army, the bar, the Houses of Parliament, are packed with people who practice strange vices. The head-master of Eton, in quashing some vulgarian's complaint the other day, said that "it mattered no more than the measles." But this is one of the things which it doesn't pay to advertise, at least not in the way Wilde did. In spite of this he was given every chance. He was furnished with a thousand pounds in gold and told that the "two-twenty" (from London to Paris) would not be watched. But he misunderstood the nature of his power. He thought he was an important person, whereas his only claim to consideration was that he had an inkling of the secret.

No person is important in the English system. Every one who violates the code is thrown to the wolves without a moment's hesitation, and nobody ever knows why. The protection afforded to anyone who does behave properly, on the other hand, is absolute. The most damning indictments may be prepared; the public prosecutor will never act upon them. If he were absolutely forced to do so, the man would be given a chance to get away; or some wonderful technical flaw would be discovered, which would prevent the business from ever becoming public. Parnell and Dilke were destroyed because they were irreconcilable.

It is of course impossible to explain in so many words exactly what you can't do. There is no Penal Code in England. There is nothing which is "verboten." You cannot make sure of keeping within the law in England—you cannot even make sure of breaking it. The one essential is the instinctive knowledge of right and wrong (in the English sense) conferred by a public school and university training, or Sandhurst, or something equivalent. Even in these degenerate days money is not very important. A penniless subaltern with the secret is stronger than a millionaire without it.

Observe what happened to the harmless, good-natured Hooley. He gave ten thousand pounds' worth of gold plate to St. Paul's, and it did him no good at all. You cannot buy the favor of the English. They are utterly uncorrigible. What you want to be able to do is to tell the story of the scholar of Trinity who, running down to chapel in the morning from his first all-night wine party, appealed to the Dean: "I can't read the lesson, sir, this bloody duck won't keep still!" (Readers resident in Sze-chuen, Tonga, and the Cameroons are hereby informed that the reference was to the eagle of the lectern.) If it seems not antecedently improbable that you were present on that historic occasion, you may steal the crown-jewels, and become prime minister.

I remember one quite small but characteristic incident, illustrative of the way things are done. The son of a church furnisher who had somehow got into Trinity, had been horsewhipped by me for telling lies about me, and he complained to my tutor, Dr. A. W. Verrall, who was of course bound by his office to rebuke me. So he "halled" me, which, being interpreted, is, wrote to me to call on him; and when I got there informed me baldly of the complaint, changed the subject immediately—without

swaiting an answer—to the merits of Ibsen, introduced a remark about the desuetude of duelling, went on at once to something else, and asked me to dinner. He had complied with his duty, without doing it; and that is the sort of way in which all such things are treated. All legality, all formality are absolutely taboo. They are only brought forward in order to conceal some crime. Witness the Jameson raid. The officers had to be punished in some sort of way. But it was made as mild as possible, and it was also stoned for by all sorts of advantages of other kind and any amount of kudos. If the raid had been a success, there would have been no difficulty for them at all.

On the other hand, the smallest indication on your part of ill-will towards the system, and you are ground down without respect of place or person. One of the most distinguished publicists in England took it into his head to run a South African mining magnate to earth. Libel actions and other forms of argument were started against him, but as he was evidently able and ready to fight, postponement after postponement took place. He saw they were afraid of him, and became a little self-confident. He went off for a holiday; and in his absence another man was attacked in his paper, this time a person of real importance. Prosecution was started, not by the person libeled, but by the authorities themselves, the charge being that he had commented upon a case before the courts in such a way as to prejudice justice. The printer and publisher apologized nicely, and were dismissed with a few kind words. The publicist himself does not seem to have realized that it was a frame-up against him, something in the nature of a kindly warning that he was sailing too near the wind. He refused to "play the game"—to apologize for something which he had not done.

He was immediately committed for contempt of court, thrown into prison, and brutally ill-treated. He was supposed to be a first-class misdemeanant, but the rules of the prison itself were violated in order to annoy him. This was simply because he wanted to insist upon his rights. There are no rights in England. There are only privileges. Luckily for him, a friendly warder told him that there was no limit to what they could do to him, unless he changed his tone. It is perfectly possible to administer death by torture in an English prison without causing comment. A warder has only to annoy a prisoner until he retorts. The warder then says that he was threatened and is afraid of his life. The prisoner can then be put in irons, and the irons can be fixed in such a position that he goes off his head in a few hours from the tortures of cramp. This is only one of twenty different methods of insuring peace and harmony within the dungeon walls. The publicist was wise enough to modify his tone to some extent, but he still refused to apologize for an act for which he was not responsible, and it was only when they were at last convinced that his life was in immediate danger that they grudgingly let him out. The conduct of this man may appear praiseworthy to some; but to others it will appear wrong-headed.

To the present writer (for example) there is no sense in refusing to apologize for what you have not done. If it is something that you have done, stand for it by all means; but how can something that you have not done concern you? If you are playing a game, play it according to the rules. If the judge

wants you to swear that black is white, go into the box and swear it. If he then says: "No, black is black! Swear that!" do so. If he then proposes to commit you for perjury, explain that, overawed by the majesty of the court, you became bewildered and did not quite know what you were saying. It is all very well to be a martyr if you have devoted your life to destroying some particular form of tyranny. But even so, do not waste that life on side-issues. These two examples are characteristic of the ethics expected from those who would flourish in the shade of the oak trees of old England.

Quite in keeping is the political game which people outside England regard with such wonder. Sir Archibald Montfort gets up in the House of Commons and tells Lord Algernon Fitzsimmons that he is a cad, a blackguard, a liar, a thief, a traitor, and wants to impeach him. Lord Algernon replies in terms of even greater violence. The debate closes; they go out together, have dinner at the club, and spend the evening amicably playing billiards. It is not exactly that they did not mean what they said; it is rather that they meant it in a limited way, in a way pertaining to the "universe of discourse" of politics, one having no bearing whatever on the real things of life.

At the basis of this is the most profound and complete system of immorality which the world has ever seen. A man may do anything except be caught cheating at cards, and one or two things of the same order; and it will not interfere with, say, his marrying. Marriage is a serious business, having to do with settlements, estates and property generally. Morals have no importance whatever. Oscar Wilde understood this secret very well, and constantly indicates it in his plays. In fact, nearly all the humor of his plays depends upon the treatment of this peculiar convention. Of course, a woman must not be divorced, because here questions of legitimacy arise, and therefore questions of property; there is therefore a real sin against the code. Nor is it well for any one, man or woman, to be an open and notorious evil liver; because that is giving away the secret. Morality is the principal fetter of the lower classes, and they must not find out that their masters always do exactly what takes their fancy, without a moment's regard for any other consideration.

In the older days religion had equal importance; in fact, greater importance. And in those times atheism was a sin against the caste. Hence the persecution of Bradlaugh. But the advance of science, and the efforts of the Rationalist Press Association, have made the British pretense of religion impossible for anyone of intelligence. The clearer sighted have seen that that cock won't fight. It is only in the country districts, where education is still at neap, that the squire and the parson still work together. It is well known that the British Cabinet just before the war contained three avowed atheists. The educated man in the working classes—and there are plenty of him, nowadays—is likely to despise his masters if he thinks them Christians. He is consequently told: "Observe, here are Morley and the rest, who admit they think as you do." The others of course really think the same, but make a pretense of religion for the sake of their women, and so on. The Church of England is even stronger as a political machine than the Greek Church. Its basis is so frankly illogical, that it is hardly possible

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to defend it; and for this reason anything that seemed like a real religion, which had any basis of real enthusiasm, was extremely taboo. Atheism itself is, of course, a kind of religion. And while nobody in the least minded practical atheism, even on the part of the working classes, it was quite impossible to tolerate an atheist propaganda of radical reform.

But with continuing years a subtler method has become necessary. All parties have had to play at reform, and the game (explained above) by which all such measures are stultified was adopted. Old Age Pensions, the Shops Act, and the Insurance Act, are really amazing masterpieces of chicanery. All the propertied classes united to pretend the bitterest opposition to these measures, and the proletariat imagined a great triumph when they were passed. The actual effect of these measures was to remove every shred of independence from the workman. If he went one step beyond the bounds of the most slavish subservience to his employer, if he were not steady and patient as an ass, he risked losing his pension. The Shops Act prevented him from rising in life, principally by limiting the number of hours in which he could work, under the pretense of care for his poor, dear health. And the Insurance Act furnished a kind of automatic black-list, at the service of every employer in the country. A man was no longer able to change his job. In other words, his servitude has been accomplished strictly in his own interest.

There is no doubt in my mind, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who understands history, that these measures will be successful. The

privileged classes will be strengthened, not weakened, by the war. The army will not lend itself to revolution. All the economic forces of Europe will unite to prevent things going too far. No one knows better than the Kaiser that the break-up of the English system would spell ruin for the fortunes of his house. He would feel just as George III. did with regard to the French Revolution. The navy would obviously fight for the privileged classes, and revolutionaries in England could be starved into surrender in a fortnight without need of striking blood, much less of importing foreign mercenaries, as has been done on previous occasions when need was.

England's handicap so far has been her over-subtlety and over-confidence. The power of the lawyer did certainly become too great, and it has taken all these months for the silent pressure of the real rulers to become properly manifest. This is the explanation of the stiffening of the blockade. It is still, however, a little difficult to tell how things will go in the immediate future. A sudden peace with Germany, an arrangement for the two victorious powers to come together and share the spoils without fighting each other any further about them, seems as probable as anything. It is at least certain that the only people who possess any interest in England are fully alive to it, and is not to be supposed that the spirit which has ruled since 1066, becoming ever stronger and subtler with the centuries, is going to be overwhelmed by the storm it created in order to sweep away that opposition to it, which had risen owing to the readjustments of society necessitated by the discoveries of science.

Floreat Etona!

CONFessions OF A BARBARIAN

(Continued.)

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK (Written over seven years ago)

WILLIAM II., one of his intimate friends impressed upon me with conviction, "would have been conspicuous in any profession. If a cobbler, he would have been a master cobbler." He is versatile, myriad-minded—strategist, poet, musician, diplomatist, huntsman, painter and engineer. Nero tried his hand at some of these things. But it cost him his head. Frederick the Great dabbled in verse. But it was wretched verse. The Kaiser's endeavors in manifold fields would have made several reputations for men of lesser caliber. But he still remains, above all, the Kaiser.

The Prussia of Frederick the Great was less isolated than the German Empire in certain critical periods under the present régime. Today she plays the leading fiddle in the Concert of Powers. The luminous figure of William II dominates the earth. The shadow of his sword paralyzes the British lion. But, unlike Frederick the Great, William the Great has accomplished his victories without bloodshed. For one and twenty years he has been Lord of Peace. The Seven Years' War was surely a wonderful thing. But what shall we say to a three times Seven Years' Peace?

Germany is divided into two camps: those who follow the Kaiser blindly, and those who oppose him blindly. There is no neutral ground. I have a sneaking suspicion that even the Socialists secretly adore William II. If Bebel were the Chief Executive of a German Democracy, he would make the Kaiser his Chancellor. Even the Opposition draws its life from the negation of him.

The Kaiser's personal charm is more potent than that of

Circe. Unlike Circe, he turns his admirers not into swine but into patriots. Like Julius Caesar, William II can be all things to all men. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and as he listens to you he seems to enter into your mind. Yet all the while, his mind is a garrisoned fortress. The portals are closely guarded. Never a word passes his lips unchallenged. Caution is posted on the tip of his tongue. That, I believe, is the secret of rulers of men.

It is almost incredible what sacrifices Germans, hard men of business, will make for one smile from his imperial lips. There is August Scherl, the German newspaper king. Mr. Scherl controls the syndicate publishing the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*. Formerly this sheet might have been designated as ultra-yellow. Suddenly Mr. Scherl reverses his policy, and deliberately makes his paper, politically, the dullest in Berlin. The whisper had reached his ear that the Emperor read it: let no offensive opinion provoke a wrinkle on His Majesty's forehead! The circulation, however, continued to soar. Suppressing its yawns, Berlin still religiously peruses the *Lokal-Anzeiger's* castrated pages. "You see," the German explains, half apologetically, half with the pardonable pride of sharing, in a sense, the mortal pabulum of his ruler, "S. M. reads it; I. M. (*Ihre Majestät*, Her Majesty), also."

AND yet it is all a myth. Far be it from me to affirm that the Kaiser never reads the *Lokal-Anzeiger*. He is indeed an omnivorous reader. All the new magazines find their way to his table. His desk is strewn with a bewildering variety

THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK

By THE MASTER THERION.

(Continued from last month.)

It is in this somewhat dry disquisition, bordering as it does, I am afraid, on metaphysics, that is to be sought the reason for the revival of magick. Unless this explanation were first given, it might seem a mere phenomenon of folly, an hysterical exacerbation due to over-civilization.

But assuming that irrefutable form of idealism which contents itself with the demonstration that, knowledge being a function of the mind, as the materialists not merely concede, but insist, the universe as we know it is equivalent to the contents of that mind; and assuming also that the mind contains a power able to control thought; then there is no absurdity in asserting that mind may be the master of matter. And the empirical rules laid down by the magicians of old may prove to some extent of use in practice.

Such rules are in fact the inheritance of the Magi. This is not the place to discuss the disputed cases of the Rosicrucians, of the Comte de St. Germain, of Cagliostro, and others whose names will readily occur. The periods in which they lived are obscure, and the controversies sterile. But it is at least evident that some valid tradition lurked somewhere, for within the memory of living men are Eliphas Levi and his pupil Bulwer Lytton. Now it is not philosophical to suppose that Levi was an upstart genius, though he does claim to have "forced an answer from the ancient oracles" and indeed to have reconstituted magick. I do not believe this to be strictly true; I believe that Levi had living masters. But that Levi first translated ancient ideas into modern terms is undeniable. Moreover, the influence of this great master was enormous, even in spheres external to his particular orb. The revival of French Literature with Baudelaire, Balzac, Gautier, Verlaine, de Banville, d'Aurevilly, Haraucourt, Rollinat, the de Goncourt and a dozen other names of the first rank, was in a sense his work. It was he that formulated the philosophical postulates that made their art possible and triumphant. Such sentences as this: "A pure style is an aureole of holiness" may pass as the very canon of art. His reconciliations of right and duty, liberty and obedience, are cardinal to the gate of modern thought. I do not hesitate to assert that very soon "The Key of the Mysteries" will be recognized as the very incarnation of the spirit of his time.

In this book Levi offered to the Church a way out of the difficulties raised by the advance of Science. That she rejected it was her suicide; just as Napoleon's disdain of his political philosophy was written large in letters of blood at Wörth, Gravelotte, Metz and Sedan.

However, the few capable of initiation took Levi to their hearts; and from that hour the revival of magick has never been in doubt. At the moment almost of Levi's death the Theosophical Society was founded; and Blavatsky's debt to the French Adept is the greatest of all her obligations. In England Anna Kingsford—a mere megaphone for Edward Maitland—was at work; also there was Mr. S. L. Mathers, a considerable magician who subsequently fell, and was smashed beyond recognition; and, in the nineties, the giant figure of Allan Bennett.

In magical literature itself we find, as is to be

expected, a reflection of these facts. Ever since Christian Rosencreutz there is nothing serious and first-hand, until Eliphas Levi. The magical tradition was the basis of gracious fables like Undine, and of frivolities like the Rape of the Lock and its source the Comte de Gabalis. Sometimes it is treated more seriously, as in Lewis' "Monk," and Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein." There are legends of Cagliostro, too, in Dumas' Memoirs of a Physician," and there is the "Diable Boiteux" and the "Diable Amoureux." Nor let ever be forgotten that terrible and true magical apologue "La peau de chagrin."

Casanova gives an admirable view of the matter, and Thackeray copies him cleverly enough in "Barry Lyndon." But it is all hearsay.

Eliphas Levi comes up stage, and says plainly to the world: "I myself did such and such an operation of magick in such and such a time and place."

He wears a mask illegible enough, it is true; but we have at least oratio recta and not oratio obliqua. For which we who remember bitter schooldays thank God, and prefer Levi to Livy!

In his footsteps if Bulwer Lytton did not follow, it was because of his public career. He comes near it. Every one within even the widest ripple that is caused on the water of society when the Stone of the Wise is thrown therein knew that Sir Philip Derval's laboratory was an accurate description of Lytton's own magical cabinet. It was clear to all ripe intelligence that in "Zanoni" the author was seriously expounding his own beliefs, discussing his own problems, justifying his own career. In the "Strange Story" he recounts incidents surely seen with his own eyes.

Read his account of the evocation of a demon, and his other of an ordeal, and compare them with the stories of Levi. Observe how the ancient directness revives in them, and contrast them with the sneering rubbish of the courtly abbé who wrote the Comte de Gabalis.

It is evident where the truth lies. And now let us turn to the evidence of men yet living.

III.

Allan Bennett was born at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. His father, an engineer, died when he was a young child, and his mother brought him up a strict Catholic.

When he was about 8 years old he happened to hear that if you repeated the "Lord's Prayer" backwards, the Devil would come. This enterprising infant at once set himself to learn it backwards, and, when letter-perfect, went into the garden and said it. Something—the Devil or one of his angels—did appear, and the child ran screaming in terror to the house.

We hear of nothing else of the same kind for a long while, and the same startlingly sporadic success is true of his first step in mysticism. When he was about 18, without any premonitory symptom, he was suddenly caught up into the trance called Shivadarshana. We cannot stop here to describe this; suffice it to say that it is the highest attainment in this line, save perhaps one, possible to man.

Its effect upon him was catastrophic: he realized instantly and without any doubt that no other state was worthy of a moment's thought, and he unhesitatingly abandoned all, if perchance he might discover

how to achieve of set purpose what had been thrust on him by destiny. His natural tendency to magic drew him into that line of work, and so at the age of 25 we find him already famous for his powers in this art.

He had a "blasting rod" constructed simply of the lustre of an old-fashioned chandelier, and he was always cheerfully ready to demonstrate its power by pointing it at any convenient sceptic, and paralyzing him for a few hours or days.

For more serious magical work he had a rod of almond tipped with a golden star of five points, each point engraved with a letter of the Ineffable Name Jeheshua; in the centre was a diamond. With this he would trace mysterious figures in the air, and, visible to the ordinary eye, they would stand out in faint bluish light. On great occasions, working in a circle, and conjuring the spirits by the great names of the Key of Solomon or the "Enochian Calls" of spirits given him by Dr. Dee, he would obtain the creature necessary to his work in visible and tangible form. On one occasion he evoked Hismael, the lowest manifestation of Jupiter, and, through a series of accidents, was led to step out of his circle without effectively banishing the spirit. He was felled to the ground, and only recovered five or six hours later. But this was simply a single untoward incident in a career of almost monotonous success.

However, he was certainly a careless person. On one occasion he had consecrated a talisman of the Moon to cause rain. (As he lived in London, I cannot imagine why he did this!) To make it work it had to be immersed in water. He would put it in a basin or tumbler, and within a few minutes the clouds would gather and the rain begin: instructive to his pupils, and beneficial to the country. But one day he lost the talisman. It worked its way into a sewer, and London had the wettest summer in the memory of man!

It was early in 1899 that I became the pupil of this great master. I say "great master," and I ask to be taken on trust, for in this account of magick it would be dull to dwell upon his true qualities; I must rather seek to amuse by recounting his misadventures. Incidentally, any magical manifestation whatever is a regrettable incident. Just as in war, even the greatest victories cost something. Every battle is an obstruction in the march of the conqueror.

In order to explain my meeting with Allan Bennett it is necessary to give a short résumé of my own magical career.

IV.

I was in my third year at Cambridge when the call came. I had been intended for the Diplomatic Service, and had also a great ambition to be a poet. In fact, I had written many hundred thousand lines, all of which I diligently destroyed in one great holocaust of paraffin and paper a matter of eight years later. It now struck me quite suddenly that, even if I got the Embassy at Paris—why, who was ambassador a century before? I did not know, and nobody knew, or cared.

Even if I got fame like that of Aeschylus—why, who reads Aeschylus? A few scores only, even in a University where Classics are compulsory.

And, anyhow, one day or other the earth must fall into the sun, or go dead like the moon.

I saw the Vanity of Things. I must find a material

to build my temple; something more permanent than the hearts and minds of men.

This conclusion came to me reasonably enough, yet with all the force of a vision. I cannot hope to convey the quality of that despair. I rushed to the Bookseller, ordered all works ever published on Alchemy, Magic, and the like, and spent the long winter nights in ploughing those dreary sands. I had not knowledge enough even to begin to understand them.

However, the magical capacity was there, as will be seen. "In my distress I called upon the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

This is indeed the essential quality of a magician, that he should be able, without obvious means, to send forth his will-currents to the desired quarters, and awake them to answer. It is not necessary that the reply should come magically; he should expect his will obeyed in the ordinary course of events. As an example, let me give the use I made of a talisman of Abramelin "to have books of magic." When I consecrated it, I was childish enough to expect the instant appearance of a Genie with flames in his mouth and books in his hand. Instead of this, all that happened was that a man called to see me with just those books that I needed, for sale. The point of the story is that I had spent weeks with all the booksellers in England, trying to get just those books. And the man knew nothing of that; he had come on an impulse.

To return: one of the books that I had bought at Cambridge was the "Book of Black Magic and of Facts," the catchpenny production of an ignorant, dipsomaniac, half-demented scholiast named Waite, whose sole asset was a pompous jargon composed of obsolete words. In his preface he said—so far as one could understand—that he was in touch with more Masters, Adepts, Mahatmas, Rosicrucians and Hermetists than had ever appeared even in pseudo-occult literature.

To him I wrote for advice and received many folios of rigmarole in return. The only intelligible sentence was one in which he recommended me to read Von Eckartshausen's "Cloud Upon the Sanctuary." This book spoke of a secret church, of a brotherhood of initiates, exactly filling the bill. I read this book over and over again at Wasdale Head in Cumberland, where I spent Easter of 1898 climbing with a splendid mountaineer, one of the three best the world has ever seen, but a terrible scoffer at all occult lore. However, I sent out my S. O. S. call to the Brotherhood, and this is what resulted:

In July, 1898, I was at a camp on the Schön Bühl Glacier above Zermatt, and had gone down to the village for a respite from the constant snowstorms. In the Beerhall one night, like the young ass I was, I started to lay down the law on Alchemy. To hear me, one would think I had just discharged Nicolas Flamel for cleaning my athanor badly, and beaten Basil Valentine over the head for breaking my alembic!

One of the party took me seriously; he saw that my bombast concealed a real desire of knowledge. We walked to the hotel together. I saw that he really knew what I pretended to know, and I dropped my "side" and became the humble learner. I had promised myself to renew the conversation in the morning: to my consternation he had disappeared. I made a vigorous search, and three days later caught him as he was walking down the valley to Viége. I walked

with him and never left him till he had promised to meet me in London and introduce me to a certain Brotherhood of which he spake darkly.

The rest of the story is short. In London he introduced me to a really great magician, one known to adepts as Frater Volo Noscere, who introduced me to a true magical brotherhood. It was more than a year afterwards that I found myself again at a dead-centre. Again I sent out the S. O. S. call from the City of Mexico. The next mail brought me a letter from Frater V. N., solving the questions which I had not

asked! And again, two months later I sent out the call. This time a Master came from England to teach me a New Path—and who should it be but the mountaineer, who had always passed for a sceptic? At the moment of my first call he had been sitting opposite me at the fireplace, had been linked to me on the precipices of Scafell by a rope—if only I had the eyes to see him!

My life has been full of such incidents; if any one cry "coincidence," let him also admit that her long arm was very effectively pulled by my conjuration!

(To Be Continued.)

SINN FEIN

By SHEAMUS O'BRIEN

"We do hereby declare war upon England until such time as our demands being granted, our rights recognized, and our power firmly established in our own country, from which we are now exiled, we may see fit to restore to her the blessings of peace and extend to her the privileges of friendship." The Declaration of Independence of Ireland.

On his accession to the throne of England, it did not escape the observant eye of King Edward VII that the grounds of Balmoral Castle were somewhat conspicuously decorated with a statue of the late John Brown.

This John Brown is to be carefully distinguished from the abolitionist hero of the same name; for we here write of the gillie who is said to have been morganatically married to the Queen of England.

Now Edward VII had no personal feeling about John Brown, so far as we know; and we are not told whether he disliked the statue on aesthetic grounds, though, if it pleased Victoria, there may have been some reason for a very hearty abhorrence. But he expressed no such sentiments as you or I might have done; he simply ordered it to be removed to a part of the forest where deer or grouse were likely to be the only persons shocked.

Dirt has been well defined as "matter in the wrong place"; for instance, raspberry jam in one's hair. It may be the most excellent raspberry jam; but so long as it remains in one's hair, one is annoyed by it. One quite stupidly calls it bad names, and one adopts divers expedients for removing it.

If I were a young girl, I might be exceedingly in love with some fine stalwart man. I might think him simply perfect—and yet you might hear me speak quite sharply to him if he chanced by some inadvertence to be standing, with his nailed shooting boots on, upon my face. Nor, I fancy, would an extension of this process over seven centuries, varied by a war-dance whenever I protested, accimatize me.

Whenever and wherever Irish and English meet as equals they are the best of friends. Their natures are opposite, but they fit delightfully, better, I think, than any two other races in the world. It has been England's salvation that she has always had Normans or Celts for her real rulers. There is hardly a "Sassenach" in the government to-day. Yet no government has proved capable of dealing with the Irish question, for the perfectly simple reason that its simplicity has been misunderstood. Even Irishmen have misunderstood it. All sorts of nostrums have been tried: the land question has been tinkered for generations; the experiment of this and of that statesman begins with applause, continues with irritation, ends in failure. It is like

the woman with the issue of blood who had spent all her living on physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse. On the whole, the most satisfactory plan—as philosophers have pointed out—has been the policy of rape and murder, starvation, forced emigration, wholesale massacre. It was considered a good joke in my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled quite easily—by submerging the island for four-and-twenty hours. (The kind of mind that thinks that funny is hardly like to be of much assistance, perhaps.) Yet the question was and is perfectly simple. All Irish protests, whatever their appearance, meant one thing and one thing only: "Get off my face!"

I have no patience with those Sinn Feiners who are out of temper, and regard the English as monsters and devils. They are the most charming people in the world, and merely become monsters and devils when they try to deal with Ireland.

The British rule in India has been a miracle of beneficence, under the most appalling difficulties of climate, race, language and religion. I have lived long enough in India to know that. But India is not Ireland: for some uncanny reason, in Ireland, England always does the wrong thing at the wrong time. I wish to avoid rancour and recrimination; I wish to cover England with my charity—which is proverbially capable of the task. I implore no blame. I wish to treat all that has happened as misunderstanding. Even England admits that she has blundered. It is really almost a case of sheer mental deficiency. Think of the imbecility of the Piggott forgeries! The whole story is simply incredible. Even G. K. Chesterton, writing a formal apology for England, can only urge that the outrages—which he deliberately parallels with those alleged of the Germans in Belgium—were committed not by England, but by England's Prussian soldiers!

Even pro-Ally Americans were shocked into indignation by the appalling tactlessness of murdering the revolutionists of Easter, 1916; and when, not content with hanging Sir Roger Casement, who was, at the very worst, an unbalanced crank of impracticable idealisms, they proceeded to defile his memory by circulating—in secret, so that no man could challenge and refute it—an alleged diary attributing

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GLINTS OF AN OCTOBER OPAL

I have such a swelled head over the excellence of this number that I am afraid to talk about it. Remember what happened to King Nebuchadnezzar and King Herod?

However, my birthday is in October, so I hope every reader of this number who has not already subscribed for a year will do so. It's worth it. We shall not let the standard down.

The November number will be perfectly wonderful.

There's one of the best of the Simon Iff stories—a tale of a bank robbery. I'm not sure that it isn't the most exciting of the whole series. It certainly has got action—ever see a Battery Mule in a panic?

Then there's another of the great Mark Wells stories of the golden past—one, by the way, with a very strong application to the affairs of to-day.

The Mark Wells stories of Pagan times are all true stories in the highest sense of the word. That is, they make these periods live again before the reader's eyes. The customs and beliefs which they describe are authentic, on the authority of the greatest of all archaeologists, Dr. J. G. Frazer, Lilt. D., whose classic, "The Golden Bough," is Mr. Wells' chief source of information.

We have, too, a startling article on Shakespeare by Dr. Louis Wilkinson—Shakespeare as Rebel, Aristocrat and Pessimist.

And we have the concluding section of the Revival of Magick—with more to follow.

And we have quite a number of other good things—and the trouble is that we don't want to announce them, because it is so hard to decide to hold any one of them over.

Now do help us to increase the size of this magazine to forty-eight pages. There isn't another International in the world, and there

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never will be. We have a new point of view, the rarest and most beautiful thing that exists. To read the International is a liberal education, and the best of it is that it is all done by kindness!



VOL. XI. NO. 10.

OCTOBER, 1917

PRICE 15 CENTS

COCAINE

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"There is a happy land, far, far, away."
Hymn.

(We disagree with our gifted contributing editor on some points, but nevertheless we regard this article as one of the most important studies of the deleterious effects of a drug that, according to police statistics, is beginning to be a serious menace to our youth.—Ed.)

I.

Of all the Graces that cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none is so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow-men, have made her theirs; and they have attained her by burning out the Ego-sense in themselves with the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of Consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes as by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; ask, and ye shall not receive; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety—in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, health, wit and love: the lowest blackguard, shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as paradoxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are Hydrochloride of Cocaine. The geologist will think of mica; to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers. To that wind and sun have kissed to ghosliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils—to their acolyte and slave—they must seem as if the dew of the breath

of some great demon of Immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no matter whom. Choose me the last losel on the earth; let him suffer all the tortures of disease; take hope, take faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute—perhaps five minutes.

Then happens the miracle of miracles, as sure as death, and yet as masterful as life; a thing more miraculous, because so sudden, so apart from the usual course of evolution. *Natura non facit saltum*—nature never makes a leap. True—therefore this miracle is a thing as it were against nature.

The melancholy vanishes; the eyes shine; the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor; to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamor, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it!—so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have traveled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of Nature that my pen yet splutters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man; but I have never seen a marvel like to this.

II.

Is there not a school of philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on co-

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caine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedy than this, to offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take?" Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts; it is self-conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be; it offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakes discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled to the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blasé—to the average man, in a word—and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect; *This is what I want.* He knows not, neither can know, the true path; and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness: that is, of normal life; for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise; they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable reaction in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well, and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Every one uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon speaks; and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation; they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a grey cat in that chair. I said nothing, but it has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running

up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window-sill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes; is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug-lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death come all the torments of damnation. The time-sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and-space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished; the real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

III.

Much of this is well known; the dramatic sense has forced me to emphasize what is commonly understood, because of the height of the tragedy—or of the comedy, if one have that power of detachment from mankind which we attribute only to the greatest of men, to the Aristophanes, the Shakespeares, the Balzacs, the Rabelais, the Voltaires, the Byrons, that power which makes poets at one time pitiful of the woes of men, at another gieefully contemptuous of their discomfitures.

But I should wiselier have emphasized the fact that the very best men may use this drug, and many another, with benefit to themselves and to humanity. Even as the Indians of whom I spoke above, they will use it only to accomplish some work which they could not do without it. I instance Herbert Spencer, who took morphine daily, never exceeding an appointed dose. Wilkie Collins, too, overcame the agony of rheumatic gout with laudanum, and gave us masterpieces not surpassed.

Some went too far. Baudelaire crucified himself, mind and body, in his love for humanity; Verlaine became at last the slave where he had been so long the master. Francis Thompson killed himself with opium; so did Edgar Allan Poe. James Thomson did the same with alcohol. The cases of de Quincey and H. G. Ludlow are lesser, but similar, with laudanum and hashish, respectively. The great Paracelsus, who discovered hydrogen, zinc and opium, deliberately employed the excitement of alcohol, counterbalanced by violent physical exercise, to bring out the powers of his mind.

Coleridge did his best while under opium, and we owe the loss of the end of Kubla Khan to the in-

terruption of an importunate "man from Portlock," ever accused in the history of the human race!

IV.

Consider the debt of mankind to opium. It is acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obliged to take a stand-point at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable case is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion—should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest; for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal—one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue the grand thesis of liberty. Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the State of a useful taxpayer?

No: a man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is one's neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good; then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost by Sunday next" is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corybants of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shoots B with a revolver; remedy, the Sullivan law. In practice, this works well enough; for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it is the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that, if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-con-

trol, good manners, will save the world; and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating vapor. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and police spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined for ever; only revolution can save it.

Now in America the Harrison law makes it theoretically impossible for the layman, difficult even for the physician, to obtain "narcotic drugs." But every other Chinese laundry is a distributing centre for cocaine, morphia, and heroin. Negroes and street peddlers also do a roaring trade. Some people figure that one in every five persons in Manhattan is addicted to one or other of these drugs. I can hardly believe this estimate, though the craving for amusement is maniacal among this people who have so little care for art, literature, or music, who have, in short, none of the resources that the folk of other nations, in their own cultivated minds, possess.

V.

It was a very weary person, that hot Summer afternoon in 1909, who tramped into Logroño. Even the river seemed too lazy to flow, and stood about in pools, with its tongue hanging out, so to speak. The air shimmered softly; in the town the terraces of the cafés were thronged with people. They had nothing to do, and a grim determination to do it. They were sipping the rough wine of the Pyrenees, or the Rioja of the South well watered, or toying with bocks of pale beer. If any of them could have read Major-General O'Ryan's address to the American soldier, they would have supposed his mind to be affected.

"Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whisky, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy, others have their passions greatly stimulated."

As for ourselves, we were on the march to Madrid. We were obliged to hurry. A week, or a month, or a year at most, and we must leave Logroño in obedience to the trumpet call of duty.

However, we determined to forget it, for the time. We sat down, and exchanged views and experiences with the natives. From the fact that we were hurrying, they adjudged us to be anarchists, and were rather relieved at our explanation that we were "mad Englishmen." And we were all happy together; and I am still kicking myself for a fool that I ever went on to Madrid.

If one is at a dinner party in London or New York, one is plunged into an abyss of dullness. There is no subject of general interest; there is no wit; it is like waiting for a train. In London one overcomes one's environment by drinking a bottle of champagne as quickly as possible; in New York one piles in cocktails. The light wines and beers of Europe, taken in moderate measure, are no good; there is not time to be happy, so one must be excited instead. Dining alone, or with friends, as opposed to a party, one can be quite at ease with Burgundy or Bordeaux. One has all night to be happy, and one does not have to speed. But the regular New Yorker has not time even for a dinner-party! He almost regrets the hour when his office closes. His brain is still busy with his

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plans. When he wants "pleasure," he calculates that he can spare just half an hour for it. He has to pour the strongest liquors down his throat at the greatest possible rate.

Now imagine this man—or this woman—slightly hampered; the time available slightly curtailed. He can no longer waste ten minutes in obtaining "pleasure"; or he dare not drink openly on account of other people. Well, his remedy is simple; he can get immediate action out of cocaine. There is no smell; he can be as secret as any elder of the church can wish.

The mischief of civilization is the intensive life, which demands intensive stimulation. Human nature requires pleasure; wholesome pleasures require leisure; we must choose between intoxication and the siesta. There are no cocaine fiends in Logroño.

Moreover, in the absence of a Climate, life demands a Conversation; we must choose between intoxication and cultivation of the mind. There are no drug-fiends among people who are primarily pre-occupied with science and philosophy, art and literature.

VI.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate; they also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for Heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!

You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk, and trouble, your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him gang his ain gait to the de'il. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the sense to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and save the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe; but they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic, as it always does; and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law; are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way: people say, "All right: we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine; and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion; he will pay anything for his drug; he will never say, "I can't afford it"; and if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: you cannot reform a drug fiend; all you do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals; and even when you have jailed them all, is any one any the better?

While such large profits (from one thousand to two thousand per cent) are to be made by secret

dealers, it is to the interest of those dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more cocaine than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this. Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends; and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds; a virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a rag-picker for a single sniff.

And if it be really the case that one-fifth of the population takes some drug, then this long little, wrong little island is in for some very lively times.

The absurdity of the prohibitionist contention is shown by the experience of London and other European cities. In London any householder or apparently responsible person can buy any drug as easily as if it were cheese; and London is not full of raving maniacs, snuffing cocaine at every street corner, in the intervals of burglary, rape, arson, murder, malfeasance in office, and misprision of treason, as we are assured must be the case if a free people are kindly allowed to exercise a little freedom.

Or, if the prohibitionist contention be not absurd, it is a comment upon the moral level of the people of the United States which would have been righteously resented by the Gadarene swine after the devils had entered into them.

I am not here concerned to protest on their behalf; allowing the justice of the remark, I still say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds; to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appear impossible, well and good; it is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine.

IN THE RED ROOM OF ROSE CROIX.

The bleeding gate of God unveils its rose:
The cavernous West swallows the dragon Sun:
Earth's darkness broods on dissolution,
A mother-vulture, nested on Repose.
Ah then! what grace within our girdle glows,
What crimson web of will-work, wizard-spun
To garb thy glee-gilt heart, Hilarion,
An Alpenbluehn on our star-crested snows!

O scarlet flower, smear honey on the thigh
Of this thy bee, that sucks thy sweetness dry!
O bower of sunset, bring me to thy sleep
Wherein move dreams stained purple with perfumes,
Whose birds of paradise, on Punic plumes,
Declare dooms undecipherably deep!

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

BY EDWARD KELLY.

No. 2—The Artistic Temperament

I.

Jack Flynn was the centre of a happy group of artists. They were seated upon the terrace of the Café d'Alençon to drink the *aperitif*; for although November was upon Paris, the Sun still remembered his beloved city, and fed it with light and warmth.

Flynn had come over from London for a week to see the Autumn Salon, and to gossip with his old friends. The conversation was naturally of Art, and, like the universe itself, had neither beginning nor end, being self-created by its own energy, so rolled easily through the Aeons in every combination of beauty.

But half of beauty is melancholy, a subtle sub-current of sadness; and on this particular occasion it was visible, giving a grey tone to the most buoyant rhapsodies. The talkers were in fact subdued and restrained; each spoke gaily, yet stood upon his guard, as if there were some subject near his consciousness which he must be careful not to broach.

It was a curiously distinguished group. Two of the men wore the Légion d'Honneur: the elder of the two, who looked more like a soldier or a diplomat than a painter, seemed to be the object of constant solicitude on the part of the younger, whose ruddy, cheerful, ironic face was like a picture by Franz Hals—but a Frank Hals in the mood of Rabelais. He seemed particularly anxious lest the other should say something unfortunate, but he should really have been looking round the corner, for there was where the danger lay.

Round that corner, all arms and legs, came swinging the agile body of no less a person than the mystic, Simon Iff.

His first greeting was the bombshell! "Ah ha!" he cried, grasping the hand of the elder of the two décorés, "and how's the dear old Sea?" For the person addressed happened to be famous all over the world as a marine painter. The younger man sprang to his feet. "Just don't mention the sea, please, for a few months!" he said in Simon's ear. It was unnecessary. Even in the general joy at the return of an old friend, Iff's quick apprehension could not fail to detect a suppressed spasm of pain on every face.

The mystic turned and greeted the man who had interrupted him with honest gladness; then his other hand shot out to Flynn. "I've been out of the world all summer," he cried, shaking hands all round, "in a hermitage after my own heart. Fancy a castle dating from the crusades, on the very edge of a glacier, and every practicable route barred against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in the shape of tourists, tables d'hôte, and new-papers!" "You look thirty!" declared one of the men. "And I feel twenty," laughed the magician; "what do you say to a little dinner at Laperouse? I want to walk across the Luxembourg to a feast, as I've done any time these fifty years!"

As it happened, only two of the party were free: Major, the young man with the button, and Jack Flynn.

After some quiet chat the three strolled off together, arm in arm, down the Boulevard Montparnasse.

When they reached the Avenue de l' Observatoire, they turned down that noble grove. Here, at all hours of day and night, is a stately solitude.

Intended for gaiety, devised as a symbol of gaiety by the most frivolous age of all time, it has become by virtue of age the very incarnation of melancholy grandeur. It seems almost to lament that eighteenth century which fathered it.

Before they had passed into this majesty more than an hundred yards, the mystic said abruptly: "What's the trouble?"

"Haven't you really seen a paper for six months?" countered Flynn.

"Of course I haven't. You know my life; you know that I retire, whenever I am able, from this nightmare illusion of matter to a world of reality. So tell me your latest evil dream!"

"Evil enough!" said Major, "it doesn't actually touch us, but it's a narrow escape. We only heard the climax three days ago; so it's a green wound, you see."

"Yet it doesn't touch you."

"No; but it touches Art, and that's me, all right!"

"Will you tell me the story?"

"I'll leave that to Flynn. He's been on the trail all the time."

"I was even at the trial," said Flynn.

"Come, come," laughed Iff, "all these be riddles."

"I'll make them clear enough—all but the one. Now, no interruptions! I have the thing orderly in my mind."

"Five: four: three: two: one: gun!"

"The place is a small rocky islet off the west coast of Scotland, by name Dubhbheagg. A few fisher-folk live there; nobody else. There is one landing-place, and one only, even in calm weather; in a storm it is inaccessible altogether. Overlooking this quay is a house perched on the cliff; an old stone mansion. The proprietor is one of our sacred guild, and spends most of his time in Central Asia or Central Africa or Central America or Central Australia—anything to be central!—and he lets the house to any one who is fool enough to pay the price.

"This summer it was rented by the president of the Royal Academy."

"What's that?" said Iff, sharply.

"The Royal Academy," explained Flynn, "is an institution devised by divine Providence for the detection of British Artists. It brings them into notice by ostentatiously rejecting their works. The president is Lord Cudlipp."

"Wasn't he a Joseph Thorne, or some such name?" asked Simon Iff.

"Thornton, I think. Ennobled thirteen years ago," corrected Flynn.

"It was Thorley," insisted the sculptor, Major.

"Yes, Thorley; I remember now. I know him slightly; and I knew his father before him: an M.P. and a biscuit manufacturer," exclaimed the mystic.

"A pity the son didn't follow the father," murmured Major. "I feel sure that his biscuits would have been delightful!"

"You're interrupting the court," protested the editor. "To proceed. Here we have Cudlipp in the Big House of Dubhbheagg, with a man and wife to cook for him, both old servants, with him thirty years. There are also his son Harry his daughter Eleanor, her companion-maid, and—a man from the Quarter!"

"This Quarter?"

"Up in Montrouge his studio is, I think, one of

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those lost cottages with a garden in the middle of a block of houses. Well, this man, or rather boy, he's not 20 yet, is, or wants to be, a marine painter like Cudlipp—"

"God forbid!" groaned Major.

"Shut up! the boy's name is André de Bry; he's half French, half English, I believe, a pretty hot combination."

"So I've noticed," remarked Iff, as they turned into Lapérouse, crept up the narrow stair, and found a table by the window in the Salle des Miroirs.

"Harry and Eleanor were born seventeen years ago, twins—"

"Which is dead?" interrupted Iff. The others stared.

"Excuse an old man's vanity!" laughed the mystic. "I really have to show off sometimes! You see, I know Jack's passion for precision of language. He wouldn't say the simple thing, 'They are twins,' or 'They are seventeen years old,' and he wouldn't say 'They were twins,' or 'were seventeen years old,' so I knew that one, and one only, was dead."

"I hope your acuteness will continue through dinner," laughed the editor. "We need it. Now, then, to business. Cudlipp had sort of adopted André de Bry, used him to prepare his bigger canvases, and so on. De Bry had fallen in love with Eleanor. She returned his passion. De Bry was hopelessly poor—no, not hopelessly, for he had a rich uncle, who had a fad of independence. He wouldn't give André a farthing; but if the boy succeeded in making himself a career, he promised to leave him every penny he had. The family is noble, much better than Cudlipp's; so the boy was not a bad match for Eleanor, and, contingently, a very good one. He and Harry were perfectly good friends. There was, in short, no element of disagreement worth notice. The days passed pleasantly, either in painting or fishing, and the evenings in games. One can hardly imagine a more harmonious group.

"On the 18th of August the yacht, which supplied the island with stores from the mainland, called and left provisions for the party. To avert false conjecture from the start, I may say that it is absolutely impossible that some mysterious stowaway could have landed from the yacht and hidden somewhere on the island. The police subsequently went through the place with a fine tooth comb. It is thirty miles from the nearest land, is barely a quarter of a mile in its greatest length, has neither a cave nor a tree on it. So don't talk about that! Well, the yacht weighed anchor on the afternoon of the 18th; that night a storm came up from the Atlantic, and raged for a whole week. It is physically impossible that any one should have landed on the rock during that period. Furthermore, the Big House stands on a quite unclimbable pinnacle—I'm a rock climber, as you know, and I went to see it, and there's not a crack anywhere. It was only connected with the rest of the island by a wooden bridge of the cantilever type; and the violence of the wind was such that on the second night of the storm it carried it away. This was inconvenient for them, as will be seen; but it simplifies the matter a good deal for us. Well, on the 25th the storm abated, and the fishermen were about to put to sea when they observed Lord Cudlipp on the edge of the cliff, firing his shotgun. Seeing he was noticed, he signalled and shouted to them to come up. He met them, so far as he could, at the chasm where the bridge had been. 'There has been murder done here,' he said shortly,

"take this message and telegraph it at once." He flung a stone to them, with a paper wrapped about it. The telegram asked for the police; also for a gang of men with materials to build up the bridge. The following noon relief arrived.

"The rest of the story needs little detail. It is as astonishingly simple as it is perplexing. The naked body of the boy Harry was found on the morning of the 23d in the big room used by the other men as a studio—Harry and Eleanor took not the slightest interest in art. Death had been caused by a small deep wound in the femoral artery; a penknife might have made it. But there was no blood; and at the post-mortem was revealed the utterly astonishing fact that there was no blood in the whole body—when I say no blood, I mean, not enough for a rabbit! It had been systematically drained. I need hardly tell you that the whole island went wild with stories of vampires and witches; I won't bother you with that sort of rubbish.

"But the horror of the circumstances cannot be easily matched. Imagine to yourselves that lonely crag, itself a monument of desolation, towering from sea to sky, bleak, bare, barren and heartless as sea and sky themselves. Such a place has always bred strange stories—and strange crimes.

"But think of the feelings of the people in the house, one of them certainly a murderer!

"However, the police were easily able to narrow down the possibilities. The boy had been chloroformed or otherwise rendered unconscious, without doubt, for there could have been no struggle. The wound was clean, and obviously inflicted by some one with first rate anatomical knowledge. It was, too, a highly civilized crime, so to speak.

"This really restricted the field of inquiry to the two painters. Common sense excluded the father, whose main hope of an illustrious line was thus cut off. On the other hand, de Bry was a doubtful character. In Paris he had been accustomed to frequent the lowest haunts—the sort of place one finds in these little streets about here—and as a matter of fact, he was usually called the 'Apache' as a sort of nickname. But no one had ever heard of anything very definite, except an alleged duel with knives in a shop off the Boulevard St. Germain called Tout à la Joie, a low drinking cellar. This came out in court later, and sounded nasty, though it was proven that he had been attacked without provocation, and the police had not even arrested him. Still, a man so ready with a knife—it impressed the jury badly, I could see that.

"To cut a long story short, they arrested André. He refused to enter the witness box; he had no story to tell; nor, indeed, had any of the others. Harry had gone to bed alive; he was found dead in the morning. No quarrel anywhere. No motive for anybody.

"The jury was out for twenty-four hours; they came back with that joy which only Scotland offers to its jurymen—the Verdict of the Sitter on the Fence: 'Not proven.' They all thought he did it, but they couldn't make up their minds to hang him; so there was the way out. Therefore, André de Bry is at large again; and, by the same token, I came over on the boat with him. He was muffled to the eyes, but I knew him. So he's probably within a mile of us at this minute."

"What do you think of the story?" asked Major, a little anxiously.

"Oh, I agree with the natives," replied the

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mystic, laughingly, to the astonishment of his hearers. "Excuse my referring to the fact that I'm a professional Magus—still, you should not be surprised if I tell you that I hold to the theory of vampires and wehr-wolves and sirens and the rest of the dear creatures!"

"Be serious, master!" urged Flynn, using a title which he knew would put the mystic on his honor.

"My dear lad, I believe this murder was done by some one whom none of them knew to have been there."

"But how could he have got away?"

"Vanished whence he came."

"A haunted house? Damn it, something in your tone makes my blood run cold."

"Well," slowly answered the mystic, "possibly, in a sense, a haunted house."

Major called the waiter to bring another bottle of Burgundy.

"Have you really formed a theory about the case?" asked Flynn. "To me it's absolutely beyond reason."

"Beneath it, beneath it! Ah well, no matter! As a fact, I have not made up my mind. How can I, till I've seen this chap's pictures?"

"You think there was some motive of jealousy?" snapped out Major.

"I don't think at all till I've seen them. Look here! do you know his work?"

"No; he hasn't shown anything. He's an absolute kid, you know. But Tite saw a thing of his in some studio or other, and Tite said it was damned bad. So I dare say it's pretty decent stuff."

"Where's his studio?"

"Don't know," answered the sculptor. "I'll find out to-night, if you're really set on this. May I call for you in the morning? We'll go up together; perhaps you'll let me make it déjeuner—you'll come, of course, Jack—as I've been shouting for Burgundy at your dinner, you shall shout for Claret at my lunch!"

"I'm at Bourcier's, 50 rue Vavin, as always," said Simon Iff. "The best house, and the best people, in all Paris. Come round at nine."

"Right. Meet me there, Flynn. It's a great hunt, the truth!"

"With a hunter like Simple Simon, you'll find it so," said Flynn, enthusiastically.

II.

The next morning saw the three friends tramping it up the Boulevard Raspail, past the great calm glory of the unconquered Lion de Belfort, along the busy Boulevard de Montrouge, and so to the very hem of Paris, the "fortifs" dear to the Apache. Here they turned west, and came presently to an old wine shop, through which lay the entrance to the studio of de Bry.

He was already at work in his little garden: an old man, leaning on a spade, was posing for him.

Major advanced and offered his card. "Monsieur de Bry! I feel sure you will pardon me. I am a Sociétaire of the Beaux Arts; I have heard that your work is excellent, and I am here with two friends of the most distinguished to ask the honor of looking at it."

"Mr. Major!" cried the boy, as he put his brushes down in his eagerness—at first he had not recognized the great man—"indeed, the honor is altogether mine. But I've nothing worth seeing, I assure you."

Major introduced his friends. De Bry, telling the model to rest, led the party into the studio. With infinite diffidence the boy began to show his work.

In a few minutes Major, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, and his head thrown back, was reduced to utter silence. Simon Iff, who was watching him as well as the pictures, smiled his grimdest smile. The editor, inured to small talk by his profession, made the conversation. "It's all beginnings," said the boy, "but this is more what I've tried for. I did it in the summer." The mystic noticed with a darkening face that he seemed to speak of that summer as if it had held nothing but a holiday.

The canvas showed the rock of Dubbheagg amidst the breakers. It had been painted from a boat on a clear day. The sky was blue; a flight of wildfowl gave life to the picture. But the rock itself was more vital than the birds. It seemed the image of some great lost God of solitude, eternally contemplative, eternally alone. It was more melancholy than Dürer's master-work, or Thomson's interpretation of it. And de Bry had not used the materials of melancholy, or images of death; he had merely painted a rock just as it was when he saw it. Yet he had made it a creature of cosmic life, as significant and vital as the universe itself—and as lonely and inexorable.

Simon Iff spoke for the first time. "Is that picture for sale?" he asked. "Yes," said the painter, rather eagerly. They noticed that he looked ill.

"Probably hasn't had a meal since that damned affair," thought Major. "How much?" very stiffly from Simple Simon.

The painter hesitated. "Would you give me fifty francs for it?" he asked timidly.

The mystic rose to his feet, and shook his stick in the boy's face. "No, you damned young scoundrel, I will not!" he roared. "How dare you ask such a price?"

The boy shrank back; he expected that the old man would strike him.

"Do you know who I am?" thundered Simon. "I'm the chairman of the Art Committee of the Hemlock Club! That's the trouble with you artists: you're blacklegs, every one of you. Offering a thing like that for fifty francs and pulling down the price of everything but the old Masters! Answer me straight now: how much is it worth?"

The boy was too taken aback to reply.

"Have you ever seen a worse thing offered for ten thousand francs?" asked Simon, cynically.

"Oh yes!" he stammered at last.

"I'll give you fifteen thousand. Here's a thousand on account; I'll send a cheque for the balance this afternoon. Send the picture to Simon Iff, 50, rue Vavin. And, if you've nothing to do, come and see me as soon as the light fails this afternoon. Yes, bring the picture round in a fiacre. About 5, then!"

He thrust a big thousand franc note in the boy's hand, and withdrew stormily from the studio.

The others followed him; but Major stopped a moment. "Did you like my bust of Rodin?" asked the sculptor. The boy was still too bewildered to do more than nod. "I'll send you a bronze, if you'd care to have it. And come and see me, any time you care to, and particularly any time you need a friend." De Bry grasped the offered hand in silence.

The others had reached the street when Major caught them. "I hope you don't mean mischief by that boy," he said to Iff. "I seem to smell a trap. For

heaven's sake leave him alone! He's the biggest thing since Turner; if he keeps on growing, the planet won't hold him."

"My mind is quite made up," returned Simon Iff, coldly. "If the lunch is still on, suppose we take a taxi. If you don't mind, we'll have a private room at the *Café de la Paix*. We shall need to go rather deeply into this matter."

III.

Simon Iff would not talk at all of anything but old times in Paris until after lunch, when the decks were cleared of all but the three Cs—coffee, cigars, and cognac. Then he cleared his throat.

"As you have heard me say about a million times, Jack, 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.' Failure to observe this precept is the root of all human error. It is our right and duty—the two are one, as Eliphaz Levi very nearly saw—to expand upon our own true centre, to pursue the exact orbit of our destiny. To quit that orbit is to invite collisions. Suppose it to be my illusion to think it my will to pass through that closed window. I bump my head: I cut my face; I finally make a mess on the boulevard. Or, I think it my will to steal my neighbor's watch. I am caught: police-court, prison, and general disaster. Merely the result of my ignorance in regard to my true destiny. Failure in life and especially criminal failure: collision. Then where is the original collision? In myself. There is a conflict between my conscious will and my unconscious will, between the sophisticated babble of reason and the still small voice of the soul. Poe had quite an idea of this, with his 'Imp of the Perverse'; Ibsen, the greatest of all realists, a more detailed conception, with his 'troll'; but both imagined that consciousness was right and the Inner Light wrong. Now that is a mere assumption, and we mystics, who know that Light, know better. It is the first task of every man who would not only be himself, but understand himself, to make the union or harmony between these two, perfect. Now of course most men, so far as the main path of their lives is concerned, never find these two forces in conflict, never become aware of them at all. The troubles of genius are principally due to a recognition of this truer Light, and of its apparent incompatibility with the conscious will, or perhaps of a realization that they cannot execute their will, because of the pressure of circumstance upon them. Hence the well-earned celebrity of the Artistic Temperament. Frequently we observe that the artist, unable to fulfil himself in his art, turns to vice of one kind or another. It is as if a sculptor, in a gesture of impatience with his Venus, dabbed a handful of clay on her nose, and made her look like an elephant!"

"If you knew how often I've done just that thing!" laughed Major.

"Well" continued the mystic, "to come to the murder of this boy Harry—"

"I see where you're driving," broke in Jack Flynn. "And as I'm sure you noticed the perfect nonchalance of de Bry when he showed us that picture, you are going to prove that he did it unconsciously, or at least that it's all so natural to him that he has no sense of it."

"You would find out what I am going to prove if you would let me do it," said Simon, in some ill-

humor. Major had felt ashamed of himself for smiling; he was genuinely concerned about his great new artist.

"To come to the murder of this boy Harry," repeated the magician, "we notice two things. First, the general surroundings. Storm, isolation, the wild weird atmosphere of the Scottish Highlands—enough to send any man, with an original touch of madness, over the line. Second, the nature of the murder itself; it is in perfect keeping with the setting. Its details are elaborate. It is not an ordinary murder, but the murder of—a—I can't find the right word."

Major broke in grimly: "The murder of a great mind gone wrong? Of such a mind as conceived, and such a hand as executed, those masterpieces? Oh my God!"

"Your interruptions will not alter the facts of the case, or my deductions; pray let me proceed! Besides, there is still one step to take before we arrive at any such conclusion. I want you to remember a peculiar fact about the French Revolution. Here we find a whole set of people, educated, intelligent, complex, and above all humanitarian, who suddenly indulge in wholesale massacre. This, like the crime we are discussing, was a perverse crime. It was not at all in accordance with the general will of the Revolutionists, which was simply Social Justice.

"But they had been thwarted for generations: thwarting was in their blood, as it were; and when they came to action, they became perverse. Thus—I beg you to believe—it is not merely the artistic temperament which produces these horrible crimes: it is simply any temperament which is suppressed long enough. It is more usual to find this manifested in artists, because they are advanced people who understand pretty well what their will is, who suffer more keenly, in consequence, from the thwarting of that will, especially as they usually perceive only too keenly the fact that it is the errors and stupidities of other people, people who have strayed far from their own orbits, that cause the thwarting in question. I will ask you to consider the case of a man who makes friends of spiders. Oh, you say, that is after he has been in the Bastille for twenty years. Precisely. He may have been a very bad man: he may himself have thwarted his own fundamental impulses of love; but the complete suppression of that instinct for so many years results in its peeping out at last, and taking an unnatural form. There are plenty of similar instances which will occur to you. In the case of the French Revolution, we must also consider the question of atavism. Humanitarian as the leaders were, their forefathers had been inured to fire and sword since the dawn of the race. It was the primitive tribal passion that broke out in them, after centuries of suppression. So you get the same phenomenon in both the man and the race." Simon paused.

"That boy," said Major, "has one of the greatest souls ever incarnated on this planet, and I won't believe he did it."

"Your courage is splendid," replied Simple Simon, "but your beliefs do not invalidate the conclusions of science. *E pur si muove.*"

"Is that all?" asked Flynn.

"For shame, Jack," cried the mystic: "I have hardly begun. But I perceive that the light is failing: we had better end this conversation in the presence of André de Bry." Major paid the bill:

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and they went across Paris to the old magician's little studio in the Rue Vavin.

It was a small room, and very simply furnished; but the paintings and sculptures would have made the fame of any museum. Each was the gift of a master to Simon If.

"We shall wait for the young man," said the mystic, as they seated themselves; you will see that I have no difficulty in forcing him to confess."

"I'll never believe it," insisted Major.

"Don't believe it till you hear it!" was the abrupt retort.

IV.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; then the slim figure of the boy appeared. In his arms was the picture.

Simon took it and placed it upon the mantel. Major was right; there was nothing in the room to equal it. The magician went to his desk, and wrote out a check for fourteen thousand francs, which he handed to the young painter. "If you would sign this receipt?" De Bry complied.

"Do not go!" said Simon. "I have much to say to you. You really like the picture? You think it worthy of you?"

"I wouldn't have sold it if I didn't."

"Yet you were in sore straits? You were denying yourself food to pay your model?"

"I shouldn't have sold it to you if I didn't think it mine."

"That too is worthy. But now, sit down. There are others to consider in this matter. I am going to ask my friends to remain absolutely silent while we talk."

"I know what you are going to say," said the boy. "I think it unnecessary and cruel."

"Wait till I have done. It is not only necessary and kind, but it is very urgent."

"I can't refuse the first man who has appreciated my work."

"Listen while I tell you a story. Many years ago I knew a man named Thornley, a wealthy manufacturer of biscuits. He had one son, Joseph. He asked me one day to recommend a tutor for the lad. I told him of a clergyman named Drew, a man of deep scholarship, great culture, and intense love of art. He worked on the ambition of Joseph Thornley, and the boy, after a year's tuition from Drew, decided to be a painter. The tutor died suddenly; but the boy's ambition remained. He persuaded his father to let him go to various art schools, where he studied incessantly, with the most praiseworthy diligence."

"Damn it!" roared Major, "he had no more capacity for art than this chair I am sitting on!"

"I asked you not to interrupt," returned Simon mildly. "I never said he had! To continue. Backed with ample wealth and influence, and fortified with determination to succeed, Thornley's career was one long series of triumphs. Although primarily a marine painter, he also did other work, notably portraits. His picture of the king in the uniform of a British Admiral caught the public taste more than any other of his efforts. It was in that year that he was not only elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy of Arts, but raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Cudlipp. His only sorrow was the death of his wife two years after the birth of his children."

The magician turned to André. "Good! Now—how did you spend the week of the great storm?"

"Billiards, mostly," stammered André, taken by

surprise. "Chess, too, and some card games. I sketched, of course, nearly all day. Eleanor had some needlework. Poor Harry was very bored; he did nothing much."

"And Cudlipp buried himself a good deal in anthropology?"

"Yes; he had Frazer's 'Golden Bough' all the time—" The boy broke off, and stared. "How did you know that?" he said, aghast.

"A little bird told me," said Simon lightly.

All of a sudden Major sprang to his feet. "Then Cudlipp killed his son," he shouted, "Oh! Simple Simon, what a fool I've been!" And he suddenly broke down in spasm of sobs.

"I promised these gentlemen," said Simon, taking no notice of the outburst, "that I would force a confession from you this afternoon. I think this is the moment. Come, we are all attention."

"I certainly cannot hear this senseless slander against my protector without—"

"Hush!" said Simon. "I told you this matter was urgent. I meant what I said. You must catch the nine o'clock train for London."

"Why?" said the boy, defiantly; "who are you to say this?"

"I am a person who is going to put a letter in the post in an hour's time; and you had better arrive before the letter."

"I don't understand."

"I was explaining to these gentlemen at lunch that all crime was the result of conflict; that perverse crime, in particular, was caused by conflict of the conscious and unconscious wills."

"Don't you see?" said Major, mastering himself. "It couldn't be you. You were supremely happy; you had the girl you loved; you had found yourself as an artist. But Cudlipp had thwarted his own inner will all his life; he was meant to bake biscuits; and he had forced himself to do those eye-destroying horrors. But—go on, master!—I still don't see the whole story."

"I haven't told you all the facts yet. Cudlipp's family was originally Armenian, for one thing, the offshoot of some old Babylonian tribe. Then there was the 'Golden Bough' with its detailed description of various savage rites, especially the sacrifice of the first-born, an idea, by the way, which the Jews only adopted at third or fourth hand from older and autochthonous races. Then the newspapers were filled with long arguments about the Chasidim and ritual murder, the trial of that man somewhere in Russia—can't think of his name—begins with a C—was on at this time. Well, when the suppressed genius of the man for baking biscuits—which may be a passion like another—when that broke out, probably under the strain of the long storm, and the wildness of the whole scene, and possibly some sudden realization that this boy here could paint, and he himself never could, why, then his brain snapped. The recent impressions combined with some far strain of atavism, and he resolved upon the murder."

"I still can't see why murder," said Flynn. "Why should not this biscuit-baking genius go into the kitchen and bake biscuits?"

"I want you to recognize the fact, you dear good simple soul, that madmen are a thousand times more logical than the sane. The conclusions of normal men are always balanced by other considerations; we criticize our ideas of proper tailoring,

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for example, in the spotlight of our check books. The madman doesn't. He wants clothes; he thinks of nothing else; so he goes down to Savile Row and orders a dozen sable overcoats and thirty dress suits. It's much more logical, if logic were all!

"So Cudlipp reasoned something like this, as I imagine: 'I've wasted forty years trying to paint when I ought to have been baking biscuits; now I must make up for lost time.' How to do that? The madman's reason finds it easy. The connection between gold and copper coins is an arbitrary one, isn't it? Yes. Well, if I haven't got a barrow-load of coppers, I can give you a fist full of sovereigns, and it's just as good. The whole idea of primitive magic (which he had been reading, remember!) rests on arbitrary substitution. The king must die every year, or the sun won't come back—there's an arbitrary connection, to begin with, though it's based on false reasoning, or rather on correct reasoning from false observation. Now the king doesn't want to die; so he takes a criminal, labels him king, and kills him. Every one is happy. So this man seeks to satisfy his genius, suppressed for forty years, in a night. Surely it must be through some monstrous act of violence and horror! That is madman's logic. Then, as I said before, some ancestral memory in the subconscious self influenced his recent impression, and that gave the form to the idea. It is also conceivable that he had a real purpose, thought that the sacrifice of the first-born might enable him to become a painter. Gilles de Retz murdered over 800 children in his endeavor to make gold. But of this theory I have no evidence. However, the rest stands."

André de Bry listened with white lips to this speech.

"Now will you confess?" asked the magician, with mild persistence.

"I don't see why I should."

"Because you are still looking at the past. Can't you foresee the future?"

"Ought I to kill myself?"

"Be serious, sir!" reprimanded Simon. "I see that I must tell you more. So far, I have told you how I know that Cudlipp killed his son, and how he came to do it. You may or may not know why he did it, but you must know that he did it, if only by a process of exclusion. Then—what will he do next?"

The boy began to smile. "Oh, Eleanor is with an aunt," he said; "she's safe enough."

"Now we begin to confess, indirectly," continued Simon. "But what will he do? Is he conscious of his act? You see, I must know all. I was already sure that you would never have left Eleanor in danger. But there are other problems."

"I'm beaten," said André. "I'll tell you all I know."

"Good."

V.

"It was I who discovered the body of poor Harry; for I had risen with the first light, intending to paint. I needn't go into the events of that day, much: it was all suspicion, perfectly hellish. I haven't your reasoning powers, Mr. Iff, and I didn't think he had done it, particularly. He pretended to suspect me, of course. We can see now, thanks to you, that his whole life has been one long hypocrisy, that he has been pretending to be an artist, just like any other fraud. His deadly earnestness about it only made it worse; I see that now. But I didn't

see it then; to me he was just a bad painter, and I looked no deeper. Well, by dinner time our nerves were all on edge; Eleanor's, naturally, more than any. After dinner I said I would go to bed, meaning to snatch an hour's sleep, and then to watch Eleanor's door all night. I had told her to have her companion in her room—the poor old lady was glad enough to have company, you can imagine.

"Eleanor's manner to me had been strange beyond words; but I only thought that it meant that she suspected me. However, when I said I was going to bed, she jumped up: 'Do play me a hundred up first!' she cried; 'I'll go mad if you don't.' We went into the billiard room together. She closed the door, and put her back to it. 'André,' she cried, 'I've been insane about this all day; but I'm in a fearful position. Only—I can't let you go to bed. I must tell you. Papa did it.' I caught her in my arms, for she was falling. In a moment she recovered. 'Last night,' she went on, 'I woke with frightful dreams—and I found my nose was bleeding. I lit my candle, and got up to get water. Then I knew suddenly that something was wrong with Harry. I always have known; it's the twin sympathy.'"

"Damnation!" interrupted Simple Simon in a fury, "I'm getting old. I ought to have known that she knew."

"You've done well enough, sir," said André: "it's been like a miracle to me to hear you. Eleanor went on: 'The moment my nose stopped bleeding I took my black kimono, and went down to Harry's room. The door was open. I slipped in. It was dark. At that instant I saw the studio door open.' (They were right opposite, Mr. Iff). 'I knew there would be all kinds of trouble if I were caught wandering about the house at that time of night. I kept still. I could see through the crack of the door. Papa was silhouetted against the light in the studio. He had a wash hand basin, carrying it carefully. I heard him give a short harsh laugh, and say aloud: 'Now I begin to live.' He went down the little corridor by Harry's room.' (It leads to a pepper-box turret. Harry's room has a window on to that corridor.) "I went to the side window. I saw papa throw the basin over the cliff. Then he went back, and down the main corridor to his room. I felt for Harry in his bed. He wasn't there. I found matches. The room was empty. I went into the lighted studio. I saw Harry at once, and knew he was dead. I fainted. When I came to myself I was in my own bedroom. I must have walked there without knowing. A few minutes later, I suppose, the alarm came. Forgive me: I ought to have told you before; you must have suffered fearfully. But—" I stopped her. 'It's best, I think, that you have told me now,' I said. 'we must save him. We must be on our guard, and do nothing.' We noted Cudlipp's conduct. It became clear that he would hide his crime to the end, even to letting me be hanged for it. I told her that I would never speak to her again if she interfered, that I would die for the honor of her family. I made her swear by her dead mother. I doubted at first if he were aware of what he had done, but his manner left no doubt. For instance, he made no inquiry into the mystery of the basin missing from his room, and never spoke of it in court. So we knew."

"You're a very noble and very wrong-headed young man," said Simon; "you don't really think we can leave things as they are, do you? Observe what is happening now. The explosion in the man's brain

once over, habit has resumed its sway. He's the hypocritical bourgeois once more—but with the memory of that most fearful deed to lash him. If I know anything of men, it will prey upon his mind; and we shall have either another murder, or, more likely, suicide. Your sacrifice and Eleanor's will be useless. This is what has to be done: You and I will go to London together to-night. In the morning we will confide in two alienists. We will all go to Cudipp House; the doctors will certify him insane; he must consent to our terms. He must put himself in the charge of a medical attendant and a male nurse, and be must go away with them, so that he never returns.

"The newspapers will be told that the shock of recent events has undermined his health, and that he has been ordered a complete change of scene.

"We shall then go to Eleanor, and tell her what has been done; you will marry her here in Paris; I will arrange with the Consulate for secrecy; and you will yourself seek change of scene for a year or so. You, Major, will supply him with money if he needs it; you can get rid of some of those canvases, I suppose?"

Major nodded.

"And you, Flynn, will invent a way up those cliffs, and a story about a maniac vampire, ending with his

confession and suicide, to round it off nicely; we must clear this lad of that ghastly 'not proven' business."

"That is a job," said Flynn, "which I shall most thoroughly enjoy doing. But now you must all come and dine with me; we have no time to lose, if we mean to catch that nine o'clock train."

VI.

Two years later a certain pretty French Countess was enthusiastic, at the Salon des Beaux Arts, over the six South Sea Island pictures of a new Sociétaire. "André de Bry?" she said to her escort, the great sculptor Major; "isn't that the young man who was accused of poor Bibi Sangsue's last murder?"

"The maniac vampire! yes; the fools! as if anyone could mistake Bibi's handiwork!"

"Truth is certainly stranger than fiction; Bibi's career sounds like the wildest imagination. Doesn't it?"

"It does," said Major solemnly. "But perhaps you knew him?"

"At one time," murmured the Countess, with a blush and a droop of the eyelids, "at one time—well—rather intimately!"

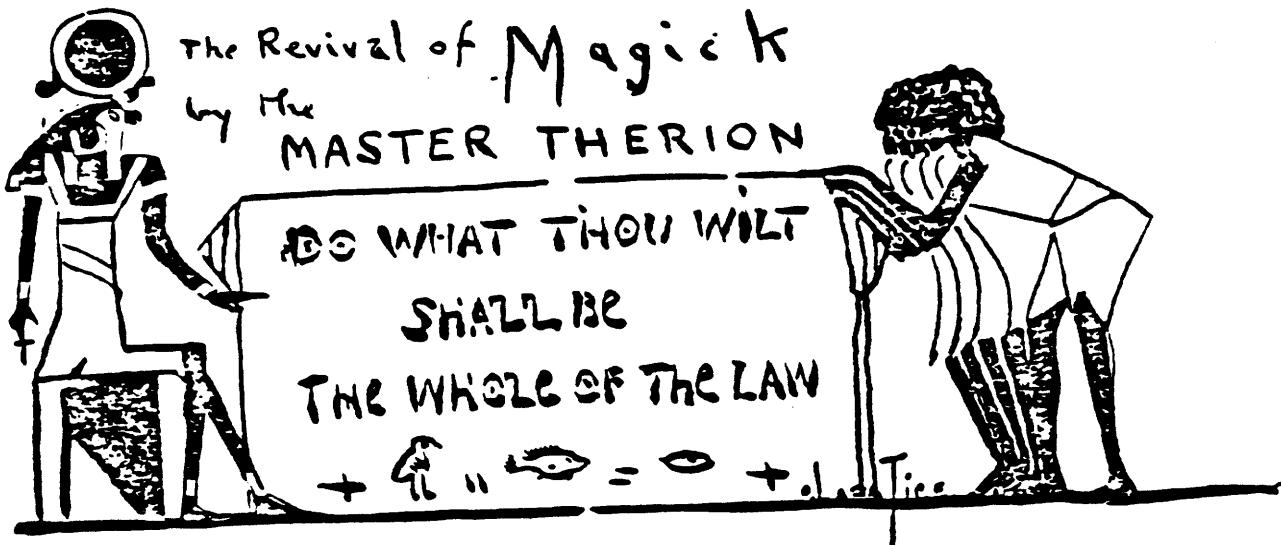
"I," said Major, "knew only his father and mother!"

A PERFECT PLANISSIMO

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my body groans.
I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones!
My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons
by scores,
And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot meteors!
I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth
at their flanks;
All space and time take flight as my chariot tears
their ranks.
I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine;
I grip God's beard in my fist, and my axe cleaves
gorge and spine;
At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens
answer my will;
The universe breaks like a bubble—and I am lonelier
still.
Silence, and horror, the void—these are my feuds!
to friend!
I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end.
Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical air,
A sycophant spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of Despair.
Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath!
Send but a note to prolong this languorous lust of Death!
For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a bird
Lofty loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard.
(So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar

Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than a star!
And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed
down to thy knee,
Thy loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me;
Bend didst thou yet lower—incarnate bliss as thou art—
Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about
mine heart
Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad
mouth met,
And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set.
And God brake out ablaze—O sister, born at a birth!
Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the
virgin earth!
Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun
for a steed!
Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a
water-weed,
And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves,
as They
Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their
play.
Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes
of time,
Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of
stars for rime,
Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of
thought,
Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods
call Naught:
There let us rest, let us rest—O the jasmin in your
hair
As your head sinks on my breast—have we not rested
there?



(Continued from the last issue.)

Now to more amusing facts of my career. The first thing I learnt was to travel in the astral body. This seems to have been a natural gift with me; in half-a-dozen experiments I was already master of the "Astral Plane." I could go where I would, see what I would, hear what I would. At that time I did not know of those higher planes to which initiation is the only key.

The next step to going out on the Astral Plane is to get it to return the visit; in other words, evocation of spirits to material appearance. It was just as I started on this that I found Allan Bennett. The occasion was an initiation into the order of which we were both members; but he had not been present since I joined it. After the ceremony I was led trembling before the great man, and of course, could say not a word. However, in the ante-room, an hour later, he came directly to me and began: "So, little brother, you have been meddling with the Goetia." I protested myself unworthy even to pronounce the word! But he had spotted me as a promising colt, and when, using my opportunity, I made myself even as his familiar spirit, he consented to take me as a pupil. Before long we were working together day and night, and a devil of a time we had!

In my chambers in Chancery Lane I fitted up a temple, the walls covered by six vast mirrors, so as to throw back the force of the invocations. There were circle and triangle on the floor, and an altar in the midst of the circle.

I constructed all my magical weapons with my own hands, except the wand, which cannot be made, but must be transmitted. This, a shaft of almond cut with a single blow of the Magick Knife at sunrise on Easter morn, was transmitted to me by Frater Volo Noscere.

The effect of all this was pretty sultry. I was attacked by a black magician in the very early days—the story is told at length and with perfect accuracy of detail in my tale, "At the Fork of the Roads"; it is too long to cite here. I will only say that a woman was sent by the Black Lodge to get a drop of my blood, that she succeeded, that for ten nights following I was assailed by a succubus which I killed with my hands every time, that with the help of my master I put her out of business by sending a plague of cats to her house, and that when she came to try for more blood I punished her by sending her into my black temple—a tiny closet where I kept a skeleton which I fed on mice and

birds with the idea of creating a material and living demon servant—where she was rent in pieces by the evil things she had invoked. She went to the devil, and her master fled the country.

Not bad, all this, for one's first year of magick?

One of our great exploits was the saving of the life of my master. Absolutely unselfish, he would never stir to help himself, and he was a permanent invalid from spasmodic asthma, with complications. Frater V. N. and I determined, in the name and for the sake of the Order, to save him. We evoked the spirit Buer to visible appearance. This was not wholly successful; at that time we wanted things to happen as they did in books—for we were young. But we got the right leg and the foot and ankle of the left as solid as need be; and the head, helmeted, was dimly visible through the incense smoke. In those days we were too pious to use blood, or we might have done better. However, the purpose of the work succeeded. The Master recovered, and is alive to this day—fifteen years later.

Curious how dull good is, how amusing evil! Much keener in memory is one night when Frater V. N. and I were alone together working on the talismans and other necessaries for some operation or other, I entirely forgot what. We went out to dinner, and before leaving the room, I noticed that the temple door was slightly open. It was locked by a Yale key of which there was but one, which had never left my possession. In those days my chief alarm was that some one would get into my magical affairs. (Nowadays I callously let them in; if they blow their heads off, that's their affair, not mine!) So I sedulously slammed and tested the door, and out we went to dinner. On the stairs was a black cat—not a real cat, either. Back we came from a perfectly temperate meal, found the outer door secure as we had left it, entered, found the temple door wide open, though with no sign of violence, and the altar overthrown, and its furniture tossed in all directions.—And then the fun began!

Round and round the big library tramped the devils all the evening, an endless procession: 316 of them we counted, described, named, and put down in a book. It was the most awesome and ghastly experience I had known.

Strange how they love to open doors! In the East of my big temple in Scotland was a secret shrine, on to which folding doors opened. These I would lock, padlock, seal, nail down, fasten (in short) by every

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manner of means; yet, every time I left the room, I expected to find them open. Too often to recount, I did so. I set all kinds of traps for the spirits; it was useless. As long as I was in the room nothing would happen; the moment I shut the outer doors behind me, the inner ones would open noiselessly. I ultimately had to perform a special ceremony to get rid of the annoyance. The demons who played this game were the 49 servitors of Beelzebub; when tamed they became exceedingly useful.

There is a manuscript in the Arsenal Library of Paris which has been translated and published under this title, "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage." It is the best and the most dangerous book ever written. The translator, who lived at the other end of Paris, had to give up cycling to the library, so many were his accidents. Even afoot, he was in constant danger of his life. And he misused the book, fell from a very creditable degree of attainment as a magician to be a loafer, a dipsomaniac, a sponger, and a blackmailer; in the end he died insane.

The book is the address of one "Abraham the Jew" to his second son, Lamech, bestowing this magick upon him. The author records his research, his many travels and disappointments. At last he meets with one Abramelin in Egypt, goes with him into an oasis, and is there initiated by the bestowal of this Sacred Magick. He returns, achieves the task, and employs his powers to the glory of God and the benefit of his neighbor, "forcing even bishops to restore stolen property," winning battles for Electors by the timely creation of "artificial cavalry," healing the sick wholesale, and generally bestirring himself as a philanthropist.

The substance of the operation is as follows: Get a house in a quiet place, have a terrace opening to the North of your Oratory, have robes and a crown, a wand, and a few other not-too-Persian apparatus, and then get busy. Pray more and more every day to obtain the Knowledge and Conversation of your Holy Guardian Angel. After two months cut out all distractions and pray harder. After two months of that, pray harder still.

Then the climax. The Angel appears and instructs. Then and not till then summon the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World and compel them to swear obedience on the wand, and order them to operate certain talismans. The next day call the Eight Sub-Princes, and the third day their servitors.

The book is written throughout in a serious and simple style. It is by far the most convincing mediaeval magical document in existence. The personality of Abraham himself is evidence.

And any person who doubts magick has only to get a copy of the book, and refuse to take it seriously. He will get proofs enough in standard time; place, the back of the neck!

But if you take it seriously and reverently, if you aspire with your whole will to this attainment, you are safe. The blows of the demon will fall only on those about you.

Yet every obstacle will be put in your way. For example, I had command of what was for all practical purposes unlimited money. I didn't care what I spent on this work. It took me eleven months to find a house.

In copying out on vellum the talismans, I used the breakfast-room of that house, a room chosen because

it was light and cheerful and caught the early morning sun. The weather was fine. Yet I had to do my copying by artificial light. The sun could not penetrate the murk that gathered about those talismans.

One day I returned from shooting on the hill to find a Catholic Priest in my drawing room. It was to ask my permission to do what he could for my gardener, a total abstainer of twenty years' standing who had gone raving drunk.

My housekeeper vanished, unable to bear the eeriness of the place.

An adept with whom I had arranged that he should stay to be a link between me and the outer world likewise fled in terror without a word of warning.

One of the workmen employed about the place went raving mad, and tried to kill me. Others again became dipsomaniacs. All my dogs died. My cook very nearly died, and was only saved by a talisman.

Such are just a few of many incidents which averted the tragedy of dullness from my daily life. And all this, mind you, at the mere threat to perform the Operation!

Time would fail me to tell of all the untoward events that happened to people who did not even go so far as this. Only to have that book on one's shelves is a more serious risk than drying dynamite on a stove!

The talismans work automatically. They are as easy to explode as Iodide of Nitrogen, and a sight more dangerous. My friend and editor, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, once marked his place in the book with his butcher's bill; a couple of days later the butcher was at work; his knife slipped, pierced his thigh and killed him. As Fuller observed at the time, "It may be only a coincidence, but it's just as bad for the butcher!"

"At my initiation I was taught to be cautious" is a note in one system; in another the neophyte is told "Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not."

Keep these two precepts constantly in your mind, and you should go far and fast.

Now for the third class of magical operations! It deals no longer with the brain of the magician himself, as in the case of visions and evocations; it acts upon third parties directly. I refer to the arts of "fascination" in its proper sense—the word comes from the Latin "fascinum." Love is blind; and fascination includes all arts that have this effect. You transform yourself, like Zeus into swan or bull, like Lucius into an ass, like the Egyptian Magi into an hawk, swallow, or Ibis, or like the Syrian into a dove, and by this means compel the desired object to your arms. Or you become invisible—in the practical sense that you remain unseen by those whom you wish not to see you, and if you are playfully inclined, and hungry, you become a bat or a wolf and go afield for blood. These stories are not legends: they veil true powers. I only once tried vampirism, for examination purposes, and in about an hour I bled my victim white. I passed with honors and special mention.

Of course, the reason why one does not do these things is that in the trance Atmadarshana, on the threshold of masterpiece, one loses one's Ego for ever. Thenceforth the man exists only as a vehicle for an Impersonal Master; he lives his own life, and does his own duty, but the Master in him doesn't care what happens to him.

The other day a young lady came to consult me. I

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gave her about a thousand dollars' worth of information. She asked me what I was going to charge. I said: "Nothing; regard me as a bank account on which you can always draw." She said: "But you must eat!" I answered: "I do not see the necessity."

I am always being asked why, if I have all these powers, I do not cause stones to become bread, and throw myself from the Woolworth Building in order to prove the truth of the Ninety-first Psalm, and obtain all the kingdoms of the earth at slight cost to self-respect.

Why did Christ refuse in the Temptation on the Mount?

It is the same story: I am come to do the Will of Him that sent me. And if I have to die on the cross, that is better than living on it!

One form of fascination is the power over animals. Persuade your animal that you are not that dangerous wild beast, a man, and your task is over.

Remember St. Francis preaching to birds and fishes. I have seen Allan Bennett do the same with the krait, the deadliest of the Indian snakes. We met it on a road. Before I could blow its head off with my revolver (the first duty of man) Allan interposed with his umbrella. But not to kill it. He deliberately stirred it up. It struck at the umbrella. "That," said Allan, "is anger," and went on to prove to the (I trust attentive) reptile the terrible results on character of allowing oneself to give way to anger! He also animadverted on the danger of frequenting the public highway, and, to conclude, removed the beast gently to the long grass. As a krait can strike in the fiftieth part of a second, and kill (if he does strike) in about

ten minutes, and as Allan's only protection, besides his divinity, was a pair of thin white duck trousers, I think that may stand as one of the bravest acts ever done. I consider myself a bit of a hero merely to have stood by!

However, I learnt a few tricks of this kind myself; for example—a thing most useful in the tropics—how to prevent mosquitoes from biting one. This is done by thinking kindly of them. It must be a genuine spontaneous feeling of brotherhood, or it won't work. You can also pick up anything hot by fixing the attention on the fact that "it doesn't hurt." But that again is a matter of knack. If you think about it too hard, you can no longer do it. I believe D. D. Home had this power.

Again, you can prevent things from biting you by certain breathing exercises. Hold the breath in such a way that the body becomes spasmodically rigid, and insects cannot pierce the skin. Near my bungalow at Kandy was a waterfall with a pool. Allan Bennett used to feed the leeches every morning. At any moment he could stop the leech, though already fastened to his wrist, by this breathing trick. We would put our hands together into the water; his would come out free, mine with a dozen leeches on it. At such moments I would bitterly remark that a coyote will not eat a dead Mexican, but it failed to annoy him.

With invisibility I was very successful. I made a big operation of it in the City of Mexico, and practiced daily for months in front of a mirror. I got good at it at last; and several times I have saved my life, and even things that I valued, thereby.

(To be concluded.)

AN AFRICAN LOVE SONG

By CHARLES BEADLE

IMAGE

Against the green sky are blue cones,
Buddinz, like pookoo up on a hill.
From the restless mutter of the forest
and the murmur of the river.

STATEMENT.

This is the home of my love,
whose beauties are sung by the mos-
quitoes
by night
and danced by the flies
by day.

SONG.

(High tenor chant.)
I have feasted upon venison and fish,
yams roasted and wild orange!
I have drunk of the wine of the palm.
And made merry to the sound of drums
upon the hill!

Cwoara.

(Bass.)

Wei-wall!.....Ow!

Wei-wall!.....Ow!

II
For they have prepared against the
coming of my love
a bed of young grass from the softest
anks of the river!
While I have anointed my body
in the smoke of the greenwood fire!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

III

My love walks like unto a leopard stalk-
ing buck!
And her belly is as smooth and as round
as yonder river rock!
Did you hear that monkey chatter?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

IV.

Her legs are like young palm trees
whispering!
Her thighs are as soft as the kernel of
the baobab!
Supple is she as the neck of a young
giraffe!
Did you hear that hippo snort?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

V.

And her breasts are like unto small ant
hills!
Her eyes are two storm-veiled moons.
and her flesh is as cool and as smooth
as a banana frond!
Did you hear the jealous night-hawk
screach?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VI.

The complexion of my love is woven
from forest shadows.
and her teeth were stolen from a baby
crocodile!
Did you hear that big one flop?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VII.

Her hair is crisp like unto young
mealies between the teeth,
and her nose is exquisitely flattened
like a wild plum!
Did you hear the parrot scream?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VIII.

My love sits beside me upon the bridal
couch!
Her touch is like a green grass snake!
Did you hear the welcome of the frogs?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

IX.

Her acrid smell is more pungent than
the greenwood smoke.
and far sweeter than the wild honey of
the country of the N'Xosa!
Did you hear the cricket shrilling?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

X.

Her chimes are as firm as the filled
bladder of a kid,
and smoother than an elephant's tusk!
Did you hear the hyena swear?
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

XI.

Her love song blends in harmony
with a jealous lion's roar!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

XII.

Her clutch is like an orchid!
Ehh! the mosquitoes bite!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
.....Ow!

THE DISCOVERY OF GNEUGH-IOUGHHRCK

(A Fragment)

As I approached the landing-place, continued the explorer, the savagery of the natives manifested itself in a thousand extravagances.

In one canoe was to be seen a medicine man, waving a saffron rag, who parleyed in some inscrutable jargon; the tenant of another, a gorilla-like creature, boarded my boat, and plied me with idiotic questions as to whether I had been there before, where I was born, who was my father, was I a native of the country (!!!), what were my political opinions and my moral character, in short, everything that an imbecile curiosity could conjure up. He paid not the least attention to my answers. I learnt afterwards that this was part of a religious ritual of these astonishing half-men.

The great point was that the stranger must be made to swear some oath, no matter what, and no matter whether true or false. The fact of attestation guaranteed the favor of their gods. So again on landing I was, confronted by another creature with a head resembling that of a sheep, but with the expression of a vulture, who exacted another oath to the effect that I was not intending to trade with the natives. I swore as requested, and he was immediately satisfied; but on subsequent examination I found that he had taken advantage of my distraction to rifle my loads, and sequester several articles that took his fancy. When I complained of this through an interpreter, I was told that the articles in question were of necessity "either displeasing to the gods, or pleasing to them, since the gods were never indifferent. In the first case, they must be destroyed; in the second they must be offered to the gods. In neither case have you any right in the matter." They added that I might flatter my fortune that she had brought me off so easily, for had I been a native, all my possessions must infallibly have been seized.

But no sooner had I quitted the landing-stage with my porters than an innumerable company of sordid persons began to jostle me. These were all ragged and dirty: they stank horribly of stale liquor of some kind unfamiliar to me, and also of some filthy aromatic. They began at once to ply me with questions which made those of my former tormentor seem almost reasonable.

For those other questions were at least such as I could answer; the new infliction was absurd. They asked me whether I had ever been in their country before; and on my replying "no," inquired how I liked their country, what I thought of its institutions and customs, which they assured me were the best in the world. They asked if I admired their women, who were the most beautiful in the world, and none of whom, as they well knew, I had yet seen. They wished even to know things which God alone could have known, concerning the future; how long I was going to stay, what I would do, and other matters even more ridiculous. They then became extremely insolent, commenting on my personal appearance and costume, catching at my clothes and asking their price, seeking information as to my most private affairs, and in every way conducting themselves as the sodden and manless mongrels that they were.

However, being at last for the first time well rid of these scurvy knaves, I was able to rest to some extent, and to listen while I ate my food to the

babble around me. On my journey from the landing-place I had already remarked that no man was able to fix his mind upon his affairs. Every pebble by the roadside on which the sun's rays chanced to fall at the proper angle would catch his eye, and crying, "Cowrie! Cowrie!" he would leave his occupation and rush after it. This frequently led to free fights between savages who had observed the pebble at the same moment, and they would continue to fight even after they found it to be only a pebble. Some seemed altogether hypnotized by their desire for cowries, and, picking up pebbles, would maintain angrily that they were cowries, or were better than cowries, or would be cowries one day!

Their conversation was exclusively on this one subject. It was unlucky or irreligious—I was never able to determine the root-idea in this superstition—to complete a sentence without mention of cowries, or to refer to any object without giving its equivalent in cowries. It was also usual to prefix to every sentence a brief invocation of the "official" god; and this I found to be the only trace remaining of his worship. The real god is a fabulous bird—the Aquila duplex of Mungo Park may be a congener. Fabulous, I say, though the natives assert positively that it exists. Yet some such bird is to be found in the western part of the country. The possession of a specimen is said to confer the highest happiness.

In default of such specimens they have dirty and crumpled oblongs of some substance resembling paper. These are covered with hieroglyphic signs and pictures, and the Big Medicine-Man, a mysterious being in the interior of the country, consecrates them and issues them. Their possession ensures good luck. Some are more sacred than others; this depends on the signs written by the makers. For even one of these every native is ready to perform any service, however degrading; or to steal, rob, and murder.

There is, however, a difference in degree; it is pretended that such crimes are only honorable or even (among the stricter sort of men) excusable when the number or value of the oblongs is great. But each man knows in his heart that even one of the least desirable of these is worth the loss of his soul; for this is their religion.

The food of the country is very varied and delicious, but the cooks are by no means skilful in their art. It is possible, however, after some experience, to avoid actual poisoning; and this the natives themselves are not able to do. For instead of using their noses, tongues, and eyes, they judge wholly by ear, which, a good principle in musical criticism, is unsuited to ripe gastronomy. Their method is as follows: Certain persons are chosen for the loudness of their tones, and appointed to declare the benefits or the reverse of devouring certain substances. One class cries that such a food is poison; his opponent that it is the only true nourishment of life. This shouting goes on continuously, and the other natives catch the enthusiasm of the shouters and join in their sacred war-dances, which often develop into fights. The shouters claim the direct inspiration of the god of truth, or of the god of freedom, or of the god of the people; but in reality they are faithful to the true but unofficial god of this strange people, as is every one. Those who most loudly blaspheme him are in truth often his

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best servants. The shouters are employed by the merchants, in effect, and their oracles depend upon the commercial interests of their masters. I remarked upon this fact to one of their greatest philosophers, and he replied that it was the greatest proof possible of their bona fides, that the spiritual side of the prophets should be in such perfection of harmony with their material welfare. "What in the Abyss could be better?" (It is the custom to affirm belief in the existence of a place of eternal punishment by introducing its name into every question, since certain heretics doubted it of yore.)

"Should one prophesy against himself, it would show disunion in his being, which is no other than madness."

The test of truth is therefore exclusively its utility. This fact is of wide bearing, and applies directly to their theory of law.

This is as simple in this country as it is complex in others. The first principle is that everything is forbidden. For example, said my interpreter, no man may carry arms. I pointed out that (on the contrary) every man was armed to the teeth. True, said he, therefore if any man displease the ruling power, it is easy to destroy him. If he pay not ample tribute, or if he lend not his wives to the right people, or if he err in thought upon political or social questions, there is no trouble in condemning him. There is always some crime, which all alike commit, of which he may be conveniently accused.

This rule holds good of all laws. None are in force, unless it be to satisfy the greed or spite of one of the ruling class. To this there is however one important exception. There are certain classes of Shouters whose duty it is to call attention constantly to the evil-doer. These wisely concentrate their energies on some one trivial matter—it is not pleasing to the gods to mention serious affairs at all, in any connection—and they enforce the laws most drastically for the moment, while the attention of the people can be held. Thus, on my arrival, they had just condemned a medicine man to Ten Years of Imprisonment for "conscientious-advice-giving."

Other points were also most strange, even to me, an old explorer of many of the dark places of the earth. One essential point of law is that a forbidden thing is no longer forbidden, if it be called by another name.

Thus, it is the custom of the country to drink arrack from a calabash, coffee from a coco-nut; and it is forbidden to drink arrack upon holy days. Those therefore who wish to do so drink it from a coco-nut, and it becomes technically coffee. Similarly, in calling for the arrack, one must say: bring bamboo-shoots. Thus is the law satisfied.

The object of enforcing laws in this sporadic manner is obvious. Suppose a merchant spend years of labor in the building up a big trade in silk. The Shouters then say: "Behold this villain, the greatest rogue that walketh upon the earth! Lo, he conducteth to luxury and to vanity; and the morals of our women, the purest albeit the fairest that be in all the world, are by him corrupt." The indignation of the people is thus aroused, and they bethink them of the law against silk. The merchant must then pay all that he hath to the Shouters, so that they may not see him.

This is a most salutary custom of this people. The merchant hath ever the fear of the Law before his eyes. He is taught constantly the instability of human affairs, and so from a merchant he becometh a philosopher.

The greater merchants, however, have found higher truths. They themselves employ armies of Shouters, and none dare offend them. In their hands they have gathered all the images of the God of the country, without which none may do aught without blasphemy, and blasphemy is the one crime that is always and in all places punished, usually by death.

It is they that have destroyed or sequestered all the specimens of Aquila Duplex, which is not fabulous at all, and may still be found in the western districts of the country: But it has been to their interest to persuade the ignorant that the bird is but a fable, and that the oblong squares are the true God.

The evening being now come, I went forth into the market-place to take the air: but no sooner had I come into their main way, which they call broad (though it is narrow enough if one compare it with the main street of any civilized town), and white, although it has hardly a white building in all its length, than I was assailed by the fearsome beast which is justly the dread of the whole country, the terrible man-eating chicken . . .

(The remainder of this account has been deleted by the Censor.)

ABSINTHE

By JEANNE LA GOULUE

Apollon, qui pleurait le trépas d'Hyacinthe,
Ne voulait pas céder la victoire à la mort.
Il fallait que son âme, adepte de l'essor,
Trouvât pour la beauté une alchimie plus sainte.
Donc, de sa main céleste il épouse, il éreinte
Les dons les plus subtils de la divine Flore.
Leurs corps brisés soupirent une exhalaison d'or
Dont il nous recueillait la goutte de l'Absinthe!

Aux cavernes blotties, aux palais pétillants,
Par un, par deux, buvez ce breuvage d'aimant.
Car c'est un sortilège, un propos de dictame;
Ce vin d'opale pale avortit la misère,
Ouvre de la beauté l'intime sanctuaire
—Ensorcelle mon cœur, extasie mon âme!

LAST NIGHT.

By FAITH BALDWIN

Within a dim and starlit room last night,
Your heart to mine, astir like frightened wings.
Your dear lips saying mad, enchanting things,
I saw your strange eyes fill with faery light.
And suddenly I slipped from out To-day
And we were in some green and moon-mad place,
And as you smiled, and bent to kiss my face,
I knew that, somehow, we had found the way
Back to a Pagan passion and desire,
Back to an Age of golden, free-limbed Youth,
All Song and Rapture and courageous Truth,
The world at Springtide—and the night on fire.
And we were bound no more by Time and Space.
No longer slaves of Subterfuge and Man.
And you who held me in your arms were Pan,
And I a dryad crushed in your embrace!

GROANS FROM THE PADDED CELL

(The Minority Report of the Editorial Rooms.)

IN the days of the military clan, men were more or less free and equal. An ordeal was necessary for the attainment of manhood; a regular ceremony which was far from a joke. Only the strong and clever could hope to attain the privileges of manhood. There was no specialization of labor. A man had to be able to hunt and fight; a woman to cook and to do the work of agriculture. There was hardly room for anyone but what might be called the normal human being. One particularly lazy fellow, well skilled in flattery, might get a job as tribal bard; but otherwise he would have to work like the rest. As a man got old, beyond the period when skill and experience failed to compensate for lack of strength, he might become an elder by virtue of his wisdom; and, of course, the best all-round man had a good chance of becoming King. But there really was something like equality of opportunity.

TO-DAY all this is absolutely changed. Every important branch of work is so specialized that a man must give his whole life to his particular job for 40 years or more before he is capable of holding his own in it. Such a man must obviously be chosen from the start on the ground of inclination and capacity. He must be allowed ample leisure. He must be secured freedom from all worries and anxiety, or he will never arrive at competence. A university education is not nearly enough. It is only a general ground-work. When a man leaves a university he wants at least 10 years uninterrupted work in his particular line before he even begins to succeed in it. In other words, the complexity of civilization demands an elaborate caste system. For one thing, the habit of authority is absolutely necessary to any one who is to fill a position of responsibility. Put a man who has done menial work all his life into an important position. He inevitably becomes a "Jack in office," harsh, overbearing, and tyrannical. On the other hand, if you take a boy and give him well trained servants, he will, when he becomes a man, get things done with perfect suavity and good feeling and absence of friction. That is why you can take a boy from Eton or Winchester and send him out to rule a province in India. The "Competition-wallah," the boy of no birth or breeding who obtains a position in the Indian Civil Service by intellectual merit, is a disastrous failure.

THERE must however, be an end to all this talk of equality of opportunity. It will always be necessary to have a great majority of the population engaged in mechanical tasks. It is evidently quite impossible to give every man and woman even a university education. Most people have to earn their living by the time they are sixteen. Even if this experiment were possible, it would be absurd, because the university education would unfit the average individual for the necessary work of life. It is no good to teach a man political economy and Greek, and then set him to make rivets in a boiler factory for the rest of his life.

HOW then are we to make an intelligent selection? The answer is perfectly obvious. Men are not by any means born equal in the matter of intellectual capacity. Take the extreme case of

the Hottentot. No amount of teaching will get him to count beyond the number five, owing to the limitations imposed upon him by nature in the matter of fingers. The same holds true to a limited extent even with Caucasians. It is quite true that occasionally nature, in her merry mood, produces a genius from very unlikely material. It may sometimes happen, for example, that a stock which has never exhibited any intellectual distinction at all may get tangled up matrimonially with a lunatic, and by some lucky combination produce a genius.

BUT we do not know enough about genius to take any practical steps along these lines. We are bound to deal with averages; and there is nothing more certain than this, that ordinary talent, as opposed to genius, is to a very large extent inherited. The main objection to the hereditary principle is that families, after a long series of generations of distinguished men, take to producing degenerates and imbeciles. It is the ordinary biological curve. Now undoubtedly much mischief is wrought by having a caste which is hereditary and nothing more, because the said degenerates and imbeciles interfere with the working of the social machine. Our business is to get the right man in the right place; and the hard and fast rule of primogeniture has in many cases worked badly. One may concede that ultimately it is bound to work badly in all cases.

IT seems to me that it would be easy enough to guard against this difficulty. We must have a leisured class, we must have a privileged class, or we can never get good men at all. The most likely candidates are those whose fathers and mothers have achieved distinction. This principle has been recognized in England by the practice of raising distinguished men to the peerage. The idea has been greatly abused by confirming nobility upon the mere plutocrat. Yet when particularly undesirable people have bought these titles, care has taken to make the seat in the House of Lords end with the life of the ennobled bag of money.

BUT how are we to prevent degenerates and imbeciles from sitting in the highest councils of the nation? By the simple process of clearing them out. It would be easy to arrange for a test of manhood, a public test subject to public criticism, so that no man could assume hereditary privileges without proving by ordeal his right to it. These tests could and should be both physical and mental. These ideas are not opposed to democracy in its true sense. We want the normal man to govern, and the normal man means a man very far above the average, almost the ideal man, just as normal eyesight is the kind of eyesight that only a very few very lucky people possess.

THE socialistic idea that every man is as good as every other man is comic. A great deal of rubbish has been written lately about "secret diplomacy." How can the ordinary man expect to give a sound opinion on the affairs of foreign countries, when the very best men, specially trained for all their lives, are constantly making the most

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stupid mistakes? "Popular control" is out of the question, even in the smallest business house. How then can we apply it with any common sense to the affairs of a great nation? If the people were free to vote, what would they vote for? Free lodging, free movies and free beer. I myself would vote for free beer. Could you expect the lower East Side to vote money for the encouragement of art or even of science? Of any of the higher branches of human activity? Yet, the whole structure of society depends upon the cultivation of these higher branches. Go and ask the ordinary working man whether he would rather apply the national income to the reduction of rent or to the study of histology! We should never have a cent for anything pertaining to the most fundamental and necessary activities, if the choice were left to the people.

WHAT then is the ideal form of government? The greatest of all the political lessons of history is that society is founded on the family, and the family on the land. A strong agrarian class is the best defense against invasion, physical or moral. "A bold peasantry, its country's pride, when once destroyed, can never be supplied." There is something in the contact with earth and air and water and sun which makes men vigorous. All strong and stable states have had Cincinnatus for a unit. The power of England has always lain in the landed nobility and gentry. Each great estate has been the nucleus of a peasantry with "soul"—with a peculiar pride in itself. The lords of the land, great or little, were also the fathers of the people. Each took a particular and individual interest in each of his tenants.

WHEN this system began to break up, owing to the growth of industrialism and of the power of money, the virility of England broke with it. Fifty years ago the smallest squire had more social consideration than the most wealthy merchant; rightly so, for he was actually a part of the land itself. A rich man could not become a squire by buying land; he became a joke.

BUT your plutocrat has no anchor in the soil; he calculates coldly that it is cheaper to work a man to death than to look after him. He does not know or care what becomes of those dependent upon him. The idea of solidity of structure is gone from the social system. America dwells in tents like the Arabs, and may as silently fade away. Who in this colony feels in his bones an attachment to ancestral Topeka? We go where the economic tide drifts us; and we do not go back because there is no "back" to go to. Socialism (as most people seem to conceive it) would make matters a thousand times worse—if there's that amount of room for further bedevilment; for Socialism ignores all but the economic factor. Economics appeal only to the shell of men, never to his soul. And it is the soul which determines the action of a true man. A nation swayed wholly by economic considerations is a nation lost alike to God and to man. "I'll fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

THE first business of government is to guard the hardihood of the race. So we must see to it that every child is healthy and well-fed, insured to sport,

to hardship within certain bounds. The spirit must be free, the passions strong and well regulated, the intellect unhampered by old wives' fables. We must assure to every one the first necessities of life, shelter, food, warmth and the easy exercise of the power of reproduction, without shame or sentimentality.

WE must make a firm, almost a paternal bond, between the "lord" and his dependents. If an employer were soundly whipped whenever one of his men or women had a preventable sickness, it would change things considerably! The happiest, the most healthy, the most prosperous class in recent history were the slaves in the South before the Civil War, wherever the owner was a decent Southern Gentleman, and not a Yankee nigger-driver, with no interest in the slaves beyond dollars. If America is to survive, nay, to become a nation, it must be by the development of an enlightened feudalism.

LET us not be frightened by a name! Reginald Front-de-Boeuf was not the only type of Norman Baron. And the world is a very different place to-day. We have a wretched habit of being scared by words like "royalty," "Socialism," so that we do not trouble to ask what such terms really mean. This is because we mix up our rational thoughts with our sentimental emotions. There was never a moment in the world's history when it was more vitally important to think and to feel as if with two separate organs. "God gave the land to the people," as the little hymn says; but He did not give them brains, or moral courage, or the power of self-analysis. There is not one man in ten thousand who knows whether his consciousness is colored by reason or by passion.

I PERSONALLY have found this power extremely awkward. Just at present, for example, my heart clings to the great court of Trinity closer than its immemorial ivy. All my imagination is with the England of Harry the Fifth, and with the France of Joan of Arc, and with the Russia of wild and mystic orgies. But my intellect refuses to give assent to some of the propositions made by the Allies. I am ready, with Drake, to singe the King of Spain's beard; or to tear the Kaiser from his gory throne, in a moment of patriotic passion. But I am not prepared to sit down and argue calmly that such actions are ethically right. All hail to the vehemence and fury of war and of love! But not in these trousers. I must first gird my loins with the saffron philabeg of a dhuine-wassail! As a lover, it gives me extreme satisfaction to riot amid the wine-stained and blood-bedabbled tresses of a Messalina or a Catherine; but, as a philosopher, I seem to myself to have acted with brutish unreason. I maintain, briefly, that Philip drunk is as good as Philip sober: but I cannot fall into line with the man who asserts that Philip drunk is Philip sober. And alas! that man is everywhere. You rightly enough drop nine hundred and sixty-eight million tons of trinitrotoluene upon the head of a Saxon peasant whose only idea of you, till then, has been vague and ill-etched. Perhaps he thought of you as one of the people among whom his Uncle Fritz went to live in 1849. You are right to drop that trinitrotoluene; it is a splendid gesture. But—the morning after? Even Antient Pistol proved amenable. "I'll fer him, and firk him, and furret

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him; discourse the same in French unto him!" is followed by the mild acceptance of a modest ransom.

NOW this war is not to be settled by appeals to passion and to sentiment. We have got to reconstruct the world on such lines as may be best for all. We must use one quality only—common sense. We have got to be friends with Germany before we sheathe the sword against her. The campaign of hate on both sides is utter wickedness or complete insanity—you pay your money and you take your choice. We are not going to listen to the drunken journalist who sneered the other day at the Friends of Irish Freedom as "bartenders and servant girls." His animus was evident, for he attributed the ruin of his mind to the one, and that of his body to the other, class. But, on the other hand, we must shut our ears to the sentimental wails of the Irish irreconcilables about "Saxon tyrants." This historic injustice business is plain vendetta, and as out-of-date as furbelows, whatever they were.

WE must attend to the genuine needs of each nation, and heed not their cries of hysteria. Then, if there be indeed incompatible needs—(though, in the name of God who made earth so

wide and fair, how can there be?)—if there be no way of reconciling England's need of a navy with Germany's need of a place in the sun, then we can go on and fight it out some more. But we shall never begin to talk peace till we begin to think peace; and we shall never begin to think peace till we have got ourselves into thinking, instead of feeling. And we shall never do that until we realize that the two things are different.

A. C.

LOVE IS ONE.

I LOVE God only when I love thee most.
Censing the altar with the whispered shower
Of worship, I approach the holiest hour
When in the monstrance burns the blessed Host.
Landed on life's chryselephantine coast,
I make the godly gesture of pure power.
The silence shrouds me like a folded flower
When all life lapses in the Holy Ghost.

How could I love God if I loved not thee,
Or love thee if I were not lost in God?
Could there be three unless those Three were One?
There is no shore to the celestial sea;
There is no pylon to the last abode,
The temple of our truth, Hilarion!

THE ARGUMENT THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING

There was a sombre and a smoldering fire in the eyes of the quiet man in the corner of the ingle. The remarks of the prohibitionist who was holding forth from the big arm chair seemed to excite him, but one could hardly have said why. But when that respectable gentleman paused for breath, the fire leapt up. "May I add my humble testimony?" he said politely. "I feel more strongly than most men, I think, upon the subject. Were I to tell you my story, perhaps you would admit that I had a right to do so." The man from the Anti-Saloon League got out his note book with undisguised enthusiasm. "Can't we induce you to tell it?" he asked, scenting something sensational, "nothing so aids the cause as the recital of facts." "Well," said the quiet man, "I don't mind if I do. I was married to a young and beautiful woman. We passed six years of which one could not pick out a single month and say that it was not a honeymoon. She drank herself into a lunatic asylum." He stopped there, very suddenly; his words cut bitterly into the heart of every man in the room. They were too shocked for even the conventional murmur of sympathy. But the prohibitionist, with a smirk, asked for further details. "I shall be happy to gratify you, sir," replied the other, and there was a subcurrent of severity in his tone which made one or two of the more sophisticated men present prick up their ears. The quiet man lighted his cigar. "My wife's father," he said, "was vicar of one of the most important parishes in London. His wife liked a glass of champagne with her dinner. However, in her position, it would not do. She had to set a good example to the parish. At the same time she was not going to give up her champagne, so she sent for a doctor who prescribed her champagne, and in order more effectually to silence the voice of scandal, it was necessary to prescribe for the children

as well. The eldest daughter, at the age of 16, was drinking about a quart a day, by the doctor's orders. She married. Two years later, her husband died. Six years after that I married her myself. Presently I discovered that whenever anything happened to depress her she sought consolation in alcohol. The Puritan idea, the necessity of pretending to be what you are not, had destroyed her sense of freedom. She did the drinking secretly. Ultimately the smash came. I had to be away for some months on business. In my absence the baby died. I came back to find her a hopeless dipsomaniac. I tried everything. Naturally it was useless. She lost all moral sense. I was compelled to divorce her because she refused to follow the doctor's last orders, to spend two years in a 'home.' I would not stand by and let her kill herself so long as I was morally responsible for her moral welfare. Three months after the divorce, she had to be put into a lunatic asylum."

"A most striking story," said the prohibitionist, "A most admirable story, a most useful story for our purpose." But the quiet man rose to his feet. "No," he said, "my tragedy is not a tragedy of alcohol, it is a tragedy of humbug. It is the rotten popular Anglo-Saxon cowardice about the use of alcohol which leads inevitably to its abuse. It is people like yourself that are responsible for all the drunkenness, for all the insanity, for all the crime that people resort to. In countries where there is no feeling against alcohol, where, in honesty and decent freedom a man can sit with his family and drink in the open, we find none of these troubles." The prohibition orator became exceedingly annoyed. "I did not expect this treatment," he said. "it is most unwarrantable. I have no doubt at all, sir, that the poor woman was driven to drink by your own brutal treatment." "Yes," said the other man, "I can be both brutal and violent on occasion." And he was.

THE BURNING OF MELCARTH

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BY MARK WELLS

The Herald of the King of Tyre, borne upon a chariot with six white horses, made his way through the busy street.

In the name of the great god MelcARTH, and in the King's name, he commanded that all strangers should leave the city upon pain of death.

It was two weeks before the winter solstice, but in that glorious climate many a flower bloomed already in the gardens of the inhabitants.

Cleon, the Greek merchant of Corinth, was prepared for the warning of the herald, but he was none the less annoyed. He had the commercial spirit, and it enraged him to find his business interrupted by a mere festival. He would not so much have minded had Dodeh, his beloved for the period of his residence, agreed to accompany him. A holiday visiting the islands of the coast would have been agreeable if he had some one to play the flute to him, and dance for him upon the deck in the glow of sunset. But Dodeh had refused positively; "her religion came first in her life"—and Cleon, who was rather a sceptic, sighed over the stupidity of fanaticism. He was angry, too, for a somewhat contradictory reason. Since festivals must be, he liked to see them. He fancied himself as a travelled man, and he would have liked to bring back a great story to Corinth in the spring. Still there was nothing for it but compliance: so he made a feast for Dodeh, bade her guard his merchandise in his absence, and in particular to beware of the advances of a certain saucy youth named Ramman, one of those vagabonds who from all time has infested Eastern cities, living no one knows quite how.

"He shall not called Ramman for nothing," frowned the Greek, "if he comes about my house in my absence." This was a joke, for Ramman is derived from the verb "ramamu," meaning to bellow.

Dodeh naturally assured the merchant of her eternal truth, and very likely believed what she said: women usually do, at the time. Their deceptions are successful because they are unconscious. They are all faithful, so far as they know: but when it comes to action, it is the "troll" that rules them.

So Cleon took his men and his ship and put to sea: and cruised among the islands till the period of the festival had elapsed. By some error of calculation the ship master arrived off Tyre some hours too soon.

The city lay in utter darkness; but on the beach a flame shone out as if it were a beacon. Dawn broke, and they saw that it was the smoldering effigy of a monstrous man, seated astride a sea-horse proportionately enormous. When the pilot came out with the official who represented the city, in order to see that all was in conformity with Tyrian law, Cleon asked the latter what this might mean and was solemnly assured that "the god had struck him with a thunderbolt." The strange sight and stranger explanation struck the fancy of the Greek:

and he more than ever regretted that he was not entitled to witness the wonders about which the people of the city made such mystery.

Dodeh received him with exceeding joy, which her demure demeanor would not hide, for once. She was a woman of twenty years old, of subtle loveliness. Rather short and plump, she was built strong and sturdy; her round face was rosy through its olive, and the effect was heightened by faint blue tattooings on the cheeks and lips. Her eyes were fiery glints beneath dark eyebrows blackened and drawn out with kohl. On her upper lip a fine moustache—the merest hint—betrayed a passionate temperament. She was silky and sullen and swift and perverse, loving to tease her master with pretended indifference, only to overwhelm him with the greater vehemence at the end, like a cat playing with a mouse. She had all the stealth and self-possession of a cat, moreover; and Cleon thought himself lucky to be beloved of one so skilled in every art of pleasing and exciting. In short, she ended by winning him wholly; for not content with the mere art of love, she had made herself indispensable to his business, teaching him all the tricks of the Tyrians, how they imitated ivory, and adulterated purple, and mixed silk and wool so that no ordinary eye could distinguish the fraud. The result was that he carried her off to Corinth with him when his business was done, and the smiles of Grecian maids failed to disturb him: he had found the one woman of the world. She presided in his house with perfect dignity and charm: the philosophers whose company Cleon affected were more than pleased with her modesty and her education: for she could recite the poems of Sappho, and of Alcaeus, and of Stesichorus and Pittacus and Hermesianax, as well as she could play the flute and dance; while even sterner subjects were familiar to her. She was well acquainted with the philosophy of Pythagoras and of Heraclitus, and had even studied Plato; while, to crown all, she possessed a very pretty gift of divination by throwing handfuls of dried leaves into a fire made of cedarwood and beeswax. She was not a mere priestess of pleasure, it must be understood: she had been brought up from infancy in the temple, and trained and consecrated to the service of the god.

Presently Cleon had to return to Tyre, and this time his voyage was so successful that he determined to establish a regular branch of his business in the city at the end of the summer. It was July when he and Dodeh reached Corinth for the second time, and so devoted was the lover that he made a great festival and married her. She readily acquiesced in the Greek ceremony, but made a single stipulation, that she should be allowed to hold in her hand some of the sacred fire from the altar during the whole ceremony: for such, she said, was the custom of her people, that the sun, the father of all fire and the giver of all life on earth, might witness to her fidelity on the one hand and make her fertile on the other. But she said this laughingly, and Cleon thought that she cared little for her religion, but yet was half-consciously afraid to fail to carry out its observances.

A month after the marriage they sailed once more for Tyre, where Cleon purchased a large shop for his merchandise, and a house with a garden in the suburbs. All autumn they lived and loved in peace and in prosperity: then Cleon remembered that he was

still technically a stranger, and would have to leave the city for the festival. He was much more annoyed than on the previous occasion; for he had "settled down" with Dodeh, and become fat and lazy; besides, he was all on fire to see the ceremony of which he had only witnessed the aftermath. He expressed his feelings in the plainest words to Dodeh. It was the nearest approach to ill-temper he had ever shown.

She laughed in her most fascinating way. "Dear baby," she said, "what a fuss about nothing! All you need do is to leave the city openly and lie off shore a few miles out to sea; I will get a little boat and come for you at night. You shall come back here; I will disguise you, and we will see the ceremony together—except the last day, when women are not allowed to participate. But I will tell you exactly what to do, and you shall see everything." Cleon was enchanted at her ready compliance, and her quick solution; when the time came he left Tyre in great state, taking a most affecting public farewell of his wife, to throw as much dust as possible in the eyes of the world. That night Dodeh did as she had said; they got back to the villa without being observed, and though it was all dark without, within were lights and flowers and a splendid banquet ready. Never had Dodeh been so hilarious as she was that night; the slightest incidents seemed to amuse her, and in consequence she was equally amusing. They really behaved like two silly children; one would have said they had been parted for a year instead of a bare fraction of a day.

II.

For the next three days the happy couple remained quietly at home, save for an hour or so in the morning, when Dodeh went to the market and the temple in order not to arouse comment in the city. On the fourth day the festival was to begin.

That morning Dodeh came home with quantities of live quails, which Cleon had not seen before the festival. The explanation was that Asteria, the mother of Melcarth, was a quail, and these birds might therefore not be eaten until the birth of Melcarth, which was to be celebrated that night. Shortly after sunset Dodeh dressed Cleon in the disguise of a slave and made him carry the quails; and they went forth together to a part of the city where they were not known. At every place where four streets met a bale-fire blazed. Around these fires the people were assembled, in great solemnity, every one with bright clothes, and most of them carrying one or more live quails, each according to his rank and wealth. Priests walked up and down the street in twos and threes, chanting:

Rejoice! Rejoice!

O men of Tyre, rejoice!

O women of Tyre, clap hands!

Asteria your goddess is ill at ease.

She is bowed upon the arms of her handmaidens. Cry aloud that Asteria may be delivered from her pain!

Let a man child be born unto Asteria, even the great god Melcarth, Lord of Tyre.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Presently the song changed. It became surpassing slow and sad. One priest began:

"Now is the hour of the tribulation of Asteria."

Another answered:

"Whence came Asteria?"

"From the fire of the sun."

"What shall avail her to purge her of her tribulation?"

"The fire of the sun."

Then rose the voices of the priests in chorus: "Arise, ye people, let strength and beauty be born of Asteria, mother of Melcarth, Lord of Tyre!"

At that all the people shouted together, and began to leap joyously across the flames, dropping the live quails into them as they sprang. Cleon, following his wife's direction, imitated them. As the quails began to roast, they were recovered from the fire, and every one plucked and ate one then and there. When everyone had had his fill, the dance began; but Cleon and Dodeh soon slipped away to the quieter pleasures of the flute.

On the following day, it was evident that Melcarth had indeed been born; for there he stood in the great square that was in the center of the city, in effigy, twenty feet high, upon a sea-horse. Around him was a regular scaffolding of logs, with sheaves of straw: in preparation, as Dodeh explained to her husband, for the final bonfire. But this day was to be devoted to the drama of the life of the great God. Dodeh had procured a priest's dress for Cleon, as through her association with the temple she could easily do. They found a secluded station in that part of the temple which was allotted to the priests and priestesses—and this was the only day in the year when women were permitted to enter the holy place. This enabled them to see perfectly without attracting any special attention.

At high noon the herald entered the temple and bade all men mark the coming of the king. A minute later the rest of the procession arrived. Cleon could see it through the open door of the sacred building. First came a solid phalanx of guards, in white tunics and buskins, with shields, corslets, and helmets of carved and polished brass. They carried spears which had been gilded in honor of the occasion. Next came a company of horsemen, their trappings covered with fans of peacock's feathers. After them came many priests; then the company of the actors of the sacred drama, in the various disguises necessary; then other priests. Next came six gigantic men of swarthy stature, bearing a gilded pole carved with representations of the deeds of Melcarth, and tipped with the image of a pine-cone.

Last came the king, in a chariot of chased ivory and gold. The car was swathed with a great curtain of true Tyrian purple, against which the king showed marvellously, for he wore silks of the richest blue over his golden armor, and in his helmet with its crenelated circlet were seven white ostrich feathers. In his hand he carried the sacred rod of office, for he was high priest as well as king. About him the high ministers of state bore each the symbol of his office.

At the temple the king descended, and did sacrifice at the great altar where burned the perpetual fire. Only the priests and the actors entered with him.

The king gave the signal, and the sacred play began. With every detail the great legend of Melcarth was commemorated: his conquest of the lion and of the dragon, of the Rivers of Destruction and of the Untameable Sea-horse. They represented his cleansing of the land by rain, his fertilizing of the desert by rivers: they showed how he had won the golden fruit from the gardens of the Sunset, and how he had dragged back his friend Mazib from the very heart of hell.

This was the climax of the mystery, for no sooner had the rescued man embraced his savior than the king himself, leaving his throne, stepped forward as

though to interrupt the proceedings. He lifted his staff, crying "Woe, woe to the city of Tyre! Melcarth saved Mazib, for Melcarth is a god, the strong, the bountiful. But who shall save Melcarth? For Melcarth goeth down into the grave!" With that he cast his staff upon the ground; he tore his blue robes from his shoulders; he unbuttoned his golden armor, and let it clang upon the marble. Appearing only in a loose robe of black without any ornament, he cast dust upon his head from a box presented by the priest who acted as master of the ceremonies, and uttered a long lament, full of terrible predictions as to what would happen to the city when Melcarth was dead, ending every phrase with the woeful question "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the city of Tyre?"

Presently all present began to join in this refrain; it spread without the temple, all down the city streets through the ranks of the assembled people. All tore their robes, all threw dust upon their heads, all beat their foreheads. But now the youngest of all the priests came forward. He alone had not joined in the lamentations; he had stood silent before the fire of the altar as if lost in meditation, from time to time reaching his hand out over the fire, or leaning his head towards it. He was dressed, differently to the other priests, in a short tunic of purple with a skirt to the knee, and a golden cord bound seven times about his waist. On his head he wore a conical cap of carved ivory, ornamented with horns like a bull's. He bore a bow and seven small blunt arrows. Standing before the king he shot the arrows one by one into the air, while all stood silent. Then he spoke.

"An oracle of the god, O King!

"The word of Melcarth to the City of Tyre!

"Melcarth must die, but he must live again!"

The king answered with the old phrase: "Who shall save Melcarth? Who shall save the City of Tyre?"

The young man answered: "An oracle of the god, O king! A man that is a stranger shall save the City of Tyre!"

The king lifted his voice, as if appealing to the people: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?"

Immediately confusion arose, every man pretending to examine his neighbor. After a few moments the king repeated his question, and again the pretended search was made. For the third time the king asked: "Is there any stranger in the City of Tyre?" and this time the answer rolled back, a dirge of utter woe, from every part of the whole city, and even from the suburbs and the surrounding fields and hills, where men had been specially stationed for this part of the ritual, the idea being to include the whole dominion in the sacred formula. With one voice the priests and the people cried aloud: "There is no stranger in the City of Tyre!" At that the entire population gave themselves up to frenzies of affected woe, dispersing gradually to their homes, where they were to abstain from food and from the kindling of any fire, until the morrow. Cleon and Dodeh, profoundly moved by the significance of this strange rite, returned to their villa, and sat, as the ritual prescribed, by the dead ashes of the hearth, lamenting till the dawn.

The critical moment for Cleon was to arrive on the third day of the feast, for no women might accompany the men, so his wife said. Every man must wear a particular disguise, and she had been at pains to prepare one and conceal it in the house of a friend who lived in the great street which led to the center of the city. Cleon would thus have only about half a mile to

walk to see the burning of the effigy of Melcarth, and there would be little chance of detection. So a little before noon they reached the house appointed. The street was already lined with guards for the ceremony, but Dodeh giving a sign to the officer, she was allowed to enter with Cleon. Here she removed his slave's dress, which she had made him wear to explain his presence with her, and proceeded to adorn him for the ceremony. She produced a jar of some sticky substance like resin, stained purple with the famous dye, and covered him from head to foot with it. Over this she threw a lion's skin, and in his hand she put a club. "We must wait till the procession comes," she said, "then you can glide out of the house and mingle with it; no one will notice you. Walk up to the great square with them, but do not speak to any one. Your accent—though it's delightful, heart of my heart!—would give you away at once, and it would be terribly dangerous for you to be recognized as a stranger. We don't like our mysteries spied on; only, I love you!"

Minutes passed by; Cleon began to find this costume extremely hot and the sacred paint peculiarly irritating; but it was worth it. Presently a noise of chanting down the street told them that the procession was near; Cleon, trying hard not to scratch, slipped out of the door. The street was now full of people, many of them in fantastic attire. The sun blazed down upon the scene, and Cleon felt hotter and more uncomfortable than ever. But he was full of strange excitement; the fierce atmosphere of the festival seemed to have communicated itself to him.

In a few moments the head of the procession appeared. It was formed by priests, all wearing the masks of various wild beasts and bearing flaming torches. As he turned to look, the street suddenly cleared; the people had all moved to the side behind the steel-clad line of guards. He realized that he was alone; but instead of retiring among the others, he felt that that was the one thing he could not do. He felt a kind of madness surging in his brain, and at the same moment he realized that the procession was no longer chanting, but roaring and howling in imitation of the wild beasts whose masks they wore, and that they were charging him. He bounded madly up the street toward the square; the crowd joined in at his heels, and above the cries he heard the jubilant call of the people: "Melcarth shall live again! Tyre shall be saved!"

He reached the square; it was full of men and women with flaming torches on every side. His blood boiled with the frenzy of excitement; he knew that he was shouting in mad glee mingled with horror. Suddenly a flash of sanity came to him; he saw that he was in danger. He dashed at an opening of the square, but the flaming torches closed upon him. The agony of the poisoned paint was now insufferable; he bounded to and fro, raving he knew not what. Ever the torches seemed to hem him in.

And then the darkness fell from his eyes; a great illumination seized him; he must take refuge with Melcarth, with Melcarth who must die and live again. In an ecstasy he bounded upon the pyre; he climbed over the great logs; he caught the stirrup of the god, and hoisted himself on to the shoulders of the seahorse. As he did so a thousand torches were plunged into the straw, and the flames roared up to heaven. But through them he saw one thing with the last flash of sanity and life; it was Dodeh, in her harlot's dress, lying back in the arms of Ramman, laughing and clapping her hands.

THE SPOILS TO THE STRONG! AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

By ALEXISTER CROWLEY.

I have four reasons for objecting to the Campaign of Hate. (1) I mention the first only to earn a sneer. It is this: By hating we damage ourselves. We undo our progress from the savage state toward the brotherhood of man.

Also, we fool ourselves by regarding our brothers as monsters. Consul Litton, in his explorations of the Upper Salvin Valley, found most hearty welcome in every village on his journey north. Yet in every village the elders warned him that he could not go on, because the people of the next village were not, like his informants, quiet, peaceable, civilized folk, but thieves and murderers, with a specialty in poisoned bamboos, pitfalls and spring traps. They were also cannibals. What asses hate and ignorance make of man!

(2) The Campaign of Hate, in the second place, has upset everybody's nerves. To conduct war properly, one must be calm and business-like. "Now could I drink hot blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on" is quite unnecessary in the conferences of a Great General Staff. The man who loses his temper in a fight will probably lose the fight.

(3) The Campaign of Hate, in the third place, involved the Campaign of Lies. We are thoroughly muddled mentally, in consequence. In the same issue of the same paper we learn from General Maurice that Germany is beaten to a standstill; from General Pershing that America is up against a much bigger proposition than any of the Allies, and from others that there is no food in Germany; that England has no more ships; that Cadorna is thundering at the gates of Vienna; that Von Hindenburg is on his way to Petrograd, et cetera ad nauseam, until we have absolutely no idea what is happening, and therefore no idea what ought to be done. In England the lie about the million-odd Russian troops in Flanders stopped recruiting; so did the lie that the Germans were such cowards that they dared not advance except behind a shield of old Belgian women; so did the lie that Liège was holding out. If Germany is starving and on the point of revolution, why should we send troops? Hate, and fear, and falsehood, are the worst heart-tenants in any human necessity, but worst especially in war. The man who faces the facts in cold blood, who kills out all emotion, is the man who gives the best chance to the Will to Conquer.

(4) The fourth reason concerns the future. The Campaign of Hate makes it very difficult for us to come back to Common Sense. President Wilson has emphasized this point again and again in his notes. We are not fighting the German people, or even their rulers; we are attempting to break their Political Will. Von Bernhardi explained long ago that this was the true object of any war. Once we break the enemy's Political Will, peace follows naturally, and we can all be friends again. But how can we be friends with monsters, assassins, Huns? The press, with Hamlet, "must, like a whore, unpack its heart with words, and fall a-cursing like a very drab, a scullion." What contemptible moral weakness! Could not the President have gone one step further, and asked the newspapers to refrain from epilepsy?

But it is only the public who are thus intoxicated

with the hashish of hate. The rulers are busy measuring real advantages. I think the time has come to summarize the situation, and to propose a solution. The weakness of the Pope's note was that its appeal was sentimental.

The real enemies in this war are England and Germany.

America may be eliminated, for she, by her own showing, wants no material advantages.

France can be eliminated by the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine. Let us give her so much, for the sake of a little quiet, and proceed.

Russia has eliminated herself, for her Political Will has been broken by revolution.

Belgium, Servia and Roumania have been eliminated by destruction.

We may then say that the obstacle to peace is single, the conflict of the two unbroken Political Wills of England and Germany.

How may this conflict be composed? Firstly, one of the two may be broken. But the objection to this solution is that whichever won would be at once confronted by a new set of opposing wills. Neither France nor America could tolerate a complete English victory any more than a complete German victory. The defeat of England would throw open the competition for the mastery of the sea; that of Germany would leave England intolerably powerful.

Now, it must be observed that at present England and Germany are both heavy winners. Surely it is sensible for them to have "cold feet" and break up the game! "Peace without victory" sounds awfully silly to a victorious people. From a slave State it is the natural whine, and sounds much better than "Vae Victis." England has lost nothing so far but a few ships and men; on the other hand, she is in possession of four-fifths of the territory of the German Empire!

Germany has lost ships and men, no integral territory; and she is in possession of immense tracts of conquered country.

Why, then, do not England and Germany call it off, shake hands, and go out for a drink? Where is the essence of the conflict? What is it that England cannot endure? There are two vital points: one, the mastery of the seas; two, the control of the route to India. Germany is threatening both these, by (1) the submarine campaign and her naval program; (2) the advance to Asia, the Drang nach Osten. Germany, on the other hand, cannot possibly endure the complete cutting off of her commerce, the grip of the "Ring of Iron." Is it possible to come to terms on these points? I think so. Both parties are absolutely right; for it is life or death in both cases.

I think that Germany's need of expansion can be satisfied, and the iron ring broken once for all, by an agreement on the part of England to allow her the fullest development, by annexation, in Germanized Russia. The change is, in addition, about the only hope for Russia herself. Non-Germanized Russia might be made stronger and smaller under a Cossack Tsar. We have, then, the conception of a Mittel-Europa from the Rhine to the Ural Mountains. In return for this, Germany should withdraw her threat to England's naval supremacy by permitting a reconstituted

and strengthened France, to include Belgium, and possibly by offering Heligoland as a naval base to England. The war has shown the worthlessness of navies for attack upon any mainland; and England is an Island Empire with a right to hold open her channels of communication. Germany would also agree to a limitation of her fleet; in fact, she would no longer need this weapon.

The only possible access to India save by sea is through Afghanistan and Beloochistan. The idea of invasion through the Pamirs is a joke at least fifty times as funny as that of invading Austria through the Trentino. England must, therefore, be allowed to defend herself by expansion towards Persia if necessary. The Turkish Empire must be reconstituted and consolidated on a religious basis, and united under a Caliph. This will act as a big buffer state between India and Mittel-Europa. The Turks, on the other hand, must abandon Palestine to the English, for the weak spot in England's communications would then be the Suez Canal. This, however, would not be so vital, once India became impregnable.

A matter of further benefit would be the federation of the South American republics, and a Latin league of France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. The outlying States, Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and Greece would gradually be forced into one or other of the great combinations by the peaceful pressure of economic forces.

It is true that Germany, under this scheme, would be forced to surrender her South American and African ambitions. But the South American adventures were mainly commercial, and the proposed scheme would rather help than hinder them. As to the German colonies, they were a weakness. Germany has no talent for dealing with alien psychologies, and is not the collapse of the Russian menace and the gain of that huge territory a more than adequate compensation?

We should thus have a simplified and concentrated planet, as a preliminary step towards world federation.

- (1) The Island Empire—Britannia.
- (2) The Latin League (includes N. Africa).
- (3) Mittel-Europa.
- (4) Islam.
- (5) Cossack Russia.
- (6) Mongolia.
- (7) The North American (Anglo-Saxon) Republic.
- (8) The South American (Latin) Republic.

If England and Germany can agree on some such programme, there is nobody who can stop them. (Except, of course, the unconquered and unconquerable U. S. A.)

I heartily commend this plan to the consideration of all parties concerned.

TWO PROSE POEMS

THE SILENT PARTNER.

Since childhood she had been with me, disturbing my peace, mocking at content, filling me with wild restlessness, with strange longings.

I grew up. I knew love. . . . Did I know love? She shook her head derisively. She laughed at his reverential tenderness. She made mock of the sanctuary of our affection. It was then I rose up against her! I thrust her out of my life for ever. And, to be sure she never would return, I chained her with an iron will, deep, deep, into the darkest dungeon of my heart—so deep, so dark, that I never dared to look into it again.

The years passed. I lived a life of quiet, peaceful happiness—wifehood, motherhood—I quite forgot the silent partner who lay fettered and twisted, far from sunlight and life and love. . . . Perhaps she had died?

One magnificent autumn day, ablaze with gold and scarlet and lapislazuli, the fulness of life suddenly thrilled me, overpowered me. . . . Oh! all that had gone before seemed so drab, so poor, so meaningless. I heard a call insistent, throbbing, irresistible. And I followed, intoxicated, delirious—I became queen in a universe of passionate glories.

And then, of a sudden, my silent partner stood before me—wan, tortured, perverted. She had broken her chains. She had arisen terribly. Flame-eyed and insatiable, she drove me from orgy to orgy. And in the fulness of my frenzy—she slew me.

HELEN WOLYESKA

NOCTURNE.

A yellow satin ribbon across the mat ivory of her frail shoulder held up the tattered batiste chemise. Long black silk stockings shimmered on her slender

legs. And her delicate feet, in yellow pomponned slippers, tapped the floor impatiently. She had thrown off her peignoir, let down her red hair, and prepared to go to bed, yet could not find courage to carry out this resolution. To turn out the light—to lie alone in the dark; alone with that horrible feeling of forsakenness and blankness; alone in the awful stillness which only the thumping of her own bleeding heart would interrupt. . . . It was impossible! She smoked cigarette after cigarette. Stretched out on her couch-bed she tried to read. Then made the round of the studio, examined wet canvases without seeing them, picked up open tubes and flung them down again. . . . Horribly useless, this business called life. What does it all matter, when love is gone? And who can hold love? Oh, misery! misery! And still so many years to live. To live alone. Or would he come back? Could he come back? Oh—if only for a little while! Oh, to see him just once more—his dark face, his black eyes, to smell his tobacco breath, to feel the grasp of his strong hand. . . . One o'clock—no—he would not come back. This time all was over for ever—she felt it, she knew it. But perhaps tomorrow? He might regret—repent—he might come for breakfast, like the last time. Oh! jolly, happy, divine breakfast! No, no, never again. His love was dead. She knew it. And would he love some other woman? Would his eyes burn into another's eyes, his kisses crush another's mouth? God—God—this was hell. She could not bear it. She would not. She must make an end—now—immediately.

With feverish hands she felt for a tiny Japanese dagger he once had given her. It must end her agony

Yet—he might come to-morrow!

HELEN WOLYESKA

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THE OUIJA BOARD—A NOTE. By The Master Thoth.

Suppose a perfect stranger came into your office and proceeded to give orders to your staff. Suppose a strange woman walked into your drawing room and insisted on being hostess. You would be troubled by this. Yet, people sit down and offer the use of their brains and hands (which are, after all, more important than offices and drawing rooms) to any stray intelligence that may be wandering about. People use the Ouija Board without taking the slightest precautions.

The establishment of the identity of a spirit by ordinary methods is a very difficult problem, but the majority of people who play at Occultism do not even worry about this. They get something, and it does not seem to matter what! Every insanity, every stupidity, every piece of rubbish, is taken not only at its face value, but at an utterly exaggerated value. The most appallingly bad poetry will pass for Shelley, if only its authentication be that of the planchette! There is, however, a good way of using this instrument to get what you want, and that is to perform the whole operation in a consecrated circle, so that undesirable aliens cannot interfere with it. You should then employ the proper magical invocation in order to get into your circle just the one spirit that you want. It is comparatively easy to do this. A few simple instructions are all that is necessary, and I shall be pleased to give these, free of charge, to any one who cares to apply.

It is not particularly easy to get the spirit of a dead man, because the human soul, being divine, is not amenable to the control of other human souls; and it is further not legitimate or desirable to do it. But what can be done is to pick up the astral remains of the dead man from the Akasha and to build them up into a concrete mind. This operation, again, is not particularly profitable. The only legitimate work in this line is to get into touch with the really high intelligences, such as we call for convenience Gods, Archangels, and the like. These can give real information as to what is most necessary for our progress. And it is written in the Oracles of Zoroaster that unto the Persevering Mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift.

WAR POETRY.

(The Editor insists on having some patriotic war poetry. The following specimen is as good, at least, as any I have yet seen.—A. C.)

Millions of our Sammies, each with khaki and gun.
Are going to teach democracy to the Hun.
It is America, I do surely think.
That will put the Hohenzollerns on the blink.
They are going to France, the country of Lafayette.
And they'll kan the kruel Kaiser, you bet.
The Germans all run away when they see them come,
For they mean to put the enemy on the bum.
ENID PARSONS (Aged 12).

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Sir: Is there no limit to Germany's frightful preparedness? I see the most polluting pacifism in Shakespeare—note, another William, or—mark it well—Wilhelm!

Hamlet: "Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for some frounter?"

Captain: ". . . We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath no profit in it but the name.

To pay five ducats, no, I would not farm it."

Hamlet: "Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is the impostume of much wealth and peace

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies."

I trust that all patriots will instantly burn their Shakespeares—if they possess them, as I only hope they do not; and that they will seize and destroy the Shakespeares of the German spies.

Yours for Pure Literature,

R. OTTER

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The Editor of the "International."

Sir:—

In answer to the question, "Can you tell us anything of the Great White Brotherhood, known as the A. A. A.," Mr. Chas. Lazenby, of the Theosophical Society, made the following remarks after his public lecture on Magic, at the Vancouver Labor Temple, July 31, 1917. E. V.

"The A. A. A. is an Occult order having a definite purpose, and was started by a man of immense power (The Master Therion, Ed.), perhaps the greatest living. The place of this great Being in the Occult Hierarchy is a profound mystery, and he and his mission are causing a great amount of speculation at the present time.

"Judged by any ordinary standard, he is absolutely and entirely evil, he has broken his occult vows and all codes of morality, openly stating that he has done so and will continue to do so. He may have a very great purpose in view.

"No living person perhaps has had such an influence on occult thought, and wrought so much change therein. He has knowingly taken upon himself a tremendous Karma, but what will be the ultimate result it is impossible to judge. To all appearance, as I remarked, he is the personification of evil."

Later, during private conversation, Mr. Lazenby continued:

"He is a very wonderful being; an ordinary man like myself has no possible means of judging what his ultimate motive is.

Looked at from known standards he is evil, but from a distance, in perspective, one may imagine that he is taking this great Karma for some definite end, he may be the Savior of the World.

In any case 100 years from now he will be looked upon as one of the greatest of the World's geniuses.

I should not care to have any part in his work myself. You have this to remember, however, that you are connected with a genuine Occult order.

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not a pseudo-occult one such as Heindel's and others which are worthless."

What has the Master Therion to say about this?

C. S. J.

Mr. Lazenby has so long and so laudably labored upon the production of canned soup that he has neglected that of the wine of Iacchus. But I think he only needs to be shown. It is something to be hailed as a possible Savior of the World by one's avowed and bitter enemies. *Nunc dimittis!* Anyhow, to be called the "Personification of Evil" is not exactly a precise charge. If I wished to attack Mr. Lazenby, I should define my accusation. I should say that, under Alpine conditions, the Lentil Soup Squares dissolve too slowly.

I believe that H. P. Blavatsky was a great adept. I judge her by her highest, "The Voice of the Silence," not by any mistakes that she may have made in other matters. I consider that her work has been treacherously ruined by Mrs. Besant, the street corner atheist, socialist, and advocate of abortion. Of this offense she was actually convicted. Mrs. Besant's whole object seems to have been to prevent disciples from making those bold experiments which open the gates of the higher planes. I do not believe that any man or woman can come to ultimate harm by a passionate will to seek truth. They may go insane. They may be slain. They may be damned. These are only ordeals which do them good. If they can stick it out, they will get through. Mrs. Besant wants to be like conscience, to make cowards of us all. In my first initiation I was told, "Fear is failure. Be thou therefore without fear, for in the heart of the coward virtue abideth not. Thou hast known me: pass thou on." To prevent men from confronting the unknown, to side track them with petty drivel about minor ethics, to deck them out with the stolen regalia of orders of whose secrets they are profoundly ignorant: these are the works of the Brothers of the Left Hand Path; and of these I believe Mrs. Besant to be the greatest now alive.

THERION, 9°=2°A. A. A.

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THE EDITOR BOOSTS THE NEXT NUMBER.

THIS Christmas the readers of the International will receive invaluable literary prizes as gifts. For the December number will contain a collection of articles, stories and poems of such high quality that the editor could justly use the celebrated adjective of Tody Hamilton in describing them. But he will not do that. He will leave that to the readers to do. All that the editor has to say about the contents of the December issue is this:

A story of African magic by Charles Beadle is really better than any of Kipling's African tales. That's going some, but it is true.

A Hans Heinz Ewers yarn—one of his most fantastic and fascinating works. They are discovering Ewers in England now. A play of his recently published in the International is now running in Chicago. You will never forget him after reading the masterpiece in the December number under his name.

"Heart of Holy Russia" is the title of the only article published in America which actually reveals the Russian character as it really is. A masterly analysis of the mystic of the Western world. For the first time the strange dreamer of Europe—the man who revolutionized modern political thought—is depicted as he is, with all the wonderful background of Russia palpitating in the picture.

What shall we say of the fourth Simon Iff story? The tremendous interest aroused by these stories prove how fortunate we were in procuring them. Simon Iff is not a mere mechanical detective solving uninteresting problems. He is the scientific peer, penetrating the mind and heart of human beings with an unerring grasp of what is going on in these vital organs. The complicated actions of men and women—in crime and in ordinary life—are comprehended by this great genius with such startling clarity and pity that the dullest is held spellbound by the achievements. The December Iff tale reaches an intensity of action and interest impossible to exaggerate. Read, and though you may run, you will remain enchanted.

There are of course a great many other fine contributions, too numerous to mention

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here. Suffice to say we stake our literary reputation upon the belief that you will like them. Remember the December issue and make it wholly the magazine for you and yours.

HUMANITY FIRST

It may be that one day the gold plate with its diamond inscriptions may be stripped by some vandals—Macaulay's New Zealander or another—from my sarcophagus. It may be that centuries later still the learned archaeologists of some nation yet unguessed, excavating the ruins of Westminster Abbey, may find those bones and send them to anatomists for examination.

The report of these anatomists may be something in these terms: "These are the bones of a mammal, a primate, homo sapiens. The skull is not prognathous; this person was probably a Caucasian."

In such a judgment I acquiesce with pleasure. It would be limitation to be described as "this German," or "this Japanese." Man is man, and in him burns the mystic flame of Godhead. It is a blasphemy to discriminate further, to antithesize the Russian against the Turk, in any matter more serious than national belief, custom, or costume.

All advanced thinkers, all men who realize the divine plan, desire and intend the solidarity of humanity; and the patriot in the narrow and infuriated sense of that word is a traitor to the true interests of man. It may be necessary, now and then, to defend one's own section of mankind from aggression; but even this should always be done with the mental reservation: "May this war be the nurse of a more solid peace; may this argument lead to a better understanding; may this division lead to a higher union."

"A man's worst enemies are those of his own household," and the worst foes of any nation are its petty patriots. "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

The deliberate antagonizing of nations is the foulest of crimes. It is the Press of the warring nations that, by inflaming the passions of the ignorant, has set Europe by the ears. Had all men been educated and travelled, they would not have listened to those harpy-shrieks. Now the mischief is done, and it is for us to repair it as best we may. This must be our motto, "Humanity first."

All persons who generalize about nations: "Germans are all murderers"—"Frenchmen are all adulterers"—"Englishmen are all snobs"—"Russians are all drunkards"—and so on, must be silenced. All persons who cling to petty interests and revenges must be silenced. We must refuse to listen to any man who does not realize that civilization itself is at stake, that even now Europe may be so weakened that it may fall a prey to the forces of atavism, that war may be followed by bankruptcy, revolution, and famine, and that even within our own lifetime the Tower of the Ages may be fallen into unrecognizable ruins.

We must refuse to listen to any man who has not resolutely put away from him all limited interests, all national passion, who cannot look upon wounded humanity with the broad, clear gaze, passionless and yet compassionate, of the surgeon, or who is not single-minded in his determination to save the life at whatever cost of mutilation to any particular limb.

We must listen most to the German who understands that England is a great and progressive and enlightened nation, whose welfare is necessary to the health of Europe; and to the Frenchman who sees in Germany his own best friend, the model of science, organization, and foresight, which alone can build up the fallen temple anew. We must listen to the Englishman who is willing to acquiesce in the Freedom of the Seas; and to the Russian who acknowledges that it is time to put a term to the tyranny of arms and the menace of intrigue.

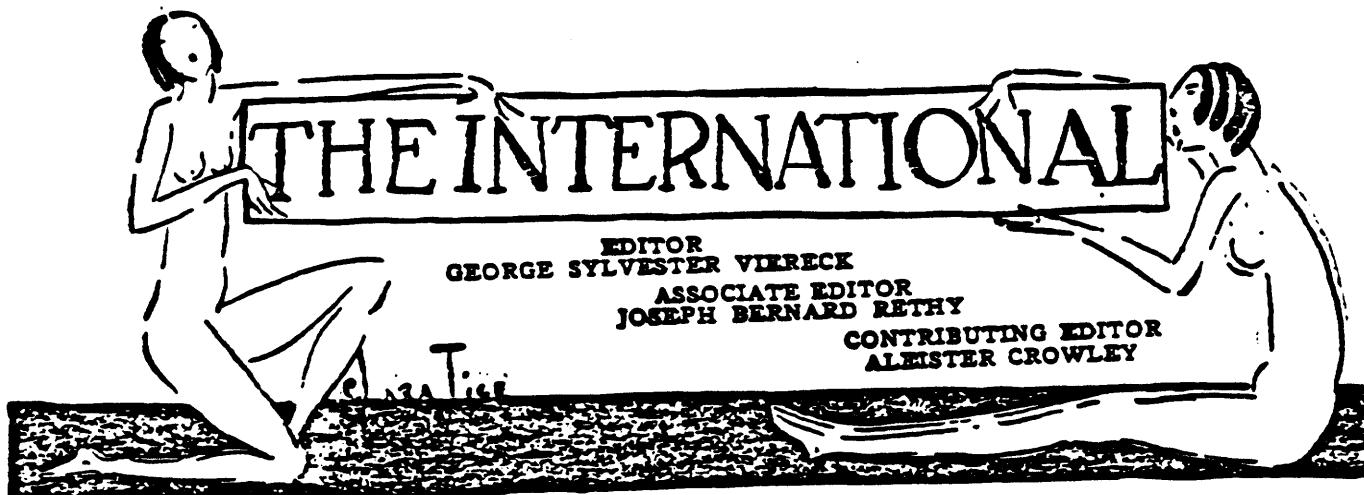
The yelping Press of every country, always keen to gather pennies from the passions of the unthinking and unknowing multitude, will call every such man a traitor.

So be it. Let the lower interest be betrayed to the higher, the particular benefit of any given country to the Commonwealth of the whole world. Let us no more consider men, but man. Let us remember who came from heaven and was made flesh among the Jews, not to lead his own people to victory, not to accept that partial dominion of the earth, but to bring light and truth to all mankind.

Had the Saviour of Humanity deigned to accept the patriotic mission of driving out the Romans, he would have united his nation, but man would not have been redeemed. Therefore, his people called him traitor, and betrayed him to their own oppressors.

Let those who are willing, as He was, to accept the opprobrium, and, if need be, the Cross, come forward; let them bear the Oriflamme of the Sun for their banner, for that the Sun shineth alike upon all the nations of the earth; and let them ever flash in the forefront of their battle this one redeeming thought: "Humanity First."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

No. 3—Outside the Bank's Routine

"He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a bus;
He looked again, and saw it was
A hippopotamus."

I.

It was a sunny Saturday in April at Prince's Golf Club at Mitcham, and Macpherson, London manager of the Midlothian and Ayrshire Bank, had the honor at the seventeenth tee. Unfortunately, he was one down. His opponent had been playing wonderful golf; and the Scotsman thought his best chance was to scare him with an extra long drive. It came off brilliantly; the ball flew low, far, and true, up the fairway. Normally, he calculated to outdrive his opponent twenty yards; but this time it looked as if it might be fifty. The other stepped to the tee. "No!" he said to the caddy, "I'll just take a cleek." Macpherson looked round. This was sheer insanity. What in Colonel Bogey's name possessed the man? Was he trying to lose the game?

The cleek shot lay fully eighty yards behind the drive. They walked after their balls, Macpherson still wondering what was in the wind. His opponent might still have reached the green with a brassie for his second, though it would have been a wonderful shot. Instead, he took a mashie and played a long way short. "What ails the man?" thought Macpherson. "He's fair daft." He came up with his ball. Should he take an iron or a spoon? "Never up, never in!" he decided at last, still wondering at his opponent's actions, and took the spoon. "I must spare it," he thought. And so well did he spare it that he topped it badly! Thoroughly rattled, he took his iron for the third. The ball went clear over the green into a most obnoxious clump of whins. The other man chipped his third to the green, and Macpherson gave up the hole and

the match; also a half-crown ball, which hurt him.

By the time they had played the bye, he had recovered his temper. "Man!" he said, "but you're a wunner. An auld man like ye—an' ye keep your caird under your years. A'm thinking." "Yes," said his opponent, "I'm round in eighty-one." "It's juist a meeracle! Tell me noo, for why did ye tak' your cleek to the seventeenth?"

"That's a long story, Mr. Macpherson."

"Ye'll tell me o'er a sup o' the bairley bree."

They sat down on the porch of the club, and began to talk. "When we stood on that tee," said the old man, "I didn't watch your ball; I watched your mind. I saw you were set on breaking my heart with your drive; so I just let you have it your own way, and took a cleek. As we walked, I still watched your thinking; I saw that you were not attending to your own play, how to make sure of a four, but to mine, which didn't concern you at all. When it came to your second, your thoughts were all over the place; you were in doubt about your club, took the wrong one, doubted again about how to play the shot—then you fluffed it. But I had won the hole before we ever left the tee."

"I see."

"If you want to win your matches, play as if it were a medal round. You have all the keenness; and the disasters don't hurt you, which gives confidence. But of course, if you can read a man's psychology, there are even surer ways of winning. Only be sure not to let your opponent get the psychology on you, as happened this afternoon."

"Ye're a gran' thinker, sir. I didn't quite get your name; I wish ye'd dine wi' me the nicht."

"Iff," said the old man. "Simon Iff."

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"Not much If," muttered Macpherson, "about your wurrk on the green!"

"But I'm afraid I'm busy to-night. Are you free Monday? Come and dine with me at the Hemlock Club. Seven thirty. Don't dress!"

Macpherson was enchanted. The Hemlock Club! He had a vision of Paradise. It was the most exclusive club in London. Only one scandal marred its fame: early in the eighteenth century, a struggling painter of portraits, who had been rejected by the Academy, was blackballed by mistake for an Archbishop of York, whom nobody wanted. They made it up to the painter, but there was no getting rid of the Archbishop. So the committee of the club had dismissed all its servants, and filled their places with drunken parsons who had gone to the bad: in a month the Archbishop withdrew with what dignity remained to him. They had then hung his portrait in the least respected room in the club. To consolidate their position, and arm themselves against counter-attack, they passed a rule that no man should be eligible for membership unless he had done something "notorious and heretical," and it had been amusing and instructive to watch bishops attacking cardinal points of their faith, judges delivering sarcastic comments on the law, artists upsetting all the conventions of the period, physicists criticising the doctrine of the conservation of energy, all to put themselves right with the famous Rule Forty-Nine. Most of these people had no real originality, of course, but at least it forced them to appear to defy convention: and this exercised a salutary influence on the general tone of Society.

On the walls were portraits and caricatures of most of the club worthies, with their heresies inscribed. Wellington was there, with his "Publish and be damned to you!" So was a great judge with that great speech on the divorce law which begins, "In this country there is not one law for the rich, and another for the poor," and goes on to tell the applicant, a working tailor, that to secure a divorce he need only arrange to have a private act of Parliament passed on his behalf. Geikie was there with "I don't believe that God has written a lie upon the rocks"; Shelley with "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to Heaven with Paley and Malthus"; Byron with "Besides, they always smell of bread and butter." Sir Richard Burton, with a stanza from the Kassidah: "There is no God, no man made God: a bigger, stronger, crueler man: Black phantom of our baby-fears, ere thought, the life of Life, began." Swinburne was there too, with "Come down and redeem us from virtue;" and a host of others. There was even a memorial room in which candles were kept constantly burning. It commemorated the heretics whom the club had failed to annex. There was William Blake, with "Everything that lives is holy;" there was James Thomson, with "If you would not this poor life fulfil, then you are free to end it when you will, without the fear of waking after death;" there was Keats, with "Beauty is Truth. Truth. Beauty;" John Davidson, with a passage from the Ballad of a true-born poet:

"We are the scum

Of matter: fill the bowl!

And scathe to him and death to him

Who dreams he has a soul!"

Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Beddoes, Crackenthorp, were all represented. They had

even Victor Neuburg, with "Sex is one; go now, be free."

There was in this room a votive tablet with the names of those who had been invited to join the club, and refused; notably Whistler, below whose portrait of himself was his letter of refusal, which he had sent with it; "I could not possibly consent to meet people of my own kind; my friends tell me it is very painful."

King Edward VII, also, was in this group, with the letter from his secretary: "His Majesty commands me to inform you that greatly as he appreciates the good wishes and loyalty of the president and members of the Hemlock Club, he cannot possibly take an oath declaring himself a Republican, or a Jacobite, as he understands is necessary to comply with Rule Forty-nine."

There were many other curious rules in the Club; for example, a fine of a guinea for failing to eat mustard with mutton; another of Five Pounds for quoting Shakespeare within the precincts of the Club. The wearing of a white rose or a plaid necktie was punishable with expulsion; this dated from the period when it was heretical to be a Jacobite but dangerous to display it.

Many other customs of the Club were similarly memorial; the Head Porter was always dressed in moleskin, in honor of the mole whose hill tripped the horse of William The Third; members whose Christian names happened to be George had to pay double the usual subscription, in memory of the Club's long hatred of the Four Georges; and at the annual banquet a bowl of hemlock was passed round in the great hall, decorated for the occasion as a funeral chamber; for it was always claimed that Socrates was the real founder of the Club. There was a solemn pretence, every year, of a search for the "missing archives of the Club." On November the Fifth there was a feast in honor of Guy Fawkes; and on the eleventh of the same month the Lord Mayor of London of the year was burnt in effigy.

Such is the club to which Macpherson suddenly found himself invited. He felt that now he could marry; he would have something to boast of to his grandchildren!

II

But, as things chanced, Macpherson nearly missed the dinner after all. He would have called off anything else in the world. But he couldn't give up that! However, it was a very sorry Scotsman who appeared at the door of the Club. In keeping with the general eccentricity of the place, the entrance to the Club was mean and small, almost squelid; a narrow oaken door, studded with iron. And no sooner had he reached the great open space within than the Head Porter called him aside, saying in a whisper, "Excuse me, Sir, but the Hanoverian spies are everywhere. Allow me to relieve you of your necktie!" For Macpherson had worn the Tartan of his clan all day. He was accommodated with a selection of the latest neckwear. This trifling matter subdued him most effectively: he felt himself transported to a new strange world. It did him good; for to the very steps of the Club he had been obsessed by the calamity of the day.

Simon Iff received him with affability and dignity, offered him a cigarette, and proceeded to show him the Club. Macpherson was intensely awed; he was in a kind of private edition de luxe of Westminster

Abbey. He resolved to put on all his panoply of Scottish culture. At the memorial chamber he exclaimed aloud: "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!" He was enchanted with the Whistler portrait. "A true Scot, Mr. Iff!" he said. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again!"

"True, very true!" replied Iff, a trifle hastily. Before Aubrey Beardsley the Scot grew more melancholy than ever. "For he was likely, had he been put on, to have proved most royally," he cried. They came to the portrait of Keats, a Sevren from Sir Charles Dilke's collection. "I weep for Adonais—he is dead," said the banker. "Thank Heaven!" murmured Iff to himself, hoping that all would now be well. But his luck was out: he brought the next blow upon himself. "Some have doubted the autograph of Thomson here," he said. Macpherson was determined to shine. "Never fear!" he said, "that's the man's fist. Do we not know the sweet Roman hand?" And he added: "I am but mad nor' nor' west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." Iff groaned in spirit. He was glad when the memorial chamber was done. They came to the gallery of club members. Here the banker unmasked his batteries completely. Before Shelley he said that he, "like the base Indian, cast away a pearl richer than all his tribe;" he recognized Pope with eagerness as "a fellow of infinite jest;" he said to Byron. "The sly slow years shall not determinate the dateless limit of thy dear exile;" he apostrophized Swinburne. "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rime." of Burton he sighed. "A great traveler; mebbe the greatest, save Davie Livingstone, that we ever had: and now he's gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Before Bishop Berkeley, he said; "That was the fellow who thought he could hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus or wallow naked in December snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat." He dismissed Wellington with an airy gesture. "Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," he said; but, feeling the remark rather severe, hedged with the remark that he frowned "as once he did when an angry parle he smote the sledged Polacks on the ice." Simple Simon decided to take his guest to dinner without further delay, to induce him to feed heartily, and to enter himself, upon a quick-firing monologue.

"I am in a light, French, effervescent mood tonight: I will drink champagne," he said, as they took a seat at the table where, as it was darkly whispered, Junius had composed his celebrated letters. "We have a wonderful Pommery." "I'm with you," replied the banker, "though, for my part, I need it to relieve my mind. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black, nor windy suspiration of forced breath: no, nor the fruitful river in the eye, nor the dejected haviour of the visage together with all forms, moods, shows of grief, that can denote me truly. These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play: but I have that within which passeth show: these but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Some of the men at the next table—that at which Clifford, Arundel, Lauderdale, Arlington, and Buckingham had formed their famous Cabal—began to laugh. Simon Iff frowned them down sternly, and pointed to the Arabic Inscription on the wall—it

had been given to Richard I by Saladin—which reads in translation, "He that receiveth a guest, entertaineth God."

"I am sorry you should be troubled on this particular night," he said to the Scotsman; "it is the pride of the members of this club to make their guests happy; and if it be anything within the power of any one of us to amend, be sure that we shall do our best. But perhaps your misfortune is one in which human aid is useless."

"I will not bother you with my troubles, Mr. Iff." returned the banker; "on the surface, it's a purely business matter, though a very serious one. Yet the onus is of a personal nature. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child!"

"Well, if you like to tell me about it after dinner—"

"I think it would interest you, and it will comfort me to confide in you. I do not wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at; but on the other hand, why should I sit like Patience on a monument smiling at grief? But till dinner is done, away with sorrow: we will talk in maiden meditation, fancy-free, and tell black-hearted fear it lies, in spite of thunder."

"Then let me tell you something of the history of this club!" cried Simon desperately, and he began to rattle off a combination of legend and fancy, mingled so happily with fact, and touched so elegantly with illustration, that Macpherson quite forgot his culture, and became the plain Scottish man of business, or rather the ambitious boy again as he was thirty years before, when he had first set foot on the ladder that was to lead him to one of the highest positions in the financial world.

When the waiter presented the bill, Iff marked a 19 in front of a printed item at its foot; the waiter filled in £95, and made the addition. Iff scribbled his name. The figure caught the trained eye of the banker. "Excuse me!" he cried; "it's the rudest thing possible, but I would like to see that bit o' paper. I'm just that curious, where there's money." Iff could not refuse; he passed the bill across the table.

"Nineteen Shakespeares!" exclaimed the Scot. Ninety-five pounds sterling! what'll that mean, whateffer?"

"Well, I didn't mean to tell you. Mr. Macpherson: it's not very charming of me, but you oblige me. There is a fine of five pounds for every Shakespeare quotation made in this club—and of course, as your host, I'm responsible. Besides, it was well worth the money. The men at the next table have not had such a lovely time for years. Simple Simon, as they call me, won't hear the last of it for a while!" But the Scot was stunned. He could only keep on repeating in a dazed way, "Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds! Ninety-five pounds!"

"Don't think of it, I beg of you!" cried Iff. "I see that it distresses you. I am a rich man, and an old one; I shall never miss it. Besides, the fine goes to a most worthy object; the Society for Destroying Parliamentary Institutions."

"I never heard of it."

"Indeed! it is very powerful. I assure you. It carried through Payment of Members; it has greatly enlarged the Franchise, and is now working to have it extended to women."

"I thought ye said Destroying Parliament."

"Just so. These measures are directed towards reducing the whole thing to a farce. Already the power of Parliament is a thing of the past; authority is concentrated in the cabinet—nay, in a Camarilla

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within the cabinet, and even this Camarilla is very much in the hands of permanent officials whose names the public never hears."

"D'y'e ken, I can hardly believe my ain ears."

"When the public demands a law which those in authority don't like, they either block it in the Commons, or throw it out in the Lords, or get the Judges to interpret it so as to mean nothing at all, or the opposite of what it was intended to mean."

"Losh!"

"You're a banker. Would you submit your bank to popular management, interference by people who don't know the first principles of the business?"

"It wad be the shutters up in just one se'nnight!"

"Nor will we intrust our country to people who know neither law, nor history, nor geography, nor commerce—except in their own petty trade—nor foreign affairs, not so much as whether our interests lie with those of our neighbors or clash with them; nor any other of the arts necessary to government."

"Weel, weel, but these are strange sayings. But I doot ye're richt."

"Let us have our coffee in the lounge, and you shall tell me all about your troubles. I feel I've bored you with all my talk about the club."

They walked into the lounge and took a seat in the low window which overlooks St. James Park. "See the palace!" said Simon Iff. "The Foreign Sec-
retary is with the King to-night. His Majesty was anxious about the Ultimatum to Russia."

"Russia! She's our ally!"

"Last night war was thought a certainty. This morning a way out was found. How would it do to let that cat out of the bag, with the press howling for blood? The price of Democracy is eternal Hypocrisy!"

Macpherson was by this time completely overwhelmed. He felt himself among the Powers. He thought of Paul caught up into the seventh heaven, and hearing things not lawful for men to speak.

"Now, then, your little private grief," said Simon, when the waiter had brought the coffee, a box of Upmanns, and two great Venetian glasses, milky with threads of gold, in which was the special club brandy from the cellars of Frederick the Great of Prussia. "It's a serious situation, Mr. Iff," began the banker, who, once on familiar ground, grew confident, lucid, and precise.

III.

"My bank, as you know, is situated at the corner of London Wall and Copthall Avenue. The chief officials are three; myself, Fraser, who came with me from Edinburgh, has worked with me for 14 years, and Fisher, who has been with me for two years only. Both men are steady in every way. Fisher, for example, though a young man, has already managed to purchase the house in which he lives at Tooting Bec; a charming though compact detached residence with a garden, which he spends most of his leisure in tending. He won a prize in the "Daily Mail" Sweet Pea competition, and his roses are wonderful. An extremely promising young man."

"Next week is Easter. At this time there is a very great demand in Paris for English Bank-notes: this year we are sending no less than twelve thousand pounds in tens and fives. On Friday, this sum arrived from the Bank of England; it was checked, made into a special parcel ready for transmission to-day, and stored in the safe."

"I had noticed some unusual commotion in Fraser

during the whole of this past month; on Friday I asked him its cause. He replied that he was in love, having recently met Miss Clavering, a customer of the bank, by the way, with an average monthly balance of some five to seven hundred pounds. I wished him good luck. He was to take her to the Earl's Court Exhibition that night, he said.

"So much for Friday. On Saturday I reached the bank at a quarter before nine, as is my custom. I saw Fraser disappear into the bank as I approached it. He did not go to his desk, but was waiting for me to enter. He had his hand to the side of his head. The face was decidedly swollen, and the eyes injected. 'Mr. Macpherson,' he said, 'I had to come down; I've not missed a day since we came to London; but I'm in agony of neuralgia; I've not slept all night.' He jerked the words out with evident difficulty. 'Go right home!' I said, 'or why not run down to Brighton for the week-end, and let the sea wind blow the poison out of your system?' 'I will that,' he said, and was gone. Fisher, by the way, had entered the bank and heard this conversation, or all but a few words.

"On Saturday the bank closes at one o'clock; but several of the clerks stay behind to finish the week's work. I myself leave at noon, or a few minutes earlier, in order to attend a short conference in connection with our American business. The banks concerned each send a representative. I had intended to go to a matinee last Saturday, but the brightness of the day tempted me to Mitcham, where I had the pleasure of meeting you.

"Now let me tell you what occurred after I had left the bank. A few minutes only had elapsed when Fraser appeared. 'I'm going to Brighton on the one o'clock train,' he told Fisher, who was, of course, surprised to see him: 'but I'm worried to death. I've got it into my mind that the Paris parcel was not put into the safe.' Together they went and opened it; they could not have done it separately, as Fisher had the key, and Fraser the combination. The parcel was duly found. Fraser took it up, looked at it, noted the seals, and replaced it. 'That's all right,' he said with relief: 'see you Monday.' 'So long,' said Fisher, and Fraser went out.

"Now, sir, the story becomes bizarre and uncanny in the extreme. We'll suppose that the Paris package has been tampered with, as turned out to be the case. Then you'll imagine at least that we'd hear nothing of it until Monday; perhaps not until the packet reached the bank in Paris. Instead, the plot goes off bang! Bang! like the scenario of a moving picture.

"I return from golf to my rooms in Half Moon street. I find Fisher waiting for me. Fraser had wired him from Brighton to be at my place at once, and wait. The message was so urgent that he could not disregard it. There is a telegram for me on my hall table. From Fraser. 'Absolutely certain Paris parcel has been stolen. Formally request you make sure.' Nothing for it but to go down to the Bank. Sure enough the package is a dummy. We warn the police, public and private. By Sunday morning evidence is tumbling in like an avalanche.

"Fraser was seen at one o'clock at Euston. He bought a return ticket to Edinburgh, and paid for it with one of the stolen notes. He was in no hurry, and bothered the clerk a good deal trying to get some kind of holiday ticket that the railway didn't issue. He talked of his old mother in Edinburgh; hadn't seen her for two years. The clerk recognized his photo-

graph at once; remembered him specially, because he had given him his change a shilling short, and, discovering the error immediately, sent a porter to find him; but he could not be seen. This in itself struck the clerk as curious.

"He was recognized in the luncheon room of the Old Ship Hotel at Brighton, at a time so near that of the Euston incident that he must have jumped into a high-power car after buying the ticket, and broken the speed laws every yard of the way to Brighton. He is known in the hotel; besides, Murray, of the City and Shire Bank, saw him and spoke to him. Fraser said, "I'm going back to London. I'm sure there's something wrong at the Bank. I dreamed it three nights running."

"At dawn on Sunday Fraser's body, horribly mangied, was found at the foot of some cliffs near Ilfracombe—another long drive. His letters and papers were found on the body, and about eighty pounds of the stolen money.

"I had this news about 11:30. Ten minutes later the telephone rang. It was Fraser's voice, without any question. 'I'm worried about the Paris package,' he said. 'I hope you don't think me quite mad. Do tell me you went to the bank, and found all well.' I was so amazed that I could not speak for a moment. Then I saw that the question was one of identity, first of all. I asked him a question which it was most unlikely that anyone else could answer; who was paying teller at the bank when he first joined it, and where did he live? There was no answer. Ten minutes later the bell rang again. 'They cut us off,' he said, and then gave the reply correctly.

"By this time I began to believe myself insane. 'Where are you?' I cried. 'I want to see you at once.' Again the telephone went dead. Two hours later the front door bell rang. It was Fisher. 'Has he come?' he cried. Fisher said that Fraser had driven to his house in a big touring car very early that morning, and called him out by honking. 'I can't stop,' he had said. 'I'm on the track of the stolen money. Meet me at Macpherson's at two.'

"I forgot to tell you that inquiry at Fraser's rooms showed that he had left about 6 on Friday, saying that he would be out until late. He had not returned, so far as the landlady knew; but he had a latchkey. However, his bed had not been slept in.

"I waited with Fisher until three o'clock. There was no Fraser, and no further word of him. I had telephoned the police to trace the calls I had received, and obtained the reply that no record had been kept. The operator fancied that it was some exchange in South-West London; but enquiries at those exchanges produced no result.

"About one o'clock on Monday morning two cyclist policemen, returning from the patrol of the Ewing road, heard an explosion in front of them. Turning a corner, they came upon a powerful car, its lights out, its identification marks erased. In this car was the body of Fraser, the bowels torn out by a shot from a heavy revolver, one of the Bank revolvers. In the pockets were a signed photograph of Miss Clavering, a watch, a handkerchief, six hundred pounds of the stolen money, and some loose gold and other coins. I saw the body this morning; it was undoubtedly that of Fraser. But the doctors said he had been dead since Sunday afternoon!"

"This was at eight o'clock: I went to the Bank at nine; among my mail was a telegram from Fraser.

'Everything all right now. Consider the incident closed.' The police brought me the original, which had been handed in by Fraser himself, apparently, at a near-by office in Cornhill; it was in his own handwriting.

"There's the case so far. Man, it defies the imagination!"

"No, no!" replied Iff briskly, "it defies the conventions of the routine of banking business."

IV.

Macpherson opened his eyes in amazement. He did not in the least comprehend the point of view.

"Let me try to make this matter clear to you."

"Clear!"

"Like all mundane matters, its complexity is illusion. Let us begin at the beginning. The soul of man is free and radiant, like the sun; his mind light or dark as he happens to be illuminated by that soul. We call this night; but it is only that we are in the shadow of the earth itself; the sun is shining gloriously, I make no doubt, in China."

"I don't see how this bears on the robbery and murders, Mr. Iff."

"Exactly. Which is why you are only Mr. Macpherson of the Midlothian and Ayrshire, instead of Lord Macpherson, pulling the financial strings of the whole world. Observe; you know all about banking; good. But you make the mistake of not seeing that banking is only one of the smallest fragments of knowledge needed by a banker. Your acquaintance with Shakespeare is a good sign—yet I feel sure that it has never occurred to you to put that bit of your brain to work on the rest of it. The cleverest banker I know is passionately devoted to the Russian Ballet; Nijinsky pirouettes before him; he translates Nijinsky's legs into the movements of the gold supply, and out comes a scheme to shake the world."

The Scot shook his head. "I ken the mon ye mean; but it's juist an accident."

"There are no accidents in this world. There are only ignorances of the causes of certain events."

"Oh ay! that's true. Davie Hume said that."

"I see you're a scholar, Mr. Macpherson. Now do let us try to use these qualities to explain the problems which at present beset you.—To begin: You are puzzled by the complexity of the case. To me, on the other hand, the fact simplifies it at once. I perceive that the entire drama has been staged by a highly-colored and imaginative mind."

"Fraser's mind was as prosaic as his own ledgers."

"Precisely. Fraser is clearly an entirely passive agent in the whole business. Note, please, how Mr. Some One Not Fraser has obsessed you with the name Fraser. Even when Fraser's body is found dead, you somehow feel that he is responsible. In other words, Mr. Some One has shouted Fraser at you till your ears are dinned."

"Now let us look at the facts in detail. Practically everything you have told me is an Appearance of Fraser, like a ghost story."

"Either he is there or he writes or telephones. He's the busiest man in England all this week-end. He has two of his own corpses to play with, and his wire this morning leads you to hope that he is still alive."

"I loved that lad like my own son."

"Yes, yes; but you must forget that for a moment; or rather, you must detach yourself from it, and regard it merely as one of the facts in the case."

"Now let us recapitulate the Appearances of Fraser. Check me as I go, please."

"One. At the bank at nine on Saturday. Anything suspicious?"

"Well, yes, now you say so. I can imagine a personation, aided by the neuralgia. But I had no suspicion at the time. And if it were not Fraser, why did he come?"

"To prepare the minds of the others for his visit number two."

"But they were surprised to see him."

"Just what he wanted, perhaps. Yet I'm not sure. He may have done it merely because that it was unlikely that he should do it. The man's prime intention was to confuse and bewilder your mind."

"He did that!"

"Number Two. Sure that was the real Fraser?"

"No; but Fisher didn't doubt it."

"Fisher's mind was prepared by your recognition of him earlier in the day. Or—wait a minute. That may be merely what clever Mr. Some One wants us to think. Wait a moment."

There was a long pause.

"If that were so," continued Simon Iff, "it would look as if Mr. Some One were trying to make things easier for Fisher. Has Fisher acted naturally throughout?"

"Perfectly. He's an exemplary man for a subordinate position."

"Yet he grows roses. That's a suspicious trait. Rose gardening is a devilish pursuit!"

"Ye're joking, man."

"Oh, a Scotsman can see a joke when there isn't one there! However, to go on to Number Three. Vision of Fraser at Euston. Now that was certainly not Fraser."

"Why not?"

"He didn't count his change. You tell me he's the most accurate man you ever had."

"Never made an error or so much as an erasure in ten years."

"You see! If that man were walking in his sleep he'd still get his figures right. It's part of his being."

"I think you're right."

Note too that he does everything, not too unusual, to get the clerk to remember him. In fact, we might think that he took the short change on purpose to attract notice. It would strike Fraser to do such a thing. So he may have been Fraser after all.

"Number Four. Brighton. Again the identification is very doubtful."

"Number Five. Ilfracombe. Here the corpse is certainly not Fraser's; yet all pains are taken to make us think that it is his."

"But that's so silly, when he is going to bob up again a few hours later."

"All done to keep you happy during the weekend!"

"Number Six. The first telephone call."

"That was his voice. He spoke as if in pain, as on the Saturday."

"Still doubtful, then. Number Seven. The second telephone call."

"It's most improbable that anyone else could have got the information. He could have no idea that I would ask."

"But he might have got it from Fraser in the intervals between the calls."

"And why should Fraser give it, if he's not in the game?"

"Ah!"

"But I'm dead sure of his voice. On the Saturday I might have doubted; I was not paying attention. But this time I was concentrating my whole mind on the question of identity. And, ye ken, identity's a question of constant and primary importance to a banker."

"I agree with you. Number Eight. Fraser at Tooting. Here we have only Fisher's identification, which we suspected once before, though there's no reason to do so in either case. Yet we note that Fraser makes an appointment which he does not keep; nor does he refer to it in his telephone call. Number Nine. Fraser's corpse again, this time the real thing. No doubt possible?"

"None. The face was quite uninjured. I knew every freckle by heart."

"And no disguise possible, of course. It would have been easy to blow away the head; so Mr. Some One Clever wanted you to find him. Yet the doctors say the man had been dead twelve hours?"

"Nearly that; an hour more or less."

"I wonder if Mr. Clever thought that might have been overlooked. You see, I'm sure it wasn't suicide, though it was made to look like it. I'm sure this last scene—for I shall dismiss Number Ten, this morning's telegram, as an obvious fake; the wire was written out long beforehand—this last scene was most carefully stage-managed. And what is the significant article, the one thing to attract our attention? The picture of Miss Clavering!"

"I can't see the bearing of that, on any theory."

"Luckily, I've got no theory, so far. Let's boil down these facts. The only visions you are sure of are not visions at all. You heard Fraser on Sunday morning: but so far as you can be absolutely certain, he has not been seen alive since Friday night."

"That's so, by heaven!"

"Did he ever meet Miss Clavering that night?"

"No; she had made the appointment with him, as it chanced, in the bank itself, where she called on Friday morning to draw a hundred pounds. She looked ill, and I remarked on it. She replied that she had drawn the money for the very purpose of resting over Easter at Ostend. But she did not go. That afternoon, shopping in Bond street, she slipped on a banana skin, and twisted her ankle. A doctor took her to her house in John street. Her servants had been given a holiday from Saturday to correspond with her own, and she allowed them to go as if nothing had happened; a nurse is with her, and prepares her food. The doctor calls twice daily. Of course she was the first person whom we questioned. It is extraordinary that Fraser should not have called there that evening."

"Perhaps he was prevented. No; no one has seen him, to be positive, since the dramatic features began, later than Friday evening, or perhaps possibly after he left the bank."

"That's so; and there's nae doot o' it."

"But he was seen after leaving the bank on Friday: a man answering to his description hired the big touring car in which his body was found this morning, at an hour very shortly after he left me. Otherwise he has not been seen, as you say."

"Yet infinite pains have been taken to show you the man, dead or alive, here, there, and everywhere."

"But some of those are unreasonable. This morning, for instance, and the corpse at Ilfracombe."

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"Yes, my poor pragmatic friend, that is the point. You would have analyzed purely rational appearances; these were beyond you. The strange atmosphere of the case bewildered your brain. It's probably the same at Scotland Yard.

"Observe how you were played on throughout. Why alarm you so early and so elaborately? Criminals always prefer the maximum time to make their get away. This thing was planned from long before—and probably, if you had refused to be frightened about the money, the whole scheme would have miscarried. Note that Mr. Clever does not begin to alarm you until after Vision Number Two, when doubtless he changed the package for the dummy. Stop! what was the size of the package?"

"Pretty bulky; about a cubic foot."

"Then I'm an ass. Oh dear! now I must begin to think all over again."

"If he changed it before Fisher's eyes, Fisher must be in the plot. Yet that would compromise him hopelessly. Besides, that must have been Fraser, now that I come to think of it. He had the combination."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, as I see it. I've been rash and foolish, but I see the whole thing now, I think. Others besides Fisher would have noticed if Fraser had carried a parcel, or a bag, in or out?"

"Yes: I asked that. He had nothing in his hands; and his light overcoat was buttoned tight to his very slim figure, so he couldn't have concealed it."

"Thank you. Everything is perfectly clear now. But I don't want to tell you; I want to prove it to your eyes. Let me call at your apartment at 9:30 to-morrow morning, and we will settle this business together. Can you keep the morning free?"

"Oh yes! Fisher can do all that is necessary at the bank."

V.

The next morning Simon Iff was punctual to his appointment. "Our first business," he told Macpherson, "is one of simple good feeling and good manners. Miss Clavering must be in a terrible state of mind. We will call and tell her that Fraser has been cleared, and console with her upon his loss. Would you telephone and ask for an appointment?"

Macpherson did so. The answer came that Miss Clavering was still asleep; on her waking, the message would be given. Where should she, the nurse, telephone?

Macpherson gave his number. About twenty minutes later the nurse called him. "Could you be here at ten minutes before eleven?" she said. Macpherson agreed. "Splendid!" cried Iff, when he hung up the receiver; "of course, I wish she could have made it twelve minutes instead of ten. We may be a little late at the bank." The Scot looked at him to see if his mind were not sick; but his whole face was so radiant, his eyes so alight with mischievous intelligence, that the banker could not fail to divine some signal triumph. But he was none the less amazed. What information could the man have gleaned from the mere time of a quite commonplace appointment?

Simon Iff was exceedingly punctilious in pushing the bell at Miss Clavering's to the minute. They were admitted at once. The girl, a tall, slim, languid beauty, Spanish in type, with a skin of extreme pallor, was lying on a couch. She was dressed very simply in black; her mind seemed exhausted by the grief and pain through which she was passing.

The nurse and doctor, kneeling at the foot of the couch, were in the act of dressing the injured ankle. It was probably adorable in normal times, but now it was swollen and discolored. The first consideration of Macpherson and his friend was to express sympathy. "Is it a bad sprain?" they asked the doctor. "I have a feeling that one of the small bones is displaced; I have asked Sir Bray Clinton to step in; he should be here in a few minutes." "Perfect, perfect!" murmured Iff; "if the case goes ill, it will be from no lack of care."

"Everybody is charming to me," lisped Miss Clavering faintly.

Macpherson then proceeded, as arranged, to exonerate Fraser from guilt; though he said that he had no idea of the real culprit, and it was the most bewildering case he had ever heard of.

"We know the principal party concerned, though," chirped Iff. "He is a Chinaman, we are sure of that, though we don't know his name; and there's not the least chance of arresting him. In fact, one can hardly say that he is guilty."

Macpherson turned open-mouthed upon the mystic. "A Chinaman!" he gasped.

"Well, now you mention it, I don't really know whether he was a Chinaman after all!"

Macpherson thought it best to hint that his companion was a little fanciful. At that moment the bell rang. "That will be Clinton!" said the doctor. "I'm so charmed with your calling," sighed the girl, in evident dismissal, "and I'm so relieved that at least Mr. Fraser died an innocent man." She covered her face with her hands for a moment; then, mastering herself, extended them to her visitors, who leaned over them, and departed with the nurse. On the doorstep stood Sir Bray Clinton, to whom both Iff and Macpherson extended hearty greeting.

"Now," said Iff, as they turned down the street, "that pleasant duty off our minds, to the bank, and prepare for sterner work!"

VI.

"It is a cold morning," said Simon Iff, taking a chair in the managerial room, "at least, to so old a man as I. May I have a fire, while we are waiting? And would you please be so good as to ignore me for a while; I will tell you when all is ready."

Macpherson grew more bewildered every moment, for the day was very warm; but the authority of the Hemlock Club still weighed upon his soul. He was a snob of snobs, like all Scotsmen who barter their birthright of poverty and independence for England's sloth and luxury; and he would almost have jumped out of the window at a request from any member of the aristocracy. And the Hemlock Club thought no more of snubbing an Emperor than a child of plucking a daisy.

Half an hour elapsed; Macpherson busied himself in the bank. At the end of that time Iff came out, and brought him back. "I should like," he said, "to have a few words with Mr. Fisher."

Macpherson complied. "Shut the door, Mr. Fisher, if you please," said the magician, "we old men fear the cold terribly. Take a seat: take a seat. Now I only want to ask you one small point connected with this case; it is one that puzzles me considerably." "I'm entirely baffled myself," returned Fisher; "but of course I'll tell you anything I know."

"There are really two points: one you may know; the other you must know. We will take them in that order. First, how did the doctor come to miss his ap-

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pointment on the Ewing Road? Second, how long—”

Fisher had gripped the arms of his chair. His face was deathly.

“How long,” pursued the mystic, inexorably, “is it since you fell in love with Clara Clavering?” Macpherson had bounded to his feet. He compressed his Scottish mouth with all his Scottish will. Simon Iff went on imperturbably. “I think perhaps you do not realize how critical was that failure of the doctor to materialize. Knowing the moment of Fraser’s murder, everything becomes clear.”

“I suppose this is what you call the third degree!” sneered Fisher. “I’m not to be bluffed.”

“So you won’t talk, my friend? I think you will when we apply this white-hot poker here to your bare abdomen.”

Fisher faltered. “That was terrible!” It was the cry of a damned soul. “Was terrible, you’ll note, Mr. Macpherson, cried Simon Iff,” not will be. Come, Mr. Fisher, you see I know the whole story.”

“Then you had better tell it.”

“I will. You’ll remember, Macpherson, I told you that I saw in this whole plot the workings of a creative mind of high color and phantasy; possibly on the border of madness. So I began to look for such a mind. I did not need to look for clues: once I found the right kind of mind, the rest would fit. I began to suspect Mr. Fisher here on account of his rose-growing activities; but I soon saw that he had too many alibis. Fraser, with a mind like a Babbage calculating machine, was out of the question from the start, although he had just fallen in love—which sometimes works some pretty fine miracles in a man!

“The only other person in the circle was Miss Clavering herself, and I made an opportunity to see her. I saw, too, that she was not very much in the circle: she appeared accidentally and quite naturally. I thought that such an apparent comet might be the Sun of the system of deception.

“I was delighted when I was given an exact time, not a round hour or half hour, for the interview; it suggested an intricacy.

“I arrive at the house: I see a perfect stage picture; an undeniable swollen ankle, which is also an undeniable alibi; and, in case any one did doubt the ankle, there was a witness above all suspicion, Sir Bray Clinton, on his way to see it. Could I doubt that Miss Clavering was awake when Macpherson first telephoned, and used the interval to make a date with Clinton and the doctor? Only we must not be there for the interview: Clinton would ask when the accident happened. It would not do to tell him “Friday,” when the other doctor had deliberately dislocated the foot, as I was sure, on Monday, after Vision Number Ten of poor Fraser.

“But how does it happen that Fraser writes and telephones just as Miss Clavering dictates? Here we touch the darkest moment of the drama. He was evidently a puppet throughout. It is clear to me that Miss Clavering, disguised as Fraser, hired the big racing car: that she met him on Friday night, chloroformed him, took him to the house of Fisher here, and kept him in durance.

“On the Saturday she and Fisher play their appointed roles. Vision Number Two is devised to make it appear that Saturday noon is the moment of the robbery, when in reality the parcels had been exchanged long before.”

“I never packed the notes,” said Fisher. “I put

them away in my bag and took them home with me on Friday night.”

“Good boy! now we’re being sensible. Well, to continue with Saturday. Miss Clavering has a corpse in her car—and this made me suspect a medical accomplice—goes through her tricks, and returns to Fisher’s house. They then proceed to put pressure on Fraser. He resists. Miss Clavering resorts to the white-hot poker. How do I know? Because care was taken to destroy the abdomen. Under this torture Fraser wrote the telegram which was later handed in by Clara; then he was set to telephone to you. Macpherson, with the implement of torture ready in case he should make a mistake. Yet he kicked; they had to ring off, and have a second orgy of devilment before he would give the answer you required. It was useless for him to give a false answer; his best chance of help (as they probably showed him) was to convince you that it was he.

“Directly this is over, Fraser is murdered. It would really have been safer to wait till the last moment—”

“Of course it would. You don’t know all, though you must be the devil to know what you do. But Fraser had aortic regurgitation; he died while still speaking to you. We had meant him to say a great deal more. That was where our plan broke down.”

“Still, it was a good plan,” returned Simon Iff cordially. “And the rest is simple. The car is left on a lonely road, with Fraser in it, an evident suicide. And the doctor was to drive past: he was in waiting, after firing the shot into Fraser’s abdomen, for the lights of the patrol or whoever should come up: and he was to certify that the shot had caused death. Why should anyone suspect anything else? Perhaps the doctor would offer to take it away in his car, and lose time in various ways, until the hour of death was no longer certain. Now, Fisher, why didn’t he do as arranged?”

“Clara was full of morphia up to the neck. She did it all, plan and execution, on morphine and hysteria. Oh, you don’t know her! But she broke down at that moment. She was in the car with Leslie: she had a fit of tearing off her clothes and screaming, and he had to struggle with her for an hour. When she came to, it was too late and too dangerous to do anything. When I heard it, an hour later, I knew the game was up. I knew that Fate was hunting us, even as we had thought we were hunting Fate! The two accidents—Fraser’s death and her insanity—were the ruin of all! God help me!”

“So she took morphia!” cried Macpherson. “Then was that what you meant about the Chinaman?”

“Good, Macpherson! You’re beginning to bring your Shakespeare into the bank!”

“But you—how did you know about it?”

“I was ten years in China. I’ve smoked opium as hard as anybody. I recognized the drama from the first as a mixture of opium-visions and sex-hysteria.”

“But I still don’t see why they should play this mad and dangerous game, when it would have been so simple just to steal the money and get away.”

“Well, first, there was the love of the thing. Secondly, it was exceedingly shrewd. The important point was to cover the one uncoverable thing, the theft of the money. Left alone, your business routine would have worked with its usual efficiency. You would have traced the Paris package minute by

minute. Instead of that, you never gave it one thought. You were out on a wild goose chase after Fraser. She took you out of the world you know into the world she knows, where you are a mere baby. I could follow her mad mind, because I have smoked opium. You might try that, too, by the way, Macpherson, if the Russian Ballet doesn't appeal to you!

"And now, Mr. Fisher, I wish you to answer my second question. I have reasons for inclining to acquit you, in part; for giving you a chance. The man I mean to hang is Dr. Leslie. He is one of a common type, the ambitious money-loving Scotsman, clever and handsome, who comes to London to make his way. They become women's doctors; they seduce their patients; they make them drug-friends; they perform abortions; and to the extortionate charges for their crimes they add a tenfold profit by blackmail. These men are the curse of London."

"It's true; I think he ruined Clara with morphine. I feel sure she was a good girl once."

"Tell us of your relations with her."

"I met her a year ago. Her fascination conquered me at once. Oh, you don't know her! She could do anything with us all! She could tantalize and she could gratify, beyond all dreams. She was a liar to the core; but so wonderful, that even at the moment when reason declared her every word to be a lie, the heart and soul believed, as a nun clings to a crucifix! I was her slave. She tortured and enraptured me by day and night. At this moment I would kill myself to please her whim. She has delighted to make me do degrading and horrible things; she has paid me for a week of agony with a kiss or a smile; she—"

The boy gasped, almost fainted. "Are there such women?" asked Macpherson. "I thought it was a fairy-tale."

"I have known three, intimately," returned Simon Iff: "Edith Harcourt, Jeanne Hayes, Jane Forster. What the boy says is true. I may say that indulgence in drink or drugs tends to create such monsters out of the noblest women. Of the three I have mentioned, the two latter were congenitally bad: Edith Harcourt was one of the finest women that ever lived, but her mother had taught her to drink when yet a child, and in a moment of stress drink when yet a child, and in a moment of stress the hidden enemy broke from ambush and destroyed her soul. Her personality was wholly transformed; yes, sir, on the whole. I believe in possession by the devil. All three women ruined the men, or some of them, with whom they were associated. Jeanne Hayes ruined the life of her husband and tore the soul out of her lover before she killed herself; Jane Forster drove a worthy lawyer to melancholy madness. Of their lesser victims, mere broken hearts and so on, there is no count. Edith Harcourt made her husband's life a hell for three years, and after

her divorce broke loose altogether, and destroyed many others with envenomed caresses."

"You knew her intimately, you say?"

"She was my wife."

Macpherson remained silent. Fisher was sitting with his head clasped in his hands, his body broken up with sobs.

"Now, Macpherson, we are going to compound felony. I'm glad there was no murder, after all. I want you to let me take Fisher away with me; I'm going to put him with a society of which I am president, which specializes in such cases, without cant or cruelty. Its aim is merely to put a man in the conditions most favorable to his proper development. This was a fine lad until he met the woman who destroyed him, and I know that such women have a more than human power.

"It will be your business to put Miss Clavering in an asylum, if you can catch her, which I sorely doubt. But I think that if you go warily, you may catch Leslie."

It turned out as he had said. Clara had scented mischief, with her morphine-sharpened intellect and her hysterics intuition. She had persuaded Sir Bray Clinton to send her down to a hospital of his own in the country—and on the way she had seized the soul of the chauffeur. They disappeared together, and there was no word of her for many a day. But Leslie had suspected nothing in the visit, or had laughed it off, or had decided to bluff it out; he was arrested, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Fisher justified the good opinion of Simon Iff; but his spirit was broken by his fatal love, and he will never do more than serve the society that saved him, with a dog's devotion.

Macpherson followed the old mystic's advice; he is to-day the most daring, although the soundest, financier in London. Two nights ago he dined with the magician at the Hemlock Club. "I've brought Shakespeare into the Bank," he said, laughingly, to Simple Simon. "But I'll keep him out of the Club, this time!"

"Oh well!" said Simon. "to spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men condemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. It's well worth Five Pounds!"

"But," objected Macpherson, "that's not Shakespeare; that's Bacon!"

Simon Iff did not permit himself so much as the antepenumbra of a smile. "William Shakespeare wrote the works of Francis Bacon; that is one of the Official Beliefs of the Hemlock Club."

"For the Lord's sake!" cried the Banker. "I'll never live up to this Club. Man, it's a marvel!"

"Well," answered the magician, sipping his wine. "You might try a course of William Blake."

SEKHET.

By Adam d'As.

Shall it be claws or paws to-day,
Jehane, your lover-lion play?
Sweetness of torment bring completeness
To love, or torment sharpen sweetness?

Breast against bosom, shall I feel Will you express your spirit-stress
The lure of velvet or of steel? By laughter or by holiness?
Will it be fire or water ties I care not—either serves our play—
From the wild opal of your eyes? If it be claws or paws to-day.



(Concluded from the last issue.)

Another important attainment is that of traveling in the "astral body." This, too, I practiced hard. I was able in time to make my presence known to a person at a distance, by a sort of instinct. Soon I got it so that I could be both seen and heard. I have not yet been able to impress inanimate objects, for I gave up this class of work as not essential to the Great Work. For instance, when I was in Honolulu I had a long talk with a girl in Hong Kong. I described the town, and her house and room, with accuracy, in great detail. She, too, saw me and wrote down my remarks correctly. But I failed to knock a vase off the mantel, as I wished.

The point is this. To "get into the astral body" really means to allow the consciousness to rest in a vehicle of fine matter, and, detaching that from the gross body, to move about. But this has its drawbacks. One is no longer at all on the material plane, but on the astral plane, and one must not expect to see material things. This is the blunder made by "physical clairvoyants" and the cause of their constant errors. No; for physical clairvoyance, or for action at a distance, somewhere on the astral one must pick up ready material as a basis for a sort of "incarnation." Thus the girl I speak of had burnt incense specially to give me a body visible and tangible and audible. But incense is not strong enough to make a body mechanically solid. It becomes sensible to the eye and ear of a living person, as a cloud is, but not strong enough to resist pressure.

However, by offering blood one can construct a body good enough for, say, courtship and marriage. I have done this often enough; it is not at all difficult when the conditions are right. It is dangerous, though; if anything happened to the blood when you were using it, there would be a nasty mess, and if the blood be not carefully destroyed after you have finished with it, it may be seized by some vampirish elemental or demon. I think no one below the grade of Magister Templi should use blood, unless he be also an initiate of the IX° of O. T. O.

Such have been only a few of very varied activities. I may remark that the methods so far employed are not altogether satisfactory. There is too much accident, for one thing. Quite recently, a disciple of mine, painting that great square of letters which synthesizes the elemental forces of water, had a tank burst and flood his house. On another occasion, at headquarters, teaching astral traveling

through the Tablet of Fire, we had five fires in three days, while the disciple who was being taught went home the third night, and found his house burning, a fire having started in the coal cellar. A "natural" fire can't start in a coal cellar, especially, as in this case in winter.

For another thing, these methods are very tedious. A proper evocation of a spirit to visible appearance means weeks of preparatory work. Again, they do not always succeed as fully as one would like. In short, I felt the need of further initiation, and the communication of a method as safe and sane and easy as railway traveling.

I will not here detail the steps by which this came to me; enough to say that the A. . . A. . ., the mightiest organization on the planet, chose me eleven years ago to do a certain work, and rewarded me in no niggard spirit. Then, nearly six years ago, the Frater Superior of the O. T. O. came to me, and appointed me Grand Master of the Order in all English-speaking countries of the Earth, and Special Delegate to America. With this He conferred the secret of high Magick which I wanted. Easy to operate as a bicycle, and sure of results as a bottle of brandy, it only needed a little intelligent study and practice to supplant all the old methods, which became, as it were, adjutants of the real thing.

It is upon this that I am still at work, for I have not yet completely mastered it. There are two parts to every magical operation. The ancient Alchemists expressed this in their formula "Solve et Coagula." First, one must subtilize matter so as to be able to mould it, and then fix it again in gross matter so as to retain the desired form.

The first part of this is swiftly and surely accomplished by the method of which I write; the second part is not equally easy. The result is that one obtains always an earnest of the desired goal, a shadow of the reward, so to speak. But this does not always materialize. For example, one performs an operation "to have \$20,000." A few days later a prospect of obtaining that exact sum suddenly arises, then fades slowly away. Exactly what to do in such a case is a problem of which I have not yet found the perfect answer. Fortunately, it rarely happens that this trouble supervenes. In five out of six times the desired event comes naturally to pass without further disturbance. But I confess that I should like to make that sixth time safe, and I believe that in another few months I shall have done so. Already matters

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have improved seventy per cent. since I first was initiated in the Great Secret.

It is no great wonder, then, that Magick has revived. When I began the work of the A. . . A. . . I had over a hundred pupils in less than six months. The system of the A. . . A. . . is singular in many respects; in none more than in this, that it is really secret. No man except the Head and His Chancellor, and His Praemonstrator, knows more than two members: that one who initiated him, and the one that comes to him for initiation. In this way the work has spread through the world with no fuss or trouble. Only now and again is any open work visible—when Isis lifts her skirt enough to show her stocking!

For instance, one hears of public ceremonies on A. . . A. . . lines in South Africa, in West Africa, in Vancouver, in Sydney, in Paris and London and (maybe) New York. These appear sporadic; their simultaneity is really the mark of what is passing in the mind of the Masters of the A. . . A. . .

The success of the O. T. O. is even more striking to the uninitiate, because its results are more apparent.

Part of the policy of this order is to buy real estate everywhere, to build and furnish temples, lodges, and retreats. Hardly a month passes but I hear of some new branch already financially sound, with its own headquarters, some beautiful property in the country, a fine house, large grounds, all that is needed both for initiations, and for the practice of that life, and of those works, which bring forth fruit from the seed of those initiations. And every week brings me news manifold of what is being done. There is hardly a country in the world which has not dozens of members hard at work at magick, and for the most part making progress at a rate which almost makes me jealous, although for my generation I made advance which was a miracle of rapidity and excited the envy of all the duffers. But the work done by my Masters and (I think I may truly say) by myself also has simplified the work incredibly for all. In the Equinox, 777, Konx Om Pax and a few secret documents, the whole mystery has been explained; and, for the first time in the history of Magick, a standard Encyclopedia has been published. It is no longer necessary to study fifty strange tongues and wade through ten thousand obscure and ambiguous volumes. With three months' study and a year's practice any man of moderate intelligence and sufficient will-power is armed, once and for all, for the battle. Only in the O. T. O. is some knowledge kept back, and that because the great secret is so easy to learn and so simple to operate that it would be madness to entrust it to any person untested by years of fidelity.

These, then, are the principal causes of the Revival of Magick. It is not possible to publish the figures, nor would it be desirable. But I can assure the public that one has only to enter the magick path to find on all sides and in the most unexpected quarters, men and women whose whole life is secretly devoted to the attainment of the Royal and Sacredotal Art.

Already Magick is once more a World-Power; the print of the Giant's Thumb is already the amazement of the incredulous; and within five years it will be clear enough to all men who brought about the World war and why.

We shall see science triumphant, philosophy revolutionized, art renewed, commercialism checkmated; and astride of the horse of the Sun we shall see the

Lord come as a conqueror into His Kingdom.
The Revival of Magick is the Mother of the New Aeon.

And who is the Father?

"Ho! for his chariot wheels that flame afar,
"His hawk's eye flashing through the Silver Star!
"Upon the heights his standard shall plant,
"Free, equal, passionate, pagan, dominant,
"Mystic, indomitable, self-controlled,
"The red Rose glowing on the Cross of Gold!"

Do you wish to find Him?

Herein is wisdom; let him that hath understanding count the number of The Beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and three score and six.

FLOWERS

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

Rose of the dawn as saffron wan, lighting a gaunt grey sea,

Or a red, red rose by the garden wall at the foot of a red rose tree,

But or ever I wake or sleep at last, the rose of her breasts for me.

Poppies that blaze in a blaze of gold, fair and more fair than fair,

Yellow as ever the dull brocade that the Lords and Ladies wear,

But never a gold shall time unfold like the gold of a woman's hair.

Brown, wine-brown is the wall-flower's plume that near to the fountain lies,

Brown as the sheen that jewels the wings of the hovering dragon-flies.

But pale by the glow of autumn fire which lurks in a woman's eyes.

Lilies? I see them white and still, caught fast in the ripple-strands,

Enmeshed in the web of a loitering stream a-dream by the river sands.

Beautiful! Yes! I grant you that, but the lilies of my Love's hands!

HYMN

(From Baudelaire)

Most dear, most fair, Hilarion.

That fillst mine heart with light and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,

All hail in immortality!

She permeates my life like air
Intoxicated with its brine,

And to my thirsty soul doth bear
Deep draughts of the eternal wine.

Exhaustless censer that makes sly
The air of some dim-lit recess,

Censer that smoulders secretly
To fill the night with wantonness,

Love incorruptible, my works
Are void: thy truth is over art.

Musk-grain invisible that lurks
In mine eternity's inmost heart!

Most pure, most fair, Hilarion.

That fillst my life with health and glee,
Angel, immortal eidolon,

All hail in immortality!

THE HEARTH

By MARK WELLS.

(In these days when the principle of kingship has become debateable through the notoriety of such wretched examples as the spineless Romanoff, the assassin Karageorgevitch, and the brainless Coburg, this story is of peculiar interest and importance. We do not want a hereditary monarchy with the dangers of in-breeding; or an elected monarchy, with the certainty that the worst man will win; or a temporary monarchy such as a republic affords, with its discontinuity of policy. We want the strongest and best man to rule; we want a man

whom we can trust, as opposed to one whom the trusts can. Why not, therefore, return to the original, the efficient principle of selection? Keep the good part of the hereditary plan by allowing the royalty to pass through the daughter of the king, and secure the new blood and the merit by vesting its power in her consort, the man who can win her by strength and by intelligence. Provide, further, against the decay of the royal faculties by an annual test of physical, mental, and moral fitness.—Contr. Ed. Int.)

I

Reverently the King approached the flame that flickered in the centre of the hut. It was a small round hut, built of wood, reeds, and straw; but it was called the King's House, although the King actually dwelt in a more pretentious building a few yards away. It was in a very particular sense his house, however; for in it was his power enshrined, and the life of his people. For the King was King of the Sylvii, that dwelt in the mighty forests of oak that clothed the Alban Hills, far yet from the Maremma and the Tiber and the rise of Rome. The oak was the sacred tree of the tribe, their badge, their totem, and their god.

The sky was but the roof of the oak, and the thunder but its voice monitor or oracular.

More, to these people the King was actually the oak, and the god of the oak; and the life of the King was the life of the people. It was the office of the King to sustain the works of nature; and in particular he must provide men with fire. Thus the hearth of blazing oak-boughs was itself bound intimately with the life of the King, and had the fire become inadvertently extinguished, disaster must assuredly ensue. Hence the King's own daughters were vowed wholly to the maintenance of the sacred flame; and no thought of man might pollute that diamond devotion.

Yet since all nature renews itself every year to restore its vigor, so must it be for the king and for the fire. Every midsummer the King must prove himself to be of unimpaired force, and every spring the fire must be ceremonially extinguished and rekindled by the King himself, assisted by his eldest daughter.

It was this latter rite at which he was now president. Having approached the flame, he placed his hands upon it, and with firm dignity crushed it out of existence. In vain his daughter blew upon the ash; no spark was left.

Assured upon this point, she went to the sacred storehouse which contained the ancestral urns, and the magic weapons of the forefathers of King Sylvius. From this place she took a flat board of soft wood, in which were a number of charred holes. This she laid upon the floor of the hut, and squatted behind it, holding it firmly with both hands and feet. The King knelt down in front of the board, and, producing a new-cut oaken stick, sharpened at one end, placed the point against the board and began to twirl it rapidly. Soon evidences of heat became manifest; the girl placed tinder around the point of contact; smoke arose; she caught it in her hands, and blew the spark into a flame.

Immediately she rose from the ground, and placed the burning tinder in a nest of young dry twigs of oak over which she had placed larger and larger branches; in a few minutes the flame shot in a rose-

gold pyramid into the air. Meanwhile the King had opened the door of the hut, crying jubilantly:

"The child is born!" These words were taken up a great shout by the whole people of the Sylvii, who were waiting in awe and adoration without. One by one the women came forward, each with her bough of oak; each entered the hut, kindled her bough from the great fire, and went out to bear it reverently back to her own extinguished hearth.

At last all was finished. The King was once more alone with his daughter. "Julia!" The girl stood with her hands folded meekly on her breast, awaiting with bowed head the paternal admonition. "O first of the wardens of the sacred flame! O daughter of the son of the fire of the oak! O thou that keeping vigil upon the holy hearth art visited by the words of Truth! Declare to me the omens!"

Julia raised her head. "O king!" she cried. "O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak! O mighty to slay and to save, hear the word of the fire of the Oak!" So far was ritual; she spoke with regular intonation; now she became troubled, and it was with hesitating tongue that she declared the omens. "The flame was fierce," she went on, "the tinder burned my hands. The dry twigs would not kindle; then they lit suddenly and with violence, flying in the air like startled birds.

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"But oh! I did not dare to tell him that which I do know. I could not speak the words—how the flame leapt out at me like a serpent and caught me between the breasts. He loves me too much; how will it be when I am ashamed before all men and must die? Oh terror of the darkness, as I lie in that cavern of the worm beneath the earth—awaiting death. O me!"

It is a characteristic folly of clairvoyants to keep back part of their visions from the magicians who alone can interpret them successfully.

Julia was entirely at fault in this matter of the omen: she was not an initiate, and she relied on old wives' tales. Such faults carry their own doom, and the means of it: for, being sure that something could go wrong, she had no more confidence that anything would go right: and one cannot hole a six-inch putt without confidence.

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II.

Julia was the eldest daughter of the King, and the throne went with her hand, according to the custom of the people.

A plague of smallpox had ravaged the oak-groves ten years earlier when she had seen eight summers, and left her sole survivor of the royal family, except Claudia, a child of three years old. All her other sisters were therefore much younger than she; her brothers had gone afield to seek their fortune in strange places. The plague had not left her wholly scathless: she bore a few small pocks on her forehead and cheek. But these tended rather to increase the fascination of her beauty. She was lithe and long, but robust and well developed for her years. Her head was small and well-poised upon a pillar throat, the face oval, the eyes large and very lustrous, the nose long and straight, the mouth beautifully curved, with a long upper lip which shone with faint down. But her greatest beauty lay perhaps in her hair, which was extraordinarily fair, the very lightest shade imaginable of brown, with a certain ashen tinge which made it almost transparent to the sunlight. The length of it, and its abundance, were the wonder of the people, who saw therein a good omen of the vigor of the royal house.

In the time of the plague, and the harsh years of building up the community again from it, that followed, she and her father had drawn very close together. He had come to rely on her almost exclusively, for there was no one else so near that he could trust. On her side, too, the whole warmth of her nature went out to him. She was of fierce temper, but slow smouldering; of purpose inscrutable and indomitable. Often her stubbornness had strengthened the hands of the king, her father, when he hesitated; she had pushed him through doubt and through disaster to success.

Her occupation as Vestal had left her utterly innocent; she knew what god she worshipped, and she knew that she was the bride of the fire, and would one day bear children to it; but she had formulated no connection in her mind between these facts and those of human nature. She was the daughter of God; the people were as far beneath her as the stones under her feet. That she should sink to their level by any acceptance of their limitations was to her mind unthinkable; hence the passionate horror aroused in her soul by her misinterpretation of the omen of the flame.

The impression which had been made soon faded: three weeks later the festivities of spring drove everything else from her mind. The quaint figure of the Green Man, with his wreaths of oak and his fantastic mask, his weird and intense dances, and the ceremony of drenching him with water, made a mark on her mind which it had never done before. So deep was it that for three nights successively she dreamed of the dances, and on each night she heard voices from the sacred storehouse where the fire-drills represented the ancestors of the royal house: it seemed that they were talking together. She caught the tone of excitement, but could make nothing of the words: for of course they were speaking in the secret language of the gods, which only her father, of all the Sylvii, knew.

Then for a week or two things seemed to slip into the old routine. But now came something new and quite beyond nature into her; she became for the first time conscious of herself. Instead of seeing the

King's House about her, she saw herself moving in the house. It was not merely the fire on which she threw the boughs; she saw herself throwing boughs on to the fire. External things became subordinate. With that, she discovered that she was restless; time, which had hitherto meant nothing to her, instead of flowing unperceived, became insistent. Unable to forget herself, she began to analyze herself. She noticed that she was always pacing to and fro, and wondered why. Her body became an obsession.

Soon she acquired the habit of lying down before the fire, and gazing into it. Here, with her head resting upon her hands, she would remain for hours, motionless save for one leg, which she would swing on toe and knee from side to side, now fast, now slow. The whole of her being would concentrate in the muscles of that leg; she would be conscious of nothing else, and she would analyze the sensation in it, which would become extraordinarily acute and voluptuous. She delighted in feeling the different rhythms of its movement. She would halt them deliberately, torturing herself with exquisite anticipation of the moment when she would begin again. It is hard to record such subtleties of thought. Somewhat thus, perhaps, they danced. "Fast and slow—tense and slack. How hard can I push down? How hard can I pull up? Side to side—to and fro. Circular movements. All concentration in the foot: toe by toe extension and contraction. Which toes can I move separately? Could I balance my leg by its own weight without supporting it by stiffening a muscle?—most exquisite, subtle and voluptuous problem! Tap—tap—tap; that is my heel upon the floor of that hut; I understand. Now Tap tap—tap—tap—tap tap—another rhythm, another world of music and beauty. Now slow, now fast; every rhythm has infinite capacities of modulation. I am alive in a live world of infinite ecstasies—abyss after abyss opening at each timid step. Eternity cannot exhaust the variations of delight that can play on this one muscle! What a world to live in! Ah! Ah! Ah!" After a while this would become too overpowering; the possibilities of pleasure would appal her by their multiplicity; and she would rub her thumb and forefinger slowly together with every kind of motion, watching intently, and so drinking in the wonder and splendor of life through sight as well as touch.

One very curious thing she noticed. Now and again the moving muscles seemed to take up an independent personality, to wish to assert themselves as individual wills, and to impose themselves upon the rest of the body by causing it to join in their movement. She would nearly always resist this, though sometimes the thumb and forefinger would set the muscles of the arm and shoulder twitching, and sometimes the leg would communicate its swing to the whole body. But for some reason, or rather in accordance with some instinct, she resented the domination of the other will. But the pressure constantly increased upon her: and one day she gave way completely. She never knew what happened: her memory told her nothing; but when she came to herself, she found that she had slept for hours: her clothes were bathed in sweat, and the dust of the floor was wetted here and there by drops of it. From the footprints, too, she divined that she must have been dancing; evidently until exhaustion, and sleep, supervened.

Of this she told her father. "Julia!" said he. "there is nothing to fear. The ancestors themselves

have taught you the Sacred Dance of the Vestals." From that time she resisted no more; she allowed delirium to take its course. Such crises gave her the most exquisite relief; the perfect physical fatigue was an enchantment. Gradually, too, she mastered the possession, and knew what she was doing. But as she gained this, she lost the effect; she failed to reach the summits of enthusiasm, and the fatigue, instead of being pleasure, was partial, a dull ache, in which she was too tired to dance, not tired enough to sleep. But one thing grew upon her, the fascination of the fire. The play of its heat upon her face tortured and delighted her. Sometimes she would loosen her robe and thrust her breast over the glowing oak, rejoicing as it scorched her. Sometimes she would play with the flame with her hands, passing them through and through it. She imagined them as fish leaping in the water. But nowhere was satisfaction to be found. She became moody and wretched, toying fatally instead of willfully with the fire, obtaining no pleasure, yet unable to stop. One day she took a brand from the flame, and began to dance the marriage dance with it; was she not the Bride of the Fire? Round and round the hut she leapt and whirled, thrashing herself savagely with the burning bough, until in ecstasy of pain and excitement she flung back the brand into the flame, and fell prone upon the ashes about the fire in a swoon of utter collapse.

When she awoke to life she found that she was badly burned. But the ancestors had communed with her in her trance; from that moment she was a changed creature. She reverted to her old quiet ways; she lost the self consciousness that had disturbed her; and she occupied herself with patient toil. It was a curious task that she had set herself; she took long strands of her hair, and wove them, wove them, day and night, into a fine network, a glimmering veil scarcely visible for glamor, a pallor of ash like the harvest-moon, but strong with deft inlacement so that she might have bound inextricably a young bull in its elastic tether.

The autumn fell upon the hills; no untoward incident had marred the life of the tribe; at the midsummer ceremony of the Flight of the King her father had conquered easily, running lightly from his palace to the hill-top where stood the twin oaks solitary and proud that marked the turning-point of the race, passed between them, and taken refuge on the hearth of Vesta, the flaming bough waving triumphantly in his hand before the first of the suitors for the kingdom had reached even the top of the little ridge that was the last landmark in the race. His start, which amounted to nigh a fourth of the course, was ample, save in serious debility or accident.

He who was first of all the disappointed crowd was a stranger from a very far country. He was like a young leopard, ruddy bronze, with gleaming eye and flashing teeth, long-armed, with black hair curled upon his brows. When he saw that the king was safe, instead of following and joining in the banquet which was always ready in the palace to refresh the contestants of the race, and to celebrate the renewed life and vigor of the King, he waved his sword, gave a great shout, and, swerving from the course, ran wildly through the village, and was lost to sight.

Julia asked her father who he was, and why he acted thus, not in accordance with the custom. "His name is Abrasax, and his surname Ithvs, which means The Straight One, and he is of an island called Chi in the great sea which he says reaches to the bounds of the world. He is full of strange tales. I do not know why he has gone."

Perhaps Julia herself knew; for on the day before her eyes had fallen upon him as he passed, and seen in his gaze that it was she, more than the kingdom, that he desired. Perhaps he had gone because he would not come to her unless triumphant. And she flashed with scorn and anger that he should treat her as a woman. And that night she knew. For when all was still, an arrow with blunt point was shot up to the King's House, and in its notch was fastened a thin piece of bark on which was written one word—"YET."

So summer passed and fell into autumn; Julia had finished her veil, twelve yards in length, a foot in breadth, and bound it round about her brows for a crown, a tapering cone of beauty towering from her forehead.

The days drew in; Julia fell into utter listlessness and lassitude. She could hardly force herself to tend the sacred fire. She sat hour by hour brooding over it; it had lost its power to kindle her; she let a brand fall on her wrist, and it only woke the flesh to pain, dull and stupid, a dark ball of melancholy and of the shadow of death. She became brutalized; only, like a dog, she sought her father constantly, taking refuge with him from her ill-ease; to feel his arms about her seemed protection from—she knew not what.

Yet in all the monotony of her misery there was a single point at which all concentrated: the memory of a leap and a shout, a bronze leopard body, fierce eyes, black curls, a long sword glittering to heaven, and an arrow shot into the holy house of Vesta. And so acute became that pang that in her heart was born a deadly hatred. He had insulted her by his proud glance; he meant all that was dangerous, all that was evil, in her life; she personified the malice of all damned ghosts and sorcerers, the menace of her people, in him.

This hate so grew upon her that it turned to sickness; blue lines came under her eyes; her skin was loose upon her; her limbs were heavy; she could not eat; she spent her days squatting before the fire, now and then lifting a great bough with weary arms to let it drop dully on the embers. She never cared to make it blaze up brightly: so long as a live spark lay in the ash, she was fulfilling all she need. Even in the bitter nights of winter, when the wind howled through the rude walls of the hut, and snow came through the opening in the roof to hiss upon the fire, she preferred to sit and shiver in her robe, rather than to heap the boughs. At last all this formulated itself in a single conscious will. Abrasax would return at midsummer, she was sure; well, let him come. She knew how he must pass from the palace to the hut appointed for his bestowal at night after the banquet: she would waylay him and kill him. So now she took a dagger and passed her days sharpening it on a stone, testing it on the boughs of oak; her whole soul black with bitter lust of murder.

And then came the day of the Rekindling of the Fire. She had regained her peace of mind, her confidence, her calm. With a firm voice she declared the omens: all were favorable. Only, as the days drew on to midsummer, gladness grew upon her even as the flowers upon their stems: only twelve days more—eleven days more—ten days more—before she would plunge that steel into the heart of the man whose image mocked and taunted and defiled her.

III.

Now all things drew on apace to the conclusion. Three days before the Ceremony of the Flight of the King, the strangers began to arrive. Julia marked Abrasax among them and, withdrawing, looked to her dagger. It was sharp, deadly sharp. Her arm was strong; it sank an inch into the oaken doorpost as she lunged. She was more than human, in the glee that filled her. Her sister, Claudia, now fourteen years of age, spoke of his strength and beauty. Julia stopped her with one venomous word.

It was the night before the race. She could hear the revelry in the palace; it would be very dark; the moon was new, a cadent crescent hung over the sunset. The shouts of the men at feast became less boisterous; now was her hour. She fed the flame till it roared high; then wrapped herself close, and stole forth into the darkness. From the shelter of the house where she lurked she could watch the palace: she saw the lights die down, one after one; she saw man after man come through the brilliant doorway. At last came Abrasax. She crouched, tense and eager, ready to spring. Only a moment now!

But the moment drew out unfathomably; no sound of drunken song, no stumbling脚步. He had simply vanished in the darkness. She set herself to wait. The minutes passed, nerve-racking, hideous. She was within a few yards of the door of the house where he lodged; he could hardly have gone round another way and reached safety. Then clarity came to her; she realized that in the open air and in the darkness his drunkenness must have overcome him; he would be prone, perhaps not far from the door of the palace. She would go find him. But first she must return; she had been perilously long away from the King's House; the fire must be replenished. She would throw logs upon it, then go to her glad work!

Stealthy as a tigress, she shrunk back to the hearth. She opened the door. Only just in time; mere sparks, no flame, in the House of the King! She went forward.

Instantly she was overthrown and nearly strangled by a lean arm that shot from the blackness. Before she could scream, her mouth was caught in the vice of gorilla jaws. The blood gushed from her lips. She could not move her dagger hand; her arms were pinioned. A rough knee-stroke left her bare of her last fence; she lay at the mercy of her murderer.

Then blackness devoured her as with fire; she sank far below being; but the throb of her blood, bursting in her ears, was like the universal cry of all her ancestors. She fell into a hell of roaring flame, in blazing shouts; she died once, twice and thrice. She knew no more.

Suddenly she awoke; she found herself in utter darkness; her one thought was of the fire, the fire was out. Savagely she dragged her bruised and broken body to the hearth; no spark remained. "The fire is out," she moaned, "and I am lost." "We shall rekindle it," boomed the voice of Abrasax; "go, bring the drill!" The blasphemy of the idea appalled her. Only the king himself might twirl the sacred oak. A clenched fist struck her ear. She went to the storehouse, took the board, and a striker at random, returned, and squatted down as her custom was. Abrasax took the drill; under his vigorous palms a minute

sufficed to heat the tinder; her breath blew it into flame. She saw his cruel face alight with laughter; blood from her mouth was splashed upon it. She threw the tinder on the hearth, caught up dry twigs, and built the fire. Instantly it leapt and crackled; the flame soared in a pyramid of blue and rose and gold, showering out sparks of glory, a rain of meteors.

When she turned to face her assailant, he was gone.

For an hour she lay motionless, as one dead, before the fire. She rose with shaken limbs; stiffened herself to fate, with serpent swiftness she put her hands to her hair, then, darkling, sped from the hut.

She was no longer the same woman as when she had left it earlier in the night; then, her virgin will, conscious and glad, impelled her; now, it was impulse seated in some cavern of her soul that she had never plumbed, obedience, unquestioning and blind, to the fact of an inscrutable and an inexorable fate.

IV.

The King, a blazing brand of oak in his right hand, ran lightly to the crest of the ridge beyond the village. There he threw it down, as symbol of his temporary abdication, the signal for the strangers to race after him. He ran lightly and easily as ever; only a month before he had run down a lone wolf by sheer speed and endurance. Disappearing over the crest, he was soon visible again upon the slopes of that high hill where the twin oaks formed the turning point. Abrasax had gained slightly on him; the others not at all. The King turned near the top of the slope; he perceived the situation. But he was going to take no risks; now was the moment to break the heart of his pursuer. He would show him his speed on the steep hill; he could increase the distance, sprinting the few yards that lay between him and the summit; thence he would leap down the long slope like a deer pursued by a wolf; in that critical half-mile he would finish the race, almost less by speed than by psychology.

He took a deep breath, and increased his pace; he positively leapt up the last slopes; he reached the level; his limbs loosened; he opened his great chest and ran like the wind.

Abrasax, laboring, followed him warily, holding in his strength.

The King, reaching the trees, was at the top of his pace; then, in the sight of all his tribe, he stumbled and fell. The shock was tremendous; but to that wiry frame not irretrievable. He could not understand it; it was the first time in all his life that it had chanced; but he had no time to reason: he must run. Down the long slope he plunged, and was lost to sight of the Silvii behind the crest of the low ridge whence he had started.

Julia stood at the door of the King's House. She was clad in the vestments of a priestess, and in her hand she bore the blazing oak bough, symbol of the sovereignty of the Silvii. With straining eyes she watched the crest of the ridge, and all her people stood about her, solemnly ranged to keep the course. When the King fell, a gasp went up to heaven, but his quick recovery seemed to augur his safety.

But the minutes hung; the King did not appear. Then on the crest there towered the figure of Abrasax; a moment more, leaping, a leopard, he was at the threshold of the King's House. In his right hand he held aloft his crimson sword, in his left, the bearded head of the old king. His fingers stiffened in its hair; its blood dripped on the vestal

robes of Julia, who, sinking to her knees, held out the flaming branch and cried, "My Lord! My Lord! Hail, O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak!"

And all the people cried aloud, as he flung down his sword and held the bough to heaven: "Hail, O great Oak! Hail, King of the Sylvii!"

Then he raised Julia and kissed her before all the people, so that their acclamations rang again; echoes from the woods and from the hills caught up the cry; the whole of Nature seemed regenerate as the new King stood erect and cried his triumph to the world.

He laid the brand upon the hearth. It was Claudia, and not Julia, who followed him; for Julia might no more enter into the temple. In her was the royal power, and she was vowed to the new king. The younger girl seemed overcome with sorrow and anger; but her sister moved as a sleep-walker moves, automaton, entranced.

Abrasax took her by the waist, and led her to the palace. The banquet was to be their wedding, and his confirmation in the royal power. Julia lay like a dead woman against his breast; she would not eat, but drank huge cups of the black terrible wine of the country.

The ceremonies were ended; the guests departed;

PAN.

By Vincent Starrett.

In a dim grotto of the wood, they said,
Great Pan lies dead;
And then they flew
Laughing across the sand, but paused anew,
Clad in white chastity, upon the brink—
Shy fawns at drink,
Half-frightened by
The murmuring treetops and the water's sigh—
Viewing the wood with half-alarmed grimace
For a strange face.
The goat-eared Pan,
They said in bravado, is not a man
But a dead god; an antique legend sung
To charm the young.
And then the sea
Robed them in living jewels lavishly;
Clasped his wet arms about them—ah, so slim!—
Drew them to him.
Beware, old sea!
Dost thou not fear Pan's maddened jealousy?
Dost thou think, too, that Pan is dead and cold,
Deep in the gold
Dead leaves of fall,
Leaving all this to thee as seneschal?
Long since thou heard the cloven hoof resound
Upon the ground:
Since thy pale glass
Gave back his image. Ah, the years may pass
But Pan lives yet, for love is more than death.
Hearst thou a breath
Hot in the wood.
Where in thy youth the shaggy lover stood?
Then—not too far, thou graybeard charlatan,
For I am Pan!

the head men of the Sylvii gathered up their robes, and made their way to their homes.

Abrasax and Julia were left alone. He led her trembling to the royal chamber, still vivid with the daily chartels of her father.

"You who hate me," said he bitterly, "shall serve me as a slave." He clenched his fist; his blows rained upon her body. "Thus—and thus—and thus—will I teach you to serve me—and to love me!"

She lay back in his arms, her hair dishevelled hanging in great cascades upon the floor. Her face bloody with his blows, and her eyes mad with wine. But her bruised mouth dropped words like some thick poisonous perfume from the athanor of an alchemist. "I stretched my veil between the oaks so that my father might fall—oh my lover!"

He understood.

His passion foamed over the bounds of his consciousness! Hers mastered his.

The sun was up near noon when his eyes fell upon her face; she lay like a corpse upon the straw.

He mused awhile: then decision came into his eyes. He rose and robed himself: the golden circlet twined with oak leaves bound his brows. He called together the head men of the Sylvii; he led them to the bridal chamber.

"Fathers!" he cried. "I found this woman not a virgin: let her be buried alive as is the custom; I will take Claudia to wife."

IRELAND.

By Faith Baldwin.

Oh, it's you that are the Wistful Land, the Land
of Singing Winds.—

You've kissed your sorrows into stars and
crowned your black, black hair,
And Life has colored Dreams of you with gallant
scarlet blood and true,
And armed your poets with a sword . . .
those dreamers debonair!

Oh, it's you that are the Haunting Land, the Land
one takes to wife.—

You set your sweet mouth to a man's and breathe
his soul to fire.
And oh, the sea-strong surge of you, the spell and
ache and urge of you,
The Land of Beauty that you are—of heart's
most high Desire!

Oh, it's you that have the brave young voice to
cloak the bitter tears,—

And it's you that have the white, white hands
to guide your lads . . . and cling.
And oh, no man is free from you, he'll come from
land and sea to you.
The Land of Sun-jewelled waters and of wild,
wild gulls a-wing!

Oh, it's you that are the Princess in a living Fairy
tale.—

You are calling from your towers where they
hold you shackled yet.
But more sure than sun and tide and sea, the Prince
shall come to strike you free.
Oh, Land of dim green Loveliness, which no man
can forget!

THE INTERNATIONAL

Forecast for the Month of January.

It is fitting that the new year should usher in a newer, brighter and greater International. The International is always ahead of time. Instead of being a magazine of the past it is a magazine of the future. The Simon Iff stories symbolize the quality of thought and expression which sets the International so uniquely apart from its contemporaries. Just as Simon Iff is far in advance of the modern detective, so the International takes its place in the vanguard of the new literature, the new freedom.

The January Simon Iff story is not in fact a story at all. It is a slice of that mysterious life in which terrible crimes are committed for reasons which lie deep in the subconsciousness of their perpetrators. Do you remember the first time that you read Edgar Allan Poe's stories? Do you remember the thrill and the shock and the horror produced by Poe's tales? You will have that same feeling after finishing the January Simon Iff tale.

We promised you "The Heart of Holy Russia" for December, but you will like it all the more in January. For it will help you to understand the Bolsheviks, the Maximalists, the Grand Dukes, Kerensky. In short, you will gain an understanding of that palpitating life which lies behind the dramatic movements now rending Russia. Do you know that St. Basil and Ivan Veliky, which helped to make Moscow the greatest of all the wonders of the world, have just been destroyed?

Geomancy is a science enabling those who understand its secrets to divine the future, to understand the past. It will answer any questions. One man became a millionaire after mastering this simple yet fascinating science.

A new story by Mark Wells has even stirred our printer. "You've got to hand it to him," said this untutored toiler after reading Mr. Wells' masterpiece. The story explains how a dainty little woman ruled a savage king without paying the usual price, and imposed on him the civilization of her conquered race.

"At the Feet of Our Lady of Darkness" reveals the soul of a Franco-Egyptian girl well known in London and Paris.

The Master Therion speaks confidentially to his disciples throughout the world. In the "Message" and the "Law of Liberty" he gives

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utterance to an immensely important matter,
important to you, too.

Besides these magnificent contributions
there are many other delightful articles,
poems and stories. You will like them all.

WE STAND ABOVE.

IT is a somewhat invidious task: but we suppose that some one has got to do it, and it seems as if that some one had to be ourselves.

IN normal times art and literature take care of themselves. Wisdom is justified of her children. Before we have been dead three hundred years somebody is almost sure to notice it. The great mass of people is a homogeneous mass of brainless idiocy. Men are dumb animals, and women only quack. In times of peace the hack journalists are as inconspicuous as they are insignificant; but when war breaks out the hysteria natural to weak minds becomes vocal, and everybody wants to "do his bit" on one side or the other, by squealing when much the best thing to do would be to bury himself.

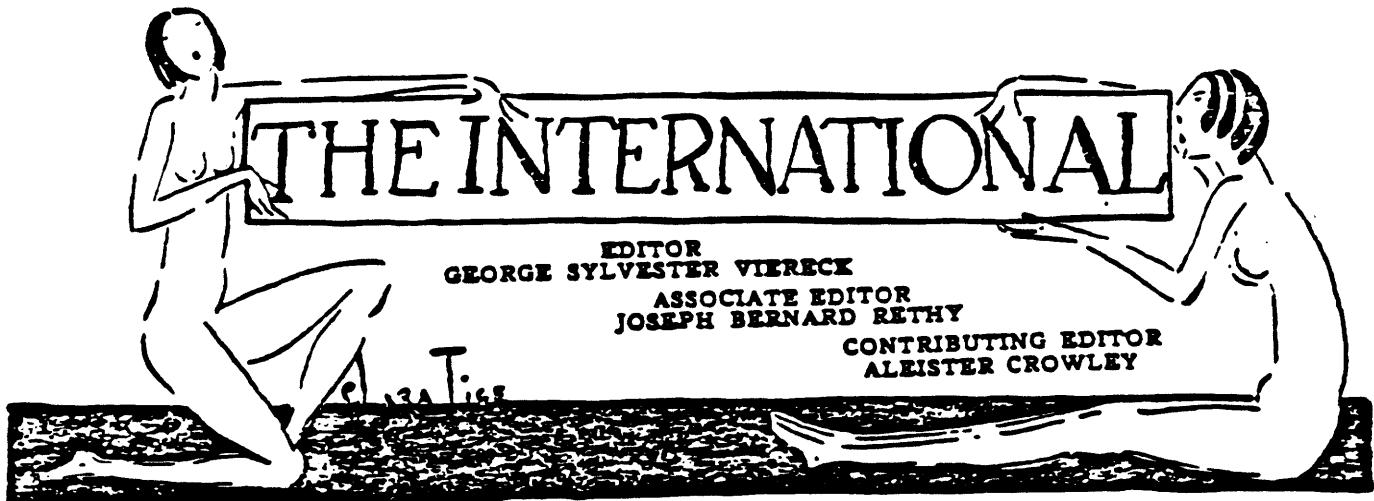
THese little minds have no conception of the great ideas which distinguish man from mannikin. They imagine that Rodin was a Frenchman, and Wagner a German. They do not understand that these persons were not men, but Gods. They do not understand that the creations of such men are in the nature of that image of the great Goddess Diana which came down from heaven for us men and for our salvation. They do not understand that Rheims is as sacred as Cologne; that the Kremlin should have been protected from the maniacs, who are trying to translate Bernard Shaw into action, as Jerusalem (if there by anything of artistic value therein) from the British. As a matter of fact, I believe there is nothing but a lot of faked historical monuments camouflaged by the wily Syrian for the exploitation of American tourists of the Chautauqua brand. If this be so, Allenby, go to it!

BUT as for us, we stand above. I do not know whether Bulgaria is at war with England; but if so, it is evidently the duty to God and man of every Bulgarian to knock the block off General Haig. At the same time, if that Bulgarian does not respect Kings College Chapel, or uses my first edition of Adonais for pipe lights, I will knock his block off if I can catch the Bulgar at it. We are warring for Democracy, but also for civilization, apparently owing to our inherent love of paradox. We have here a war within a war. We have not only to fight the foe without, and the foe within, but also the foe that is the worst of all, the overzealous friend. We feel rather as the President feels about the Vigilantes. If well-meaning asses were only mules how useful they might be in batteries! We are out to break the political will of another group of nations, and our worst foes are those of our own people who are giving the show away. We go to war to defend the rights of the little nations, and we imprison Irishmen who can not forget that their mothers were raped by British soldiers. We are particularly strong on Belgium, and her representative complains that there is to be no seat for Belgium on the Allied war council. The Germans go to war for Kultur, yet they cannot find an expedient for contracting out of the shelling of cathedrals. And if these things are done in the green tree of the people in power, what shall be done in the dry tree, and withered sticks of the mediocre. We have our attention taken away from the business of fighting by the miserable grunts of these self-advertising pigs, who are only guinea-pigs in so far as they can always be counted on to sell their souls for a guinea. It is not only useless and stupid to refuse the benefits of those who at the very lowest estimate were our friends, but the absolute destruction of the whole principle of civilization.

ART is long and political life is short. If we are enraged with the Germans for shelling St. Mark's, which they have not yet done, we ought certainly to declare war upon the French because of what Napoleon really did do to St. Mark's a hundred years ago. In order to carry out this program still more effectively, we can destroy the statues of Lafayette, and burn our Shakespeares on the ground that the English burnt the Capitol at Washington. It is only the pettiest minds that perceive national qualities in works of art. At most, national schools form a convenient classification. If the Dutch, as at times has seemed likely, decide that the German cause is that of liberty, civilization, and progress, and determine to fight on their side, will some patriot immediately discover that Rembrandt did not know how to paint? Would it not be better to make up our minds about it now? Will Mr. Roosevelt decide to change his name to something less compromising? And shall we destroy the institution of marriage because the inhabitants of the Old Kent Road speak of their wives as "my old Dutch"? Shall we turn the feminine of duke into Americaness, to be quite safe, and rather true, anyhow?

ICANNOT say how deeply I feel about this matter. The insensate screams of the mob threaten to deafen even those few ears which were attuned to the still small voice of wisdom. The danger is enormous. Even defeat would be preferable to a universal iconoclasm. It is not a new story. Again and again the most priceless treasures of antiquity, to say nothing of the structure of the civilizations whence they sprung, have been destroyed utterly and irremediably in the most miserable religious and political quarrels. Was not the library of Alexandria worth more to mankind than the whole Roman Empire? Were not the stained glass windows of the churches of more importance than the entire struggle between Protestant and Catholic? The people who do not understand this are Huns.

THIS paper is not primarily political. So far as it is so, it is and will be loyal: but it will resent the thesis that in order to be loyal one must be insane. "Battle, murder, and sudden death" is excellent sport, and it is extremely necessary at this moment. The excretory system of nature, pestilence, has been constipated by the misguided efforts of medicine and hygiene. We had to get rid of the surplus population, and we chose our own foolish way instead of Nature's wise way. So not a word against war! But the treasures of art, of literature, of music, must this time be preserved for humanity: and we are determined to resist to the death any attack upon those treasures. We are—for the moment—fighting the Germans: but Faust and Siegfried and Zarathustra, the achievement of Kant in philosophy and of Helmholtz in physics, must be put "out of bounds." We stand above.



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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF.

By EDWARD KELLY.

No. 4.—The Conduct of John Briggs.

Simon Iff bounded into the Hemlock Club. He was by all odds the oldest member of the club; but to-day he had the elasticity of a boy, and he was so radiant that some people would have sworn that they actually saw flashes of light about his head. He bounded up the great stairway of the club two steps at a time.

The porters relaxed their solemnity, for the man's exaltation was contagious. "So Simple Simon's back from one of 'is Great Magical Retirements again. I wonder wot in 'Eving's name 'e does." "I wisht I knew," replied the other. "The old boy's ninety, if 'e's a dy."

In the lunch-room the atmosphere was certainly in need of all the exhilaration it could find. There were only a dozen men present, and they were talking in whispers. The eldest of them, Sir Herbert Holborne ('Anzing' Olborne of the criminal classes) was neither speaking nor eating, though his lunch lay before him. He was drinking whiskey-and-soda in a steady business-like way, as a man does who has an important task to accomplish.

Simon Iff greeted them with a single comprehensive wave of the hand. "What's the news, dear man?" he asked his neighbor. "Are you all rehearsing a play of Wedekind's? Oh, a steak and a bottle of Nuits," he added to the waiter. "The old Nuits, the best Nuits, for I must give praise to Our Lady of the Starry Heavens!"

"You do not appear to require the stimulus of alcohol in any marked degree," observed Holborne, in his driest manner.

"Stimulus!" cried Iff; "I don't take wine to stimulate. It is because I am stimulated, or rather, fortified, that I drink wine. You must always drink what is in tune with your own soul. That's the Harmony of Diet! It is stupid and criminal to try to alter your soul by drugs. Let the soul be free, and use what suits it. Homeopathic treatment! So give me green tea when I am exquisite and aesthetic like a Ming Vase; coffee when I am high-strung and vigilant as

an Arab; chocolate when I am feeling cosy and feminine; brandy when I am martial and passionate; and wine—oh, wine at all times!—but wine especially when I am bubbling over with spiritual ecstasy. Thus, my dear Holborne, I fulfil the apostolic injunction, 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God!' Every meal is a sacrament to me. That's the simplicity of life! That's why they call me Simple Simon!"

The outburst brought his fellow-clubmen out of their apathy. One of them remarked that, while agreeing with the thesis, and admiring the force and beauty of its expression, it was unseasonable. He wished to tone down the exuberance of the old mystic, for the sake of the general feeling.

"Why, what is wrong?" said Iff more sedately. "Not that anything is ever really wrong; it's all illusion. But you evidently think there's a great deal amiss; and"—he looked round the table—"Sir Herbert seems to be at the bottom of it."

"I will ask you to spare me," spoke the judge: "this morning I was compelled to perform the most painful duty of my career. Tell him, Stanford!"

"Why, where have you been?" said James Stanford, a long lean lantern-jawed individual who filled the Chair of History at Oxford University.

"Oh, I've been everywhere and nowhere," replied Simon. "But I suppose a historian would take the view—an utterly false and absurd view, by the way—that I have been sitting in my oratory at Aber-tarff, meditating, for the last two montus. I have heard nothing of the world. Are we at war with the Republic of Andorra?"

Stanford leaned forward across the table, while the rest kept silent.

"You remember Briggs?"

"Knew him well at one time; haven't seen him for ten years or so."

"Well, this morning Holborne had to sentence him to death for the murder of his nephew."

"I say, Holborne, that's a bit thick," ejaculated Iff.

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rudely. "Just because you dislike the way he ties his neckties, to go and fit him out with a hemp cravat!"

"I am in no mood for your stupid jokes, Iff," retorted the Judge, severely. "I had no course but to give effect to the verdict of the jury, which they gave without leaving their seats." "But your summing-up must have been a masterpiece of imbecility!"

"There was no defence, nor could be. Look here, Iff!" The judge broke out hotly. "I thought you knew men. Can't you see I'm all broken up over this? I knew Briggs intimately; I was exceedingly fond of him: this has been the shock of my life."

"Oh, well!" returned Iff, "it is done now, and the best thing we can do is to forget it. Listen to what happened to me at Abertariff! One of those nasty skulking tramps came round and set fire to my barn. Luckily the stream was flowing at the time—as it does all the time—but, seeing the danger, it directed its course against the fire, and extinguished it."

"Another miracle of Simple Simon!" sneered one of the younger men, who knew the old man chiefly from his reputation as a magician.

"Young man!" replied Simon, "I drink to your better understanding—and your better manners. (Waiter, bring me another bottle of this Nuits!) I shall need much wine." He fixed his small oblique eyes terribly on the offender. "The difference between you and me is this," he continued. "I don't believe the silly story I have just told you: whereas you all do believe the silly story Stanford has just told me."

"Come, come!" said Stanford, "it is stupid to talk like this. You haven't heard the evidence. You're simply defending Briggs because you think you know him: because you think you know that he wouldn't have done such a thing."

"Oh, no!" said the mystic, "all men are capable of every kind of evil intention. But some are incapable of carrying such intentions into effect, just as a paralytic cannot walk, although he may desire infinitely to do so."

"There was no difficulty about this murder. It was a quite plain shooting."

"If you'll tell me the facts, I'll prove to you how you are wrong."

"I wish you could, damn it!" interjected Holborne. "Stanford has made a very special study of this case. He has been in court all the time, and he has verified every piece of evidence by independent research."

"My university asked me to watch the case," explained Stanford. "As you know, I am a barrister as well as a historian. Briggs, of course, was at Magdalen with me, though I never knew him well. The Vice-Chancellor begged me to leave no stone unturned to discover a flaw in the procedure, or in the case for the Crown. I failed utterly."

"Have you your notes with you?" asked Holborne. Stanford nodded. "Suppose we adjourn to the smoking-room? They will take some time to read."

"This is a lovely piece of luck," remarked Iff, as they filtered into the adjoining room. "I come back from my isolation, fairly bursting for distraction, and I walk right into the heart of a first-class fairy story." But he was quite unable to communicate his spirit to the other men: he seemed more of a crank than ever: they liked him, and his theories

amused them; but they knew better than to apply mysticism to the hard facts of life.

Simon Iff took the armchair of the Senior in front of the great fire of logs, remarking laughingly that he was the presiding judge. Holborne took the ingle seat, that he might watch the mystic's face. But Iff playfully adopted an air of benevolent neutrality, which we may suppose that he conceived to go well with his position. His second bottle of Burgundy stood on a table before him, with a cup of the admirable coffee of the Hemlock Club. This was almost in the nature of a tribute, for a supply of it was sent to the club every year by the Shereef of Mecca, in memory of Sir Richard Burton, who had been a member of the club. His small pale face was almost hidden by a Partaga Rothschild, in which he appeared more engrossed than in the story which Stanford proceeded to unfold.

The latter prefaced his remarks by an apology. "This is a very simple and very sordid story: in fact, I have rarely met anything so bald." "And unconvincing," murmured Simon Iff. "I shall give you only facts," continued the historian. "Plain, unquestionable facts. I shall not try to tell a story: I shall give you the bare bones of the case. You can reconstruct your animal in the approved fashion."

"Good," said the old magician. "You won't omit any essential facts, will you, there's a dear man?"

"Of course not. Don't I know my business?"

"I'm sure of it. Your acknowledged eminence—"

"Oh, don't rag! This is a serious affair."

"Dr. Stanford will now read his memorandum."

"I begin," announced Stanford.

"One. History of the parties concerned. John Briggs, aged forty-three, was Professor of Engineering at the Owens College, Manchester, but resigned his chair five years ago in order to devote himself more closely to experimental work. Peter Clark, aged twenty-four, the murdered man, was the son of Briggs' only sister Ann. Both his parents were dead. Neither he nor Briggs have any near relatives living.

"Two. The scene of the crime.

"Briggs lives with an old butler and housekeeper (man and wife), but otherwise entirely alone, in a house on Marston Moor in Yorkshire. It stands in its own grounds, which extend to three hundred acres. Detached from the house is a large laboratory, where Briggs was accustomed to work, and often to sleep. His lunch was usually brought to him there on a tray, and sometimes his dinner. In fact, it may be said almost that he lived in the laboratory.

"This room has two doors, one towards the house, the other away from it. There are no other houses within several miles.

"Briggs had one ruling passion, the fear of interruption in his work. As tramps of a rather dangerous type infested the district, he had, after a violent scene with one of them four and a half years ago, purchased a Webley revolver. This weapon had lain loaded on his desk from that day to the day of the murder. It was seen there on the morning of that day by the butler when he went with the professor's breakfast. It was this weapon which was used to kill Clark.

"Three. Relations between Briggs and Clark.

"These were extremely hostile. Clark was rather a wild youth, and Briggs blamed him for the death of his mother, to whom Briggs was devotedly at-

tached. Her son's conduct had grieved and impoverished her; she had broken down nervously; and in this weak condition a chill had proved fatal to her. It had been aggravated by the deliberate neglect of Peter Clark, who had refused to call in a doctor until too late. Briggs had been heard to say that he hated one man only, and that was his nephew. On one occasion he said to him, before witnesses, 'If the sheriff balks, Peter, I hope I shall be there to do his work for him.' There was thus the greatest possible animus.

"Four. Financial relations of the parties.

"The Briggs Family Settlement disposes of the sum of ninety-four thousand pounds. From one-sixth part of this Briggs drew an income; Clark, on the death of his parents, was entitled to a similar amount. The balance was held in trust for the next generation; that is, if either Briggs or Clark had children, the fund would be divided among these on their attaining majority. If Briggs died without children, the income would accumulate with the bulk of the fund in expectation of heirs to Clark; but if Clark died first, Briggs, as sole survivor of the earlier generation, would enjoy the income at present paid to Clark in addition to his own. Thus Briggs would find his income doubled if Clark died, while, if Briggs died, Clark could only benefit indirectly through his children, if he ever had any. Thus we see that Briggs had a strong financial motive for the murder; whereas Clark would gain nothing whatever. Nor had Clark any other motive for killing Briggs: on the contrary, he was always hoping to conciliate his uncle, and get him to help him, both directly in a financial way, and indirectly through his influence. The bearing of this will be seen later, when we touch upon the actual circumstances of the crime.

"Briggs had been making some elaborate experiments in connection with aircraft, and was in great need of money. Eight months earlier he had mortgaged his house, down to the Old Red Sandstone. This emphasizes the motive for the act.

"Five. Conditions immediately antecedent to the murder.

"Clark had been staying in the neighborhood, and had pestered his uncle intolerably. On one occasion he had come into the laboratory while the professor was eating his lunch. The butler, who was present, says that this was exactly two weeks before the murder. He remembers the date, because it was a Sunday, and lunch had been late, owing to his having been over the moor to church.

"He swears that he heard the professor say the following words: 'Mark me, Peter. At the house I don't mind so much; but if you come bothering me here, I shall most assuredly have recourse to assassination.' With that he had risen, gone over to his desk, taken up the revolver, and tapped it, nodding his head repeatedly. The boy, thoroughly scared, had slunk out of the laboratory.

"Six. The day of the murder.

"This was a Sunday. Briggs had again passed the night in the laboratory. The butler had gone over to church, leaving his wife at home. She heard the clock strike twelve, the signal for her to prepare lunch. Immediately afterwards she was startled by the sound of a shot; but she was not particularly alarmed, as small explosions frequently occurred in the laboratory.

"This fixes the moment of the crime within one

or two minutes, and the medical evidence confirms it.

"She expected her husband to return at 12.15; he did not do so. She went out to look for him, and saw him driving towards the house with another man, who proved subsequently to be the vicar of the parish. Reassured, she returned to her kitchen.

"The butler, with the vicar, drove to the house, took out the horse, and went over together to the laboratory.

"This is what they saw. The professor was stooping over the body of Clark. He was apparently in deep thought, and seemed undecided as to what to do. The men were shocked into silence, and had the fullest opportunity of watching the actions of Briggs.

"He remained motionless for some little while; ultimately he laid down his revolver, which was still in his hand, and picked up a Brown automatic, which was firmly grasped in that of Clark. This was done with the evident intention of representing the death of Clark as the result of suicide.

"This latter weapon, although loaded, had not been discharged; the Webley had been fired recently, and the empty shell was still in the chamber; as appeared later. It was a Webley bullet which killed Clark; it had been fired from a very close range, estimated at two yards by the experts.

"The vicar now interrupted by a shocked exclamation. Briggs remained intent upon the automatic, looking at it as if it were some strange new object.

"The professor looked up as the two men approached him. He waved a hand. 'Go away! go away!' was his only remark.

"The vicar sent the butler to fetch the police and a doctor; he himself remained on guard. Briggs went over to his desk, put the automatic on one side, and buried his head in his hands. It was clear to the vicar that he was stunned by the realization of what he had done.

"But the vicar made a supreme effort. He went over, put his hand on his shoulder and shook him roughly. 'Man,' he cried, 'Don't you realize what you have done?' Briggs answered: 'By God, you bet I do.' This is the only intelligible remark that has been drawn from him. A plain confession. Then silence.

"Seven. Subsequent events.

"It has proved impossible to rouse the professor from his apathy. He has made no defence of any kind. He remains crouched and inattentive; when addressed he merely repeats: 'Go away! go away!' He would not even plead when brought into the court; he said nothing when he was sentenced this morning.

"The reason for this course of conduct is evident. He is a man of the acutest intelligence, and realizing that he was caught practically in the act, is relying for escape upon simulation of dementia. We investigated the point on his behalf, supplying him with writing materials as if it were part of the prison routine. After a short time he seized on them with apparent eagerness. Here is what he wrote: 'Revolve—gyre—explode—balance—soul—wings—action and reaction.' Under that he drew a thick line. The rest of the sheet is covered with abstruse mathematical formulae, evidently intended to impress us still further with the idea of madness; but although they are unintelligible to the mathematicians to whom they have been submitted, they

are, wherever they can be understood at all, perfectly correct. He is certainly not insane. With great shrewdness, on the contrary, he has chosen just the one chance of saving his neck."

Stanford paused.

"Is that all?" asked Simon Iff.

"All?" cried Holborne. "Could any case be more complete? Two strong motives for murder, one of them urgent. Expressed intention to commit it; caught in the act of endeavoring to set up a defence: confession of the crime immediately afterwards: a subsequent attitude compatible only with the simulation of insanity. There isn't a link missing."

"No, but I think there's a missing link!" snapped Simon Iff. "In heaven's name, where are your brains, all of you? Look here: let me repeat that story, word for word, only instead of 'Professor Briggs' let us say 'the cabbage,' or 'the antelope,' wherever his name occurs. You wouldn't suspect them, would you? And I assure you that Briggs is just as incapable of pulling a gun on a man as either of those! It simply would not occur to him to do it."

"My dear man," said Holborne, "we all appreciate your attitude, I assure you; but facts are chieflly that winna ding."

"Ah, facts!" cried the mystic, with as near a sneer as he ever allowed himself. "Now look out, Stanford, I'm going to pump lead into you! You promised me two things: to give me all the essential facts, and to give me nothing but the facts. You are doubly perjured, you lost wretch!"

"Come, come, I say! I think I've given you an absolutely full and fair account."

"No: Omission number one. You don't say why he resigned from Owens College."

"Yes, I do: he wanted to prosecute his experiments with less distraction."

"Just half the fact; I happen to know that he was forced to resign."

"What?"

"They simply could not get him to lecture. Either he would not go down to the classroom at all, or else he would forget all about the class, and start hieroglyphics on the blackboard!"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Why, the problem is the man's mind. You say nothing about his mind. You don't even tell us the most important thing of all: which is, what is he thinking of at this moment?"

"Wondering if he'll dodge the noose," put in the young man who had previously laughed at Simon Iff.

"Oh, no!" flashed back the mystic, "with death so near him, he must be thinking of really important things—perhaps even of you!"

"That would at least explain his dejection," he added musingly. "Having crushed it, let us pass on to my next point. You actually permitted yourself to draw deductions which are quite unjustifyable. You say that he exchanged pistols with the corpse, evidently to set up a defence of suicide. Evident to whom? You see, you fatally neglect the calibre of Briggs' mind. To me, it seems much more likely that he was quite preoccupied with some other matter. You judge him by yourselves. You assume that he killed Clark, and then argue, 'But if I had killed Clark, I should be thinking solely of how to escape.' I say that if he did kill Clark, two seconds later his mind would have returned to the problems on which it had previously been at work. You men don't understand concentration: Briggs does. Be-

sides all this, if he was going to put up the suicide theory, why not do it? He did not know that they had seen him change the weapons."

"Hang it all, he confessed to the vicar."

"That was my next point; he did nothing of the sort. He told the parson, emphatically, that he realized what he had done. But what was that? No word of any murder! The question is what he did do, and what he is doing now."

"You're super-subtle," said the Judge. "I wish you were right, but there's nothing in it."

"Stick to the point! What does his whole attitude, from the very moment of discovery, indicate? Simply this, that he is busy."

"Busy!" It was a general shout of derision. "Busy! with his throat in a noose! Busy!"

"I ask your pardon, Stanford," said the magician quietly: "you are the historian here, and I beg you to correct me if I have my facts wrong. At the siege of Syracuse—" "The Siege of Syracuse?" The company became hilarious, despite themselves.

"I forgot who conquered it; it doesn't matter: but whoever he was, he gave orders that the great geometer Archimedes should be spared. The soldiers found him drawing figures in the sand, and asked him who he was; but he only said: 'Get away! Get away! I'm busy!' And they killed him. Waiter! let me have another cigar and some more coffee!"

The Judge was a little impressed. "This is an amusing theory," he said, "though I'm damned if I can believe it. How do you propose to develop it?"

"Will you help me?"

"You bet I will."

"Well, I want a copy of that jargon of Stanford's about 'wings': and I want five minutes alone with Briggs in the condemned cell."

"Here's the paper," said the historian.

"I'll get you an order from the home secretary this afternoon. I'll go now. If you can do anything, all England will have to thank you." This from 'Aging' Olborne.

"Oh, I can't do anything: but I think Briggs can."

"Ah, you think he's shielding some one!" put in the objectionable young man for the third time.

Simon Iff lit his cigar with deliberation. "I shall certainly be obliged to you," he replied with studied courtesy, "if you will recommend me some of the lighter types of sentimental detective fiction. Time often hangs heavy on one's hands in London, for one cannot always be certain" (he rose and bowed to the young man) "of enjoying such very entertaining and illuminative conversation."

"Look here, Iff," said Holborne: "come with me, and we'll see the Home Secretary right away." They left the room together.

Two hours later, Simon Iff, armed with authority, was in the condemned cell. The professor was seated on the floor, his head sunk deeply on his breast, his hands playing feverishly in his long sandy hair.

The old mystic went close up to him. "Briggs!" he cried aloud. "I'm Iff. You know me! I won't keep you a moment: but this is damned important."

The professor gave no sign that he had heard. "I thought not," said Simon.

The magician proceeded to insert his thumbs under the arm-pits of his old friend, and began to tickle him. Briggs wriggled violently, but only murmured: "Get away!"

"I knew he was innocent," said Simon gleefully to

himself. "But I see there is only one way to get him to talk."

He sat down very positively in front of his victim, and began to recite from the paper in his hand. "Resolve!" "Gyre!" "Explode!" "Action and reaction!" "Balance!" "Soul!" "Wings!" Briggs looked up suddenly, savagely. "You'll never do it!" went on the magician. "You thought you did; but you didn't, and you never will. It's hopeless! Resolve—gyre—explode!"

"Damn you: get out!" said Briggs.

"Taking G as 31 point 2," continued the torturer, and Pi as 3 point 24156, and e as—" Briggs sprang to his feet. "You can't! You're getting it all wrong. Curse you! Curse you!" he yelled.

"You'll never do it! You'll never do it!" went on Simon implacably. "Sin Theta plus Cos Theta equals twice the root of minus eight! You'll never do it! You'll never do it!"

"Are you the devil come to torture me before my time?"

"Good. No. I'm Simon Iff. And all I want to know is—how long do you need to finish your problem?"

"Oh, get out! Get out!"

"Seven times six is forty-four, and—"

"Get out!"

"Log one plus X equals X, minus half X squared plus a third X cubed plus—"

"Minus, you doit!" shrieked Briggs. "For God's sake, stop! You're putting me all out!"

"Some people are going to disturb you very soon by hanging you." He squeezed the professor's windpipe till he gasped.

"Tell me how long you need to finish the problem, and I'll go, and I'll see you have all you need, and no disturbance."

"A month, six weeks. Oh, go, there's a good fellow!"

Simon Iff went out without another word. He had an appointment to meet 'Aging' Holborne for dinner.

"Well, I had to put him to the torture," said the magician: "but I got him to say one rational sentence. Now I want you to trust me in this. Get the execution postponed for a month. Don't disturb old Briggs. Let him have anything he calls for, in reason: he'll need little. As soon as he talks rationally again, you and I will go and see him in the cell. I can promise you this thing is going to clear up like a daw in spring. April showers bring May flowers."

Just five weeks later Holborne telephoned to Simon Iff to come round to his house. "Briggs has woken up," he said: "for the last week he has been working with drawing materials which he had asked for. Suddenly he swept the whole thing aside and looked up at the warden. "Who the devil are you?" he said. "And where's the lab. gone?" They rang me up at once. Let's get down."

They found Briggs pacing his cell in a rage. "This is an outrage!" he cried when he saw his friend. "a damned outrage! I shall write to the Times!"

"You'd better talk to us first," said Holborne. "I may say that all England has been waiting to hear from you for some months."

"I should say so," retorted Briggs: "and you may go and tell them that I did it! Alone I did it!" "Are we not talking at cross purposes?" suggested the mystic mildly. "Our mundane minds are pre-

occupied with the small matter of the murder of Peter Clark. And I don't think you did that."

"Who? I. Of course not. Don't be so silly!"

"Well, you were there. We should really be grateful if you would tell us who did do it."

"That fool Marshall, of course."

"Marshall?" said the mystic.

"The farmer down by Saffield. Peter had seduced his wife. He tracked the boy up here—I mean up there; I can't realize this isn't my lab., you know, just yet. Followed him into the lab. Peter drew an automatic. Marshall got my Webley, and fired while the boy was hesitating. Then he threw down the gun, and went out."

"Don't you think you might have explained this before?" said Holborne. "Do you realize that you've been convicted for murder: if it hadn't been for Iff here, we'd have hanged you a fortnight ago."

"How could I?" said Briggs irritably. "You don't understand."

"Well, explain later. We'll get you a free pardon as soon as possible. I may tell you that Marshall fell down a quarry the same night as the murder. He must have been half insane. But we never connected his death with your case. Anyhow, I'll see to it that you get out by to-morrow, and we'll celebrate it at the club. Perhaps you would make us a little speech, and tell us what you've been doing all these months."

"All right. But I've got to see Williams right away."

"Williams!" said Simon Iff. "So that is what it was, was it? I'll tell him to-day to come right down and see you; and we'll have him up to the dinner to-morrow, and we'll all live happy ever after!"

Two days later Briggs was on his feet at a great and special gathering of the Hemlock Club. Simon Iff was on his best behavior, except that he would drink only tea, saying that his mood was exquisite and aesthetic like a Ming Vase. Briggs, as the guest of honor, was seated on the right of the president of the club, on whose other hand sat Rear-Admiral Williams, a trusted member of the Secret Committee of Public Defense, which is known to just a few people in London as a liaison between Navy and Army, and a background to both.

The professor was no orator, but he did not lack encouragement. "I want to thank you all very much," he said. "Of course we can't tell you just what this thing is, but Admiral Williams has been good enough to say that it's all right as far as he can see, and that ought to be good enough for us all. He's a jolly good fellow, Williams, and I wish we had a few more like him. I mean I'm glad we've got a lot more like him. Oh hang it! that's not what I mean either. I'm no speaker, you know: but anyhow I thought you'd like to hear just how I came to think of this damned thing. You see I was working that morning—just finished verifying Mersenne's statement for p equals 167, rather a tricky proof, but awfully jolly, so my mind was absolutely clear and empty. Well, here comes the Watts and the Kettle business. That poor devil Marshall runs in after Peter, right on his heels. Peter draws; I didn't notice particularly. Marshall gets my Webley and fires. I see it revolve and explode. See? Two idens, revolve and explode. Nothing in that. Well, then Peter stays on his feet, quite a while, though he was dead. So I thought of reflex balance; you know, the automatic dodge in our soles: it goes wrong when you get locomotor ataxia. Then he gives a gasp, and puts his arms out, like wings; and then I thought of his soul flying away. Nothing in that. Well, then Plummer throws down my Webley by the

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body and runs out. I picked up the gun, because its proper place was on my desk; I'm a man of precision in such matters; but to get to the desk I had to cross Clark's body, which should not have been there at all. It brought me up with a jerk. I stood by it, I dare say for a long time. Now here's the funny part. I was thinking, or rather something inside me was thinking, for I don't know to this minute who was thinking, or what. The next thing I remember, I was picking the automatic out of Peter's hand; and my mind clove to the contrast with the revolver, the way in which recoil is used to reload and recock the Brown. Then all the pieces of my mind flew together. I became conscious of an idea. I would make a duplex rotating engine to act as a gyroscope, with a system of automatic balances, operated by the recoil of the explosions in the engine. In other words, I had the idea for a self-balancing aeroplane, a true mechanical bird. When the vicar asked me if I realized what I had done, I naturally replied: "By God, I should think I did," or something of the sort. After that I got more and more absorbed in the details of the problem—can you wonder that I could think of nothing else? I remember nothing but a great deal of irritating talk around me, though with long intervals of most blessed silence. Then I woke up to find myself in the condemned cell! I want to tell you all how much I appreciate your kindness, and I thank you all very much."

He sat down suddenly, exhausted and embarrassed. "I hope I said the right thing. I'm such an ass," he whispered to his neighbor. But the applause reassured him.

A little later the president turned to the old magician. "I'm sure we are all keenly interested to hear how Mr. Iff solved this case, and saved his friend—our friend—and helped him to do this great thing for England. I will call upon him to say a few words to us." Iff rose rather awkwardly. "I'm afraid of boring you," he said; "you know I'm a bit of a crank, with theories about the tendencies of the mind."

"Go on! Go on!" came from every quarter.

"Well, it's like this. If we get full of alcohol—any of us—too often and too steadily and too long—we begin to see rats and serpents and such things. We don't see horses and elephants. That is, our minds are machines which run in grooves, narrow grooves, mostly. We can't think what we like, and now we like; we have to think as we have been taught to think, or as our whole race has been taught to think by means of experience. So I know that there are certain ways of thought in which a given man cannot think, however obvious such ways might seem to another man. For instance, imagine a man of high lineage and education and wealth. By some accident he is stranded penniless in a far city. He is actually starving. He revolves the situation in his mind. He exerts his whole intelligence to meet the problem. But what does he do? There are thousands of ways of making money. He could get a job at the docks; he could obtain relief at a charitable organization—no such method occurs to him at all. He does not look through the want advertisements in the papers. His one idea is to go to his consul or some person of position, explain his situation, and make a highly dignified loan. Perhaps he is too proud even to do that; ultimately it strikes him to pledge his jewelry. A thief

in a similar position is equally limited; he looks about him merely for an opportunity to steal.

Similarly, an Alpine guide will despair and die on a quite easy mountain if it be unfamiliar. It is the flower of biological success to be able to adapt oneself to one's conditions without effort. The whole of human anatomy is in accord with these theses. The brain is merely a more elaborate thinking machine than the rest of the body. The spinal cord thinks, in its own fashion. Even such simple organs as those which operate digestion have their own type of thought; and narrow indeed is the groove in which they move. A bee, inclosed in an empty flower pot, held against a window pane, will beat itself to death against the glass, though it could escape quite easily at the other end; if it were only capable of thinking outside its groove; similarly, the alimentary canal is so convinced that its sole duty is peristaltic action that it will insanely continue this movement when rest would save the man attached to it from a lingering and agonizing death. We are all highly specialized and not particularly intelligent machines.

In the matter of crime these remarks are peculiarly applicable; outside quite obvious things like picking pockets, you have merely to describe a crime to the police; they will tell you that five or six men only, in a city of as many millions, could have done it. Swindling has as much individuality and style as writing poetry—and it is infinitely more respectable! But I digress. With regard to this case, I knew at once that however much our friend here might have wanted to get rid of his nephew, it simply was not in him to do it. It is not a question of his moral outfit, but of his mental equipment.

But much more interesting than this, which is, or should be, obvious to us all, is this point: How did I manage to communicate with the man, absorbed as he was in some world beyond ordinary ken? I found him quite insensible to direct appeal. His situation? He did not know that there was any situation. I tickled him. His body responded automatically, but his mind was wholly disconnected by an act of his very highly trained will, and was merely conscious of an irritation and disturbance.

So I determined to talk to his mind on its own plane. I knew from the so-called confession to the vicar that he was acutely conscious of having done something. I suspected that something to be of the nature of the solution of a problem; and by his continued abstraction, I knew that he had only got a general idea, and was at work on the details. So I told him that he would never do it, again and again. I knew that he must have had many moments of despair. It woke him up; the voice of his particular devil—we all of us have one; he always tells us to give up, that it's hopeless, that we shall never do it—that voice became material in mine; so he responded with curses. But that was not enough; to rouse him further I began to attack his mind by quoting mathematical formulae incorrectly. I knew that must upset his calculation, confuse him, rouse him to contradiction. The plan succeeded; he had been deaf—physically deaf, to all intents and purposes—to all other remarks; but to an attack on the fortress in which he was shut up he was bound to reply. I forced him to come to terms by refusing to stop the torture. He was distracted, upset, uncertain whether two and two still made four. In this way I made him tell me how long he needed to finish his work; and it was then easy to arrange a retrieve to allow him to finish his work. I'm sorry; I hope I have not bored you." And he sat down abruptly.

Ngo was blood! Blood! Blood! Rhythm was blood! Blood! Blood!
"The meat is red! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough! The meat is red! Ough! Ough!"

VII.

Like a singed spot in a blue blanket was the place of Ngo in the light of the great full moon.

From the indigo shadows of the forest rose the throb of drums and the grunts of many voices. In

the circle of the sacred ground was a calabash upon a fire. Yellow kisses flickered on the body of a grotesque figure dancing. His voice was as the roaring of a bull. A lion's mane was set upon his head. His face was three feet long; and his limbs were decked with human bones. In his whitened hands he held an object black and shrivelled, the heart of a white slain by her kind for the making of the potent talisman of the mighty Ingombaan . . . and beside him pranced and gibbered . . . a frantic god of jade with amber beard Ngo.

An Epistle of Baphomet to the Illustrious Damezai Anna Wright, Companion of the Holy Graal, Shining Like the Moon.

CONCERNING DEATH

That She and Her Sisters May Bring Comfort to All Them That Are Nigh Death, and Unto Such as Love Them.

Beloved Daughter and Sister,

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

Let it be thy will, and the will of all them that tend upon the sick, to comfort and to fortify them with these words following.

IT is written in the Book of the Law: Every man and every woman is a Star. It is Our Lady of the Stars that speaketh to thee, O thou that art a star, a member of the Body of Nuit. Listen, for thine ears are become dulled to the mean noises of the earth; the infinite silence of the Stars woos thee with subtle musick. Behold her bending down above thee, a flame of blue, all-touching, all-penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth and her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers, and think that all thy grossness shall presently fall from thee as thou leapest to her embrace, caught up into her love as a dewdrop into the kisses of the sunrise. Is not the ecstasy of Nuit the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of her body? All that hath hurt thee was that thou knewest it not, and as that fadeth from thee thou shalt know as never yet how all is one.

Again she saith: I give unimaginable joys on earth, certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death. This thou hast known. Time that eateth his children hath not power on them that would not be children of Time. To them that know themselves immortal, that dwell always in eternity, conscious of Nuit, throned upon the chariot of the sun, there is no death that men call death. In all the universe, darkness is only found in the shadow of a gross and opaque planet, as it were for a moment; the universe itself is a flood of light eternal. So also death is but through accident; thou hast hidden thyself in the shadow of thy gross body, and, taking it for reality, thou hast trembled. But the orb revolveth anon; the shadow passeth away from thee. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu! For inasmuch as thou hast made the Law of Freedom thine, as thou hast lived in Light and Liberty and Love, thou hast become a Freeman of the City of the Stars.

LISTEN again to thine own voice within thee. Is not Hadrat the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star? Is not He Life, and the giver of Life? And is not therefore the

knowledge of Him the knowledge of Death? For it hath been shown unto thee in many other places how Death and Love be twins. Now art thou the hunter, and Death rideth beside thee with his horse and spear as thou chasest thy Will through the forests of Eternity, whose trees are the hair of Nuit thy mistress! Thrill with the joy of life and death! Know, hunter mighty and swift, the quarry turns to bay! Thou hast but to make one sharp thrust, and thou hast won. The Virgin of Eternity lies supine at thy mercy, and thou art Pan! Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age-long love. Hast thou not striven to the inmost in thee? Death is the crown of all. Harden! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

Or art thou still entangled with the thorny plaits of wild briar rose that thou hast woven in thy magick dance on earth? Are not thine eyes strong enough to bear the starlight? Must thou linger yet awhile in the valley? Must thou dally with shadows in the dusk? Then, if it be thy will, thou hast no right but to do thy will! Love still these phantoms of the earth; thou hast made thyself a king; if it please thee to play with toys of matter, were they not made to serve thy pleasure? Then follow in thy mind the wondrous word of the Stélé of Revealing itself. Return if thou wilt from the abode of the stars: dwell with mortality, and feast thereon. For thou art this day made Lord of Heaven and of Earth.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
O thou that hast a single arm!
O thou that glitterest in the moon!
I weave thee in the spinning charm;
I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star abodes,
Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-f-na-Khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

LOVE IS THE LAW. LOVE UNDER WILL.
The Benediction of the All-Begetter, All-Devourer
be upon thee.

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water, pulled, shoved, pushed, nearly collapsed under the load of the big craft. I kept on shouting to them, and in between I looked out on the river.

"The raft came past quite close, alas! scarcely fifty yards away from the bank. I stretched out my arms, as if I could grasp it, like that, with my hands —

"What do you say? Swimming? Quite so—on the Rhine or the Elbe! But on the Clear Stream? And it was June, I tell you, June! The river was swarming with crocodiles, particularly as the sun was just setting. The loathsome brutes swam closely round the small raft; I saw one of them lifting itself up on its forelegs, and knocking its long, black snout against the crucified bodies. They could scent their quarry, and went along with it impatiently, down river —

"And again the naval cadet shook his head desperately. I shouted to him we were coming, coming —

"But it was as if the cursed river was in league with Hong-Dok; it grasped the boat firmly in tough fingers of mud and would not let go. I also jumped into the water and pulled with the boys. We tore and pushed, we were scarcely able to lift it, inch by inch. And the sun was sinking and the raft was drifting away, further and further.

"Then the overseer brought along the horses. We put ropes round the boat and whipped up the animals. Now things moved. One other effort, and yet another, shouting and whipping! The boat was on the bank. The water ran from it; the boys nailed new planks on the bottom. But dark night had fallen long ago when we started.

"I took the helm, six men bent heavily over the oars. Three were kneeling on the bottom, bailing out the water which kept on coming in. In spite of it all, it rose, until we sat up to the calves in water. I had to tell off two, and yet another two, from the oars for bailing. We advanced with painful slowness —

"I had big pitch torches for searching. But we did not find anything. Several times we thought we could see the raft far away; when we got near, it was a drifting tree trunk or an alligator. We found nothing. We searched for hours and found nothing. I went ashore in Edgardsfalen and gave the alarm. The

commander sent out five boats and two great junks. They searched the river for three days. But they had no better luck than we. We despatched wires to all stations down river. Nothing—nobody saw him again, poor naval cadet!

"— — What do I think? Well, the raft got stuck somewhere on the bank. Or it drifted against a tree trunk and got smashed. One way or the other, the black reptiles got their prey."

* * * * *

The old man emptied his glass and held it out to the boy. And emptied it once more, quickly, in one draught. Then he stroked his dirty grey beard with his long claws.

"Yes," he went on, "that's the story. When we returned to the bungalow Hong-Dok had disappeared, and with him his servants. Then came the investigation—I told you about it already. Naturally nothing new was brought to light.

"Hong-Dok had fled. And never again did I hear anything from him, until one day this box with the counters arrived; somebody brought it in my absence. The boys told me it came from a Chinese merchant. I had investigations made, but in vain. There you are, take your box; look at the pictures which you do not know yet."

He pushed the mother o' pearl counters towards me. "This one shows Hong-Dok being carried to me by his servants in the palanquin. Here you see me and himself on our verandah; here you see him, how I grasp him by the throat. These are several counters showing how we try to get the boat clear, and here are others recording our search through the night on the river. One counter shows Ot-Chen and the naval cadet being crucified, and the other one how they have their lips sewn up. This is Hong-Dok's flight; here you see my clawing hand, and on the reverse his neck with the scars."

Edgard Widerhold relit his pipe. "Now take away your box!" he said. "May the counters bring you good luck on the poker table! There is blood enough sticking to them." — — —

And this is a true tale.

A SEPTENNIAL

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

I.

Seven times has Saturn swung his scythe;
Seven sheaves stand in the field of Time.
And every sheaf's as bright and blithe
As the sharp shifts of our sublime
Father the Sun. I leap so lithe
For love to-day,
My love, I may
Not tell the tithe.

II.

"But these were seven stormy years!"
"Lean years were these, as Pharaoh's kine!"
All shapes of Life that mortal fears

Passed shrieking. We distilled to wine
The vintages of blood and tears.
We tore away
The cloak of gray—
The sun uprears!

III.

We know to-day what once we guessed,
Our love no dream of idle youth;
A world-egg, with the stars for nest.
Is this arch-testament of truth.
Laylah, beloved, to my breast!
Our period
Is fixed in God—
Eternal rest!

ART AND CLAIRVOYANCE

The power of clairvoyance has replaced the faith boasted by St. Paul as "the evidence of things not seen." It is comparatively easy to obtain the inner sight. The mistake which has been made is that people have expected to see the material world with their astral eyes; and this cannot be done unless the astral body is rematerialized, that is to say, brought back to the same plane as it started from. If you want to find out what is happening elsewhere you have first to form the astral body and travel in it to that place. When you are there you must find sufficient material to build a physical body. This being done, you can see very nearly as if you had traveled there in the body. Then by reversing the process you come back to your own body with the information desired. It cannot be too clearly understood that the astral world is a place with laws of its own just as regular as those pertaining to what we call the material world. In reality one is just as material as the other. There is merely a difference in the quality of the material. We cannot say, therefore, that the color and form perceived by the clairvoyant is really identical in its nature with that perceived by the physical eye. Yet there is a certain analogy or similarity; and there is no particular reason why the astral world should not be represented plastically. Attempts to do this have been made by clairvoyants from the beginning of history. The most successful have on the whole been of purely hieroglyphic or symbolic characters. Geometrical patterns and sacred words and numbers have been used by the best seers to represent—perhaps not ex-

actly what has been seen, but the truth of what has been seen. Attempts to make a direct representation have not been successful, but the reason for this has not been the impossibility of the task. It has not been the lack of good clairvoyants; it has been the lack of good artists. We cannot say that there is any actual incompatibility between the two powers. In fact, the greatest artists have nearly always possessed a touch of mysticism. One might even go so far as to say that even art itself is of a mystic character, since even the most realistic of painters transmutes the physical facts before his eyes into a truth of beauty. A good picture is always a picture of more than the model.

In the exhibition held last month by Mr. Engers Kennedy, we have a very definite attempt to portray that which is seen by the spiritual sight, and the result may be described as extremely successful because the artist is a good artist. These pictures can be looked at with pleasure from the purely aesthetic standpoint. There is no ad captandum effort to interest people in the subject of the picture. They stand on their own merits as pictures. But it would be useless to deny that a supreme interest is super-added by the representation of the character or mood of the sitter by the simple means of using the symbolic colors and forms perceived by the spiritual eye as background. We need not go in detail into the nature of the method employed. These pictures must be seen to be appreciated at their full value. But it is certainly possible to predict a great vogue for these portraits. Everyone must naturally wish a representation in permanent form of their inner as well as their outer body.

BARNARD'S LINCOLN UNVISITED

By a Friend of Rodin's Balzac and Epstein's Oscar Wilde.

I have been deplorably ignorant of George Gray Barnard. I had been asking myself whether any good thing would come out of America. But when I noticed the most vicious, malignant, ill-informed attacks upon him by persons ranging from the utterly obscure and ridiculous to those who ought to have known better, I thought it was time to look into the matter.

The criticisms of Mr. Barnard's Lincoln betray the most senseless and vindictive malice. Some of them are so imbecile that they condemn themselves. One does not need to know the statue to know that some at least of its critics are beneath contempt.

One remarks "why give Lincoln big feet? By actual measure they were only three inches longer than the ordinary foot." ! ! ! Mr. Barnard (if appealed to on the point) might possibly reply that Lincoln's feet were big because he trod the earth. The truth is that American idealists want Lincoln to look like a cross between Jesus Christ and Evelyn Thaw. It is very unfortunate that Mr. Barnard should have missed this point of view; but he looks very much like William Blake, and apparently has an equally striking similarity in the matter of his thought. It is certainly almost incredible that such a statue as "the struggle of the two natures in man" should have come from America. There is in this heroic group something of what I call "the true American quality." That is the quality of the pioneer, the man who is up against nature and determined to impose his will upon it, the man of ideals painfully stern and impracticable, it may be,

but worthy of respect in a certain sense even for that fantastic quality.

Lincoln himself was just such an American. But the spirit of Lincoln is as dead as mutton in an age when the Declaration of Independence can be considered a treasonable document. Commercialism has strangled the beauty of everything, even of vice: and *pari passu* the slime of the Sunday School is smeared over all American thought. I have not seen Mr. Barnard's Lincoln, but I can well believe that it is Lincoln as he was, and is, and shall be, body and soul.

A RIDDLE.

By Aleister Crowley.

How came it that you veiled your naked splendor
In flesh so amber rich, so amber rare,
Hilarion? For aethyr, fire, and air,
No grosser elements, in sage surrender
Woven, conspired to clothe thee, lithe and tender.
Supple and passionate, a web of air
Through which the essential glory flames so fair
That—O, my soul, thou canst not comprehend her!

Was it that only so this soul might pass
Beyond its bonds? That in the wizard's glass
Creation, it might learn to look upon
The face of its creator, eye to eye,
—For he that gazeth upon God shall die—
I see thee, and I live, Hilarion!



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THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

No. V.—Not Good Enough.

"It seems a very interesting case," interrupted Simon Iff. "Well, sir," replied the Assistant Commissioner, "not at all, from your standpoint; there's no psychology in it. There seems little doubt that Haramzada Swamy killed the girl; he may have had one of fifty reasons, though robbery was evidently one of them. There are certainly some curious features in the affair, but none that would be of any interest to you." "You make me feel so fiery and martial," returned Iff, "that I shall certainly order some brandy. I hope you will join me. I originally interrupted your remarks in the hope that you would tell me all about the case. I have theories of my own." "If I may adopt your theory of drinking—which it gave me much pleasure to hear at the Hemlock Club—I am feeling narrative, and a pot of beer and a churchwarden is about my style."

It was a summer afternoon. The place was the lawn of Skindle's at Maidenhead. The Assistant Commissioner of Police, Roger Broughton, had motored over to lunch with a friend, Jack Flynn, Editor of the "Emerald Tablet," an advanced high-class review. They had found "Simple Simon," who had rowed up the river in a skiff outrigger from his summer cottage at Henley, lunching on the lawn in a peculiarly naive, yet sumptuous, manner. "In summer," he explained to them, after the first greetings, "meat heats the blood. I am therefore compelled to restrict my diet to foie gras and peaches."

"But Foie Gras is meat."

"The animal kingdom," said the mystic, "is distinguished, roughly speaking, from the vegetable, by the fact that animals have power to move freely in all directions. When therefore a goose is nailed to a board, as I understand is necessary to the production of foie gras, it becomes ipso facto a vege-

table; as a strict vegetarian, I will therefore have some more." And he heaped his plate.

The new-comers laughed; no one ever knew when to take the magician seriously. "What's the drink?" asked Flynn; "it's a new one on me." "This is a Crowley Cup No. 3," he said. "So named after its discoverer. Take a large jug, the larger the better; half fill with selected strawberries; cover the fruit with Grand Marnier Cordon Rouge; ice carefully; fill up with iced champagne, the best obtainable. Stir the mixture; drink it; order more, and repeat. A simple, harmless, and wholesome beverage."

"A temperance drink, I suppose?" queried Broughton, laughingly.

"Certainly," replied the magician; "in my recent journey to America I was careful to obtain an exact definition of what was and what was not alcoholic. Drinks which contain less than 40 per cent. alcohol come under the general heading of the Demon Rum; their sale is restricted in every possible way, and in many States prohibited altogether. Drinks containing more than 40 per cent. of alcohol are medicines, and are sold in the drug stores without restriction of any kind."

"But that champagne reduces the percentage, surely?"

"Champagne forms no part of the drink; it is used merely to dilute the medicine itself."

Broughton, who knew Iff but slightly, looked bewildered, and appealed mutely to Flynn, who knew him well. "You mustn't laugh or cry," said he; "you must just let your brain expand, and try to get the point of view."

"You mustn't think I'm laughing at you, Mr. Iff," apologized Broughton; "we don't forget your masterly work in the case of Professor Briggs."

So lunch proceeded; it was only at the end, as it were by accident, that Broughton had mentioned the murder which had stirred London a few days earlier.

Broughton, having been accommodated with the

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primitive refreshment indicated as harmonious to narrative, began his story.

"Ananda Haramzada Swamy is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of London. He is 33 years old, and has a wife, to whom two children have been born—"

"By a previous marriage? I asked because of your phrasing."

"It's a long story, and has nothing to do with the case. Haramzada Swamy—let us call him the Swamy for short—is an Eurasian; and curiously enough, it is his father that was black, a Tamil. The mother was an Englishwoman."

Simon Iff pursed his lips. "He is a man of loose morals," continued the Commissioner, puffing at his long pipe, "and rents an apartment, or rather a bedroom with bathroom attached, on the fifth floor of St. Noc's Mansions, near Hyde Park. This room is a mere assignation chamber. It is furnished only with a divan, a wardrobe, and a small cupboard full of liquors and tobacco. The room is, however, sumptuous in the Oriental style, and the walls are covered with obscene pictures and photographs. He allowed no one to enter, naturally enough, but used to send his wife weekly to dust it."

Simon Iff could not restrain another gesture of disgust.

"The whole block of apartments is 'under the Rose,' as it were; but—please note this—although in a general way we ask no questions as to the doings of the inhabitants and their visitors, we maintain a correspondingly strict supervision of them, on the watch always for anything outside what I may call honest, straightforward immorality."

"I see," said Iff, thoughtfully.

"The last masked ball of the season took place at Covent Garden on the first Saturday in July. Haramzada was present, and won a prize for the magnificence of his costume, that of a Persian prince of the 15th century. I may mention that he was a critic of art, as well as of philosophy. He left on the arm of a masked lady, who had not competed; no one had seen her face. They went direct in a taxi to the Swami's flat. This was about 3 a. m.; the time is uncertain. It may have been much earlier. A few minutes before five, however, and this time is accurate within ten minutes, Haramzada was seen, in his ordinary day costume, creeping down the stairs, stealthily and swiftly. The lift man only saw him by chance. He had gone up to the fifth floor on a ring, only to find no one there. Irritated, he left the lift, and looked over the stairs, just chancing to see the Swami as he crossed the hall. He supposed, naturally, that the lady was with him.

"Now comes the hand of Providence. It was the custom of that wicked elevator attendant to search the rooms of the tenants, when he was sure of their absence, and not too likely to be caught off duty; his hope was to find what he has since described to us, in a burst of candor, as 'perks'; videlicet; any small objects of value which seemed to him unlikely to be missed. So he pulled his lever, and went up to the fifth floor, opened the Swami's flat with his master key, and entered. The light was switched on.

"The body of a nearly naked woman lay before him. Blood was pouring from a wound in the head; but life was perhaps not extinct. Daniels, as the man was called, acted quickly and properly. He called a doctor on the telephone, describing the nature of the wound, and then notified us. He then had a messenger sent

for the man who would normally have relieved him at seven o'clock, so that he might remain on guard.

"When our men arrived, a minute before the doctor, we found Daniels trying various primitive methods of first aid.

"Detective-Inspector Brown took in the situation at a glance. While the doctor attended the wounded woman, he telephoned headquarters, and a general alarm was sent out for the apprehension of the Swamy.

"At 5.45 the doctor, who had been working energetically to restore consciousness to the victim of the outrage, pronounced life extinct. Daniels was dismissed, but two minutes later he reappeared with the news that the Swamy was in the street outside.

"Brown flung open the window, and cautiously looked out. The Swamy, with his coat collar turned up, and his slouch hat pulled well over his face, was approaching the door in a very furtive manner. Brown determined to give him a free hand. He telephoned down to the other porter to go up to the ninth floor, so as to give the Eurasian his chance to enter unobserved. The door of his flat was closed, and the party awaited developments.

"Unfortunately there was no place where our men could hide. The wardrobe would only have concealed one man. In a few minutes the steps of the Swamy were heard coming up the stairs; a key was pushed into the lock; the door opened; our men seized him. The creature collapsed, mentally and physically, in their arms. It was actually found necessary to apply restoratives. The wretch had evidently counted upon ample leisure to dispose of the body."

"Why had he left the place at all?" This from Jack Flynn.

"Evidently in order to dispose of the proceeds of the robbery. Doubtless he has some safe cache. Well, to continue. When he came to, he was arrested and cautioned. He said, however, that he knew nothing about the matter at all; denied that he knew the woman, or of her presence. Charged at the police court with the murder, he reserved his defence, and was remanded for a week. The same day he wrote out a long rambling statement which I can only call fantastically feeble. The following week he was committed for trial. He then issued another statement, entirely contradicting the former, and endeavoring to explain it away. It is, however, as contrary to ascertained fact as the earlier effort. I expect the truth is that the animal is almost mad with fear. He had probably arranged a safe way of disposing of the body, which was upset by the chance of the early discovery of the crime."

"The murdered woman was identified by her husband on the afternoon following the crime. As you know, it was old Sybil Lady Brooke-Hunter, a leader of the smart set, fast, alcoholic, a plague to her old husband, who shou'd have divorced her ten years ago. She haunted every shady rendezvous in London in search of adventure—"

"Well, she found one all right!" put in Jack Flynn.

"She did. That night she was wearing over ten thousands pounds worth of jewelry, like a fool, as she was. It has all disappeared. Daniels noticed that she was wearing it when she entered St. Noc's Mansions.

"The curious part of the case is her husband's attitude. He refuses to believe that she was ever guilty of an indiscretion in her life; insists that her wander-

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ings in London were purely philanthropic, that she must have been drugged or chloroformed or hypnotized or what not. He is an old man of Puritan views; if I believed her guilty of so much as a libelation,' he said to Brown; 'I would thank God that He had punished her!' And he's the only man in London who doesn't know what she was. She was a barmaid, you remember, as common as the bar she served, when he married her. Lord, but there are some fools about!"

"Is that the story?" asked Simple Simon, quietly.

"I think that's everything. We haven't found the jewelry. There's no reason to suspect any other man in the case. The facts are all against Haramzada Swamy, and his six-cylinder double-action lying doesn't help him."

"How was she killed?"

"There is a large open fireplace in the room. He had caught up the poker, and brained her. It was lying by the body, with blood on it."

"So you rest your case there?"

"All right, my lord!"

"Oh no! I'm for the defense," said Simon Iff. "Here are some facts quite incompatible with the theory that Haramzada Swamy committed the murder. Only last month I happened to be reading his book on Buddhism." Jack Flynn threw a laughing glance at the Police Commissioner, as much as to say, "now the fun begins."

"In this book," pursued the mystic, "he conclusively proves himself innocent of this murder. I will not distress you with the details, but the main argument of the book is that the Buddha was a hedonist, that he called pleasure the greatest good. This argument is based on one fact only; this, that the Buddha declared everything to partake of the nature of sorrow (which is just one-third of the truth) and that his whole system is therefore devoted to the escape from this Everything.

"But pleasure has nothing to do with this. Sensation is only the second of the 'Skandhas' in Buddhist psychology; at the very second gate on the path, pleasure and pain must be recognized as illusions, and rooted out of the mind. Why, desire in any form is the very cause of all sorrow and evil in the Buddhist system.

"Now, gentlemen, we are none of us Buddhists; we may dislike Buddhism very much; and we may call it too abstract, too remote, too barren, too bitter, too ascetic, too formal, too metaphysical, too almost anything you please. We may abuse the Buddha as an Atheist, as a nominalist, as a rationalist, as a sceptic; no one can do more than argue the contrary. But if we represent the Buddha as a high-priest of pleasure, and his religion as a religion of pleasure, we should be shut up in an asylum—or, if not, realize that we have given ourselves away. For there is only one type of sane man who can fail to recognize the elevated morality, the self-abnegation and nobility, the lofty compassion, the almost unthinkable passion for renunciation, which mark Buddhism. To this day the Bhikkhus, or rather Poonggis, of Burma, where alone the true canonical doctrine has been preserved free from corruption, are men of the most exalted virtue. They are often ignorant by our standards; but of their sincerity, their purity, their general morality, there is only one opinion. Even the missionaries, whose one chief task is to slander the people among whom they live, have

failed to destroy the reputation of these noble men. I lived among them myself for three years; I might have joined their ranks, had I felt myself worthy to do so. My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I confidently leave the fate of my unfortunate client in your hands."

"Heaven help me!" cried Broughton, "he's never mentioned the murder at all!"

"Ah that's what you think—and what I think"; laughed Flynn; "but in reality he has torn your case to pieces!"

"If you're not convinced of his innocence," retorted Simple Simon, "I really despair of human reason. However, let us get a few fresh facts. What, besides this book on Buddhism, which I have dealt with so effectively, do we know of his antecedents?"

"As it happens," said Jack Flynn, "I can tell you a lot. It's an ugly story, too, and I'd hang him on that alone, if I were judge and jury. It's not evidence—like what the soldier said—but this being a psychological investigation, it is pertinent. Broughton has told us how he might have done the murder; I will prove to you that he was just the sort of man who would have done it. And I am assuming that the little lecture on Buddhism was intended to prove that he was the sort of man who would not."

"Precisely," said the mystic.

"Well, he had a side to his nature which he did not put in his book."

"Impossible," said Iff. "Men's books are always artistic images of themselves. Of course, this thing has no creative genius at all, and he's a hopelessly bad critic, absolutely incapable of discerning greatness, just as a fly, whose time-sense is extremely rapid compared to ours, cannot perceive movement in a body which travels more slowly than about a yard a minute, or as an amoeba could not understand generation or even gemmation. But, such as his mind is, he must put it into every page he writes."

"I'm going to show you he has a criminal mind."

"We're listening," acquiesced the old magician.

"When he was at the University of London, there was a small scandal, which rather shows the man's quality. He made friends with a man, who confided to him the secret of a love-affair with a woman of the streets. Haramzada Swamy tracked the girl, and tried to buy his friend's letters to her, to blackmail him. The girl was loyal and told her lover, who horsewhipped the Eurasian soundly. Shortly after taking his degree he married an Englishwoman. I should like here to make the point that she was a sex-degenerate, like his mother; for all white women who marry colored men must be classed as such."

"I agree."

"I agree."

"She was quite crazy about him"—too fond of her most filthy bargain"—and they were happy for awhile. Then the snake entered Eden in the shape of a little music-teacher, another degenerate, again a case of heredity, for she was marked with Hutchinson's Teeth. You know what that means?"

Both men nodded gravely.

"The Swamy and his wife were great on preaching Free Love. The snake—and she had the temper of a Russell's Viper!—agreed entirely. A few weeks later she became Haramzada Swamy's mistress. She was so passionate and jealous that she resolved to upset the marriage; this decision was confirmed by necessity, for she became enceinte, and the Swamy,

who hated the idea of children, showed every sign of throwing her off. She actually had the nerve to go to his wife with her story! After various violent scenes, a divorce was decided upon. The Swamy, who has no will of his own, was seized upon by the music-teacher, and never allowed to stir a foot, under penalty of other tempests, until the divorce was granted, and she had dragged him to the registrar's. With amazing cynicism, they had a wedding breakfast, with cake complete, and the baby playing on the floor!

"The Eurasian now had more freedom; he got an appointment in India, and on one excuse or another managed to leave his wife and child behind. Arrived in Hindustan, he set up a harem of dancing-girls, and was happy. But the necessity of a periodical remittance to the fair Florrie soon began to prey upon his mind. He determined to bring her out; for one thing, an English wife might do him some good socially, for of course he was an outcast from both English and native society; for another, it would be cheaper to keep her in India than in England; for another, perhaps, the climate might kill both wife and child, and put an end once and for all to the expense. As it happened, one of his best friends, a full-blooded Indian who also had a taste for white women, and so did not mind mixed marriages and their results so much as his stricter countrymen, was returning to India. He put his wife in charge of this man. On the voyage she promptly seduced him. When the husband became aware of the fact, some six weeks after they landed, he made some mild protest, but did nothing. In fact, they traveled about together, all three, for some months. But the woman was absolutely shameless, caressing her lover even in front of the servants, and the contempt of these—all true Indians are extremely moral and decent, even to prudishness, whether they are polygamists or not—the contempt of the servants became so marked that even the Swamy could not stand it any more. He insisted on a separation. In vain the wife implored her lover to take her with him; he had too much sense for that. It was ultimately agreed that his child—for she was again pregnant—should be treated by Haramzada as his own; and she was to go back to England with her husband.

"Two years later found them in New York. Florrie picked up another lover, greatly to the relief of the Swamy, who hated paying for her dinners. This man, however, insisted on her playing the game: a straight divorce: a straight marriage; and no more foolishness. Haramzada gladly agreed. But just at this moment it was discovered that Florrie was not so penniless as had been supposed; a rich uncle wrote, offering to make her his heir, his only son having been killed in France. The Swamy instantly altered his whole position. He went back to his wife, pleaded with her, begged her forgiveness, played on her pity—ultimately got her to waver. She was now again with child by the new lover. All this time, however, Haramzada was carrying on an intrigue with a German girl, the regular Broadway type. At this moment of sham reconciliation the uncle died. Haramzada resolved on a master-stroke. During her previous pregnancy the sea-voyage had come near to causing one, if not two deaths. He hated his wife most bitterly—of course, such a creature is utterly incapable of love for anybody—he was her heir, and besides, her life was heavily insured. So he

insisted on her going to England to see her children, and attend to the estate left by her uncle. She became dangerously ill, and miscarried; but she lived. The Swamy then hurried over to join her. What was his chagrin to find that her uncle's money was left in trust for her children, so that he could not touch more than a small necessary income?

"He was in great financial straits; robbery and murder were certainly in his heart. Can we be surprised that his hand followed suit? It only needed the opportunity; and the other night he evidently had it."

"You have failed utterly," replied the mystic with some scorn, "to grasp the mind of the thing. All because you will not read his book on Buddhism! He had no opportunity to rob and kill. Any other, yes; but not he. Consider all his acts. We find extreme meanness, selfishness, cunning, the most ignoble attitudes throughout, never a glimpse of anything vertebrate. This is all in accordance with his view of Buddhism. He had a thousand 'opportunities' to kill his wife in India. But not what he, Ananda Haramzada Swamy, calls opportunities. He won't put his neck in a noose; not he! He hopes that the Indian climate may kill her; he hopes that the sea voyage may kill her. But he won't do more in the way of murder than say: 'Darling, do come out; I'm so lonesome,' or 'Darling, do go to England; I'm so anxious about the sweet babies.' He's cold as a fish, but he's never brutal, and he's a coward to the bone."

"That's rather cute," said Flynn. "Now you mention it, I'll do another lap. I got this story from Florrie's lover No. 3, by the same token. You wouldn't blame him for talking. I've known him twenty years, and he was all broken up—just in that state when one has to tell some one or burst. He told me how he left her. When she went back to the Swamy he cut off short, and she's been plaguing him ever since to take her back. He won't. Well, one day he had slapped her gently for impudence. She was going to try to make a slave of him, as she had of her yellow and black men. She said to him: 'If only Ananda had beaten me I would have loved him always.' So evidently he never had."

"What was your friend doing in that galley?" asked Broughton.

"Oh, he's a crank. Saw good in her and wanted to save her. Damned fool! But of course he knew that the only way was to be like a rock—never to yield an inch to any of her gusts of passion. If the Swamy had not murdered their baby I think he might have won."

"I agree with your estimate. Your friend's Quixotic," said Simon Iff. "My interest is in schools, not in hospitals. To let the degenerates drop out is the true kindness—certainly to the race, perhaps even to them."

"To get back to the point," said Broughton. "You still hold the Swamy innocent?"

"I do. Buddhism is a religion of the most dauntless courage. The whole force of the universe from all eternity is challenged by him who would become an arahat, as they call what we call saints, only it's more than that. The saint has God on his side; the would-be arahat has nothing but himself and the memory that there was once a man who won in that incalculable struggle. Yet you suggest that the man who not only fails to appreciate this courage, but even to perceive it, is brave enough to kill a woman with a poker, and even to return to the house where her

corpse lies. If he had killed her, by some chance, he would have fled—fled, fled to the darkest corner of the earth!

"No, sir, Dr. Haramzada Swamy did not kill that woman!"

A newsboy ran across the lawn. "Extry! Extry!" he shouted, "full confession by the Injun!"

Broughton and Flynn jumped for the paper: Simon Iff only poured himself another glass of brandy.

Flynn's professional eye first caught the paragraph. "Textual!" he exclaimed gleefully, and began to read aloud.

"As every one knows," the confession began, "Lady Brooke Hunter was notorious for her immoralities." Iff chuckled, and rubbed his hands.

"She had become old and unattractive. I met her at the Covent Garden ball. She begged me to pass the night with her. I took pity on her, and consented. A little before five o'clock she said she must go home. I remarked, as she rose, upon her obesity, and suggested, out of pure kindness, a way to remove it by practising Indian clubs. I illustrated some exercises with the poker. Suddenly I had a dizzy fit; the poker slipped out of my hand and struck her on the temple. Horrified, I rushed out to find a doctor; but in my bewilderment I could not do so. Then I bethought me of the telephone, and returned home to use it. To my surprise I found the police in the flat. Daniels must have stolen the jewels." Broughton gave a great shout of laughter. "I don't believe a word of it," he roared. "Nor will the jury."

"Nor do I," said Jack Flynn. "Disgusting! look how he throws all the blame on every one else. All but the deathblow—and that's an accident. Dizziness! No, sir, he had that poker by the business end all right!"

"I don't altogether believe the story myself," murmured Simon Iff, in a rather deprecating manner. "He never struck that blow. I'm humbled over this thing, gentlemen; I can't see the truth. And what's more, I can't see why that Eurasian can't tell the truth; I'm sure he could save his neck if he did. I can only think of two possibilities; one, that to tell the truth would disclose some other crime, some meaner crime, some vileness possible for him; two, that, somehow or other, he doesn't know the truth himself. Or is it that he's incapable of truth as such? Confound it, I've been so keen to argue with you that I've not put on my thinking cap!"

"I tell you what," interjected Flynn. "Write me an article on the case: once the man's condemned, as he will be, I can print it. And see if you can get a reprieve on the strength of his book on Buddhism!"

"You shall have the copy to-morrow. It's time I paddled up to Henley. So long!"

The old man went down the lawn to his skiff. He was not as straight as usual; and as he pulled off, the others thought his figure an incarnate Note of Interrogation.

Not long afterwards the case was tried. Haramzada Swamy was found guilty, as the whole country had anticipated. The next day the article by Simon Iff appeared in the "Emerald Tablet."

"I am no orator, as Antony was," it began. "I come not to praise Caesar, but to postpone his burial"; and went on to recapitulate in a precise and logical form the arguments already advanced on the lawn at Shindie's. The wife of the condemned man

had delightedly given permission for the publication of her nauseating story. In her own eyes she was a heroine. The article ended by saying that murder depended upon three things, will, capacity and opportunity; that in this case all three were apparently present, but that the type of murder was one of which Dr. Haramzada Swamy was incapable. "I'm not saying this to flatter him. But he is incapable of it. A snake may bite you as you walk unwarily in the jungle or across the jhil. (Simple Simon delighted in exotic words.) But a snake will never kick you. I would stake my life that Dr. Haramzada Swamy is innocent of the murder for which he has been condemned to death. HE IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH. If he is hanged, it will not be, perhaps, altogether a miscarriage of justice. But it will be an error of law."

The publication of this essay threw England into convulsions of merriment. Their beloved crak had surpassed all his previous efforts. Even the little clique of his admirers were compelled to represent this article as mere sublimity of paradox.

A week later came another explanatory confession from the Swamy, equally unavailing as it was unconvincing. A week before the date set for the execution he broke down altogether, made "true and full confession of deliberate murder," disclosed the place where he had hidden the jewels, which were duly recovered, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Reconciled thus with his Maker, he strove to obtain the pardon of his fellows; but the Home Secretary "declined to interfere" in a voice that destroyed a reputation for suavity of manner that he had been forty and three years in building!

At the appointed moment Ananda Haramzada Swamy, Doctor of Philosophy, suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Jack Flynn was playing billiards with Simon Iff in the Hemlock Club. "You must be pretty fed up," the editor remarked. "I don't want to rub it in, but that final confession must have made you feel pretty sore!"

"Not a bit!" replied the mystic cheerfully. "It's all of a piece with the rest of his life. He never touched that woman; and, now, I'm quite sure he was not only innocent but ignorant. Oh, I know what you want to quote: 'A fool is more wise in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.' Don't mind my seniority!"

"Hang it," said Flynn. "I don't mean that: but—you—well, you are a bit obstinate, you know. By the way, here's a letter for you. I brought it in from the office. More abuse, I suppose!"

Simple Simon put the letter in his pocket, and they finished their game.

"I'll read the abuse," said the mystic, taking a chair by the fire. "it may be amusing. Oui ni' abuse m'amuse! to alter one of Wilde's remarks a trifle." But as he read his face did not lighten; and at the end he put the letter away carefully in his pocket. Flynn watched him in silence. For ten minutes Simon Iff remained as still as an Egyptian God. Then he rose.

"I want you to come to my house," he said. "I have something particular to discuss. The other fell in with his mood: they walked in silence across the park to Carlton House Terrace. The fat man must have been trained to respect his master, for the door opened as the old man visited, and the friend reached it. Simon Iff had the way up the stairs himself

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staircase, with its satyrs and fauns at every corner, until they came to a small door of brass, on which was a relief, a curious pattern of geometry, with Greek capitals. This door opened at the touch of a secret spring. The room within was draped in black; it was lighted by a plain lamp of silver, such as one sees in churches in Italy, with a red glass and a wick floating in olive oil. At one end was a great chair of carved ebony, above which was a single blue ostrich feather. Below the lamp stood a small square altar, painted white, on which were a golden cross and a rose of scarlet enamel. On a small desk before the chair was a great book, on one side of it a naked sword, on the other a pair of balances.

"I want you to sit in that chair," said the magician to Flynn. "This is my House of Judgment. But I want to ask you to judge in this case: I am not qualified to judge the matter that I am about to put before you; for I have already recorded my opinion." Flynn, a little awed, obeyed with a certain diffidence.

Simon Iff stood before the altar, drew the letter from his pocket, and began to read:

"My dear sir:

"This letter is due to you, for you understand the nature of Truth.

"In your article upon the recent murder, that of my wife Sybil, you had no knowledge of what happened, for you had no facts on which to base your judgment; nor indeed was the discovery of the murderer the object of your inquiry; you confined yourself to proving not what did happen, but what could not have happened. In this limited investigation you were extraordinarily accurate.

"I have adored my wife since the day I met her; more, I have revered her with a passionate devotion as of a man to a goddess. For this exaggeration of proper feeling I am punished.

"I have always believed in her purity and fidelity, despite numerous rumors which reached my ears. But in July last I allowed myself to be tempted by an old friend, who was importunate, and justifiably so, since the honor of his own wife was involved in a way to which I need not refer more precisely.

"I therefore purchased a disguise and presented myself at the Costume Ball at Covent Garden on the 3d of July last. I soon recognized my wife, and observed her conduct closely. She danced several times with Dr. Haramzada Swamy, and they left the ball together. I followed them: I still hoped that no serious wrong was contemplated. They went up in the lift; I took the opportunity to slip upstairs, unobserved. I was just able to distinguish into which door they went. At this door I waited and listened. In ten minutes I had heard enough. The blow was crippling; I must have fainted; for the next thing I remember is that I was sitting on the floor, but alert and intent upon the dialogue. I heard first the whimpering voice of the Eurasian, punctuated with a nauseating giggle. 'It is a most unfortunate necessity, dear lady,' were his first words. She replied with a torrent of oaths and curses. She was apparently defying him, but I could not tell why. 'You see, I put the dainty little thing away,' he said. 'where you can't find it, dear lady; you surely wouldn't deprive your adorer of such an intimate souvenir. And you mustn't make a noise in the flat, must you, dear? We're so respectable here.' Again she cursed him, but in a lower voice. I had no idea she knew such words; some of them I did not know myself. 'Your husband will

certainly kill you outright, or divorce you at the very least, if he finds you out; personally, I'm inclined to think he'll kill you, you know. He's such a severe type of man, not at all a ladies' man, dear, I'm afraid. So you'll give me all those pretty little toys, and you can make up a story about a robbery; I'm sure he'll believe you, you're so clever, rather like my wife in some ways.'

"I cannot describe the impression made by his little whining voice, but it made me screw up my face like one who has bitten into a sour apple. I heard the noise of clattering; evidently Sybil had thrown her jewels on the floor. 'I'll take the rings, too,' he went on. 'It will be better for the story you'll tell him. I'm advising you in your own interests, you know.' Again the horrible little giggle. 'Such a sensible little lady!' he added, 'and now I'll get my hat and coat and leave you for an hour, so that you can dress and go home. I'm so sorry I haven't got a maid to help you.'

"By instinct, I suppose, I withdrew from the door and concealed myself beyond the elevator. Let him go out, jewels and all; my business was with my wife.

"He slipped hurriedly and stealthily out, as I could see through the gilded palings of the elevator shaft, ran down one flight of stairs and rang for the lift. The moment the machine started he began to run down the stairs again. At the same moment I strode across the landing and struck my fist upon the door. It yielded; he had left it unlatched.

"You, Mr. Iff, are probably the one person in England who can imagine—that is, in the proper sense of the word, make an image of—my state of mind. Coincident were, firstly, a blaze of wrath at her treachery of a life time; and, secondly, a habit of protection. She was an infamous woman who had destroyed the life of a good man; and she was also a helpless woman who had been blackmailed and robbed by a man more wretched and infamous than she.

"I honestly believe that my brain had become dull to the former of these impressions; that my main conscious idea was to comfort. But I had not counted on the effect of the scene itself. Some people, as you know better than anybody, visualize everything; some don't. Tell one man to shut his eyes; then whisper 'church'; he will see twenty familiar churches in a moment just as if they were in front of him. I am not one of these men. When my eyes are closed I see nothing. So, though I had the fact of adultery in my mind, I had nowise staged the act in the theatre of my mind. Therefore the opening of the door was a new shock. Sybil was standing, clad only in a light garment, and that torn across; her hair was disheveled, her eyes bloodshot; the paint and powder on her face—that was itself a revelation of infamy to me.

"The divan was in a state of disorder; everything testified with open mouth to the atrocity perpetrated against me. I believe that doctors would prove—I believe that you yourself would agree—that I became totally insane for the moment. This is probably then true; yet what I know of it is this, that I lost all sense of anger or distress. She said one word, a word of extreme filth, at seeing me. I simply stooped, picked up the poker, and struck her down. I had no idea that I was killing a woman; so far I will agree with you; my act was entirely reflex, like a knee-jerk, or as one brushes a fly from one's head without consciousness of its presence.

"Still without true volition, I went out and closed the door. The interview was at an end. I walked

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down the stairs; Daniels, preoccupied with predatory ideas, apparently failed to see me at all.

"Why did I not explain this a week or two ago? Sir, I was desirous that a certain half-breed cur should meet with his desert."

"This done, I am at your service. I shall not kill myself; you may hand my letter to the Public Prosecutor; I hope at least to go to the gallows like a man."

"REGINALD-BROOKE HUNTER."

Jack Flynn broke the long silence which followed the reading of the letter. But his voice, in that dim hall, sounded like the echo of some god's voice—some god who was speaking elsewhere, a great way off. "I take this letter as true."

"I also."

"What am I to say?"

"What I am to do?"

There was a long pause. Finally Flynn's voice boomed, fainter and hollower than before.

"Nothing."

The mystic held the letter in the flame of the lamp. He blew the last ash lightly into the air, and led the way out of the House of Judgment.

In the study they found Lord Juventius Mellor, a young disciple of Simple Simon, who acted as his secretary. "Little Brother," said the magician, "I want you to ring up Sir Reginald Brooke-Hunter and ask him to spare me an evening as soon as he can to dine at the Hemlock Club. I want to persuade him to stand for Parliament. I think we can promise him the Presidency of the Board of Education; Willett-Smith is resigning, you know. Tell him, of course, that the Prime Minister has asked me to see him about it."

The young man went off, while Jack Flynn stared. "So that's how you do things?" he said. "Yes," said the old man, "we do things by the simple process of doing them. You remember the butcher in the Tao Teh Ching—no! in the writings of Chwantze!—who cut up oxen until he did it without knowing that he did it, so that his knife never needed sharpening, and his arm never tired? Which muscle of our body never tires? The heart, though it works all the time. Why? Because our silly muddled brains don't meddle with it. That is the art of government. So, having

found the perfect man to educate our youth, we slip him in!"

"Good," said Flynn, laughing. "A double murderer! If I rob a bank will you make me Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Oh, no," said the magician with a sigh. "I must have a perfect robber. Our best thief is Lord Chief Justice, as you know; but for the Exchequer, we ought really to look on the other side of the Atlantic. Oh, dear! What a pity they threw that tea into Boston Harbor!"

"By the way," said Flynn, "to return. I still don't see why Haramzada confessed to a murder he knew he didn't do."

"As I said before—and you had ears, and heard not—it was all of a piece with the rest of his life. He did not know the truth about the murder, though in one of his numerous confessions he probably told all he did know. He wasn't believed; he knew there was no chance to cheat the gallows; so he thought he would cheat God. Splendid idea! to die for a crime one has not committed. One goes to heaven with colors flying, one of the noble army of martyrs. It's a cowardly idea, a liar's idea—"

"An Eurasian's idea?"

"Yes; and that's the ghastly thing about it. His nature is not his own fault, any more than a toad's. But this I want you to understand that as sex is the most sacred thing in life, so the sins of the fathers are visited on the children most of all in violations of eugenics.

"Whether it's tubercle, or alcoholism, or marriage between kin too close, or sub-race too distant, the penalty is fulminating and disastrous. Generation becomes degeneration."

"What's the remedy?"

"Oh, we might restore the worship of Dionysus and Priapus and Mithras, perhaps, for a beginning. Then there's the question of polygamy, we shall have that; and harems; and groves, with sacred men and women. You can read it up in Fraser if you're rusty."

But that was the worst of Simple Simon. He would constantly change the key of his discourse without warning; and unless you knew him as well as Jack Flynn, you could never be sure when he was joking.

DAWN.

By Aleister Crowley.

Sleep, with a last long kiss,
Smiles tenderly and vanishes.
Mine eyelids open to the gold.
Hilarion's hair in ripples rolled.
(O gilded morning clouds of Greece!)
Like the sun's self amid the fleece,
Her face glows. All the dreams of youth,
Lighted by love and thrilled by truth,
Flicker upon the calm wide brow,
Now playmates of the eyelids, now
Dancing coquettes the mouth that move
Into all overtures to love.
The Atlantic twinkles in the sun—
Awake, awake, Hilarion!

A POETRY SOCIETY—IN MADAGASCAR?

By Aleister Crowley.

The Poetry Society. St. Vitus.
St. Borborygmus, aid! The thin screams fell
And rose like spasms in some ho:house he'
Peopled by scraggier harpies than Coctus.

Dull dirty décolletées dilettante!
I sickened to the soul; above the babbles
Of that cacophonous misshapen rabble,
Rose like a cliff the awful form of Dante.

Colossally contemptuous, in fury
Statue the iron eyes of Alphonse
Burn into mine; their razor led to me, carve
My capon soul. "What dost thou know?" they said:
"Art thou not even worthy to be dead?"
"Canst thou not go into the sun and starve?"

THE HEART OF HOLY RUSSIA.

By Aleister Crowley.

"Above Moscow is nothing but the Kremlin; and above the Kremlin is nothing but Heaven."—Russian Proverb.

I.

Observers so well, yet so diversely, equipped as Von Moltke and Théophile Gautier, concur in amazement at this city of miracle. As one would expect, the truly original mind of the strategist finds worthier expression than that of the mere expert in words.

Gautier, writing of St. Basil's, exhausts himself in such forcible-feeble photography as this: "On dirait un gigantesque madrépore, une cristallization colossale, une grotte à stalactites retournée."

The soldièr sums the whole city in a phrase of inner truth: "On se croit transporté dans une de ces villes que l'imagination sait se représenter, mais qu'en réalité l'on ne voit jamais."

All of us, I hope, and in particular my Lord Dunsany and Mr. S. H. Sime, have seen these cities of the imagination; and the more we have travelled the world, the more we have grown content with our disappointments. Delhi, Agra, Benares, Rome, London, Cairo, Naples, Anuradhapura, Venice, Stockholm, all fall short in one way or another of making one exclaim as I exclaimed when my eyes first fell upon the great east wall of the Kremlin, its machicolated red brick crowned by the domes of the cathedrals, its Tartar towers culminating in the glorious Gate of the Saviour, flanked by ineffable St. Basil: "A hashish dream come true." There is nothing in de Quincey, Ludlow, or Baudelaire so fantastic-beautiful as the sober truth of Moscow. It has not been planned; it obeys no 'laws of art.' It is arbitrary as God, and as unchallengeable. It is not made in any image of man's mind; it is the creation of mind loosed from the thrall of even so elemental a yoke as mathematics.

It is the imagination incarnate in metal and stone. It is the absurd in which Tertullian believed. It is a storm of beauty, a mad poet's idea of heaven. It mocks human reason. It belongs to no school or period; it could not be imitated or equalled, because the mind of even the greatest artist has limitations, grooves of thought; and in Moscow, it is the unexpected which always happens. Happens: the Kremlin is an accident. The town itself is an accident. There is no particular geographical reason for it being where it is. As to natural advantages, it has none. There is a small river, perhaps half as wide as the Harlem River or the Thames at London Bridge, and a hill no higher than Morningside or Ludgate Hill. Go to the top of Ivan Veliky one clear day and you can see but vastness of plain all ways to the horizon, save for that low mount-line whence Napoleon first saw the city. It has no Vesuvius, no bay of blue, no crested Posillipo. It has no seven hills. It has no mountain setting, no mighty river, no possibility of background but the sky. And there it is, unassailably magnificent, sheer warlock's work. It is the sudden crystallization of one of those "barbarous names of Evocation" of which Zoroaster speaks. It is the efflorescence of a Titan vice, the judgment of the God that turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt upon a spinthria of the whole race of giants. For, like the Thrysus around whose spear twist vine tendrils, every dominant form of the Kremlin is a fantasy upon one theme, and that a theme of which the sun himself is but the eidolon.

It is the Lord of Life, the Giver of Life, the bountiful, the single, the master of ecstasy, the fulfiller of promise, the witness of the invisible, the vicegerent and arbiter of the godhead, the mainspring of manhood, the compeller of destiny, that is commemorated in this wilderness of wonder.

This Basil church (might one not say Basilisk church?) is the solution of the platonic antinomy of the Many and the One. There are no two spires alike, either in color or in form or in juxtaposition. Each asserts that unity is in multiplicity in unity; each is a mathematical demonstration of the identity of being and form.

Here is the arcanum of the Brothers of the Rose and Cross; here the solution of the problem of the alchemists; here the square is circled, here the cube is doubled, here is perpetual motion in unmoving stone; the volatile is fixed, the fixed is volatile, Hermes has laid Christ the cornerstone, and Hiram-abif has set his seal upon the pinnacle of the temple.

And as I gaze in this July full moon, facing the Northern Lights, eternally brightening and never growing brighter, behind the frozen dream, suddenly the rich silence breaks into sound. Incomparable beauty of the bells of Moscow! There are no other bells in the world that can for a moment be compared with them. And they play music. Not tunes vulgarized by cheap association, not imitation of any other music, but melodies all their own, as wonderful to the ear as is the city to the eye. In accord with the miracle of the building, they repeat the great work accomplished in every phantasy of phrase, the lesser bells answering the greater like the nymphs caressing Bacchus.

It is stupendous, unbearable; the consciousness breaks into ecstasy; one becomes part—that peculiar part which is the whole—of the choral colossus. There is no more limitation: time, space, the conditions of the ego, disappear with the ego itself in that abyss of eternity, that indivisible and instantaneous point, which is the universe.

II.

Within the churches is infinite prodigality of gold. Except in St. Saviour's, a modern Europeanized bad church, height is always so disproportionate to breadth that one might fancy oneself in the torture chamber of a Sadistic god. Up and up, out of sight, stretch the fierce frescoes, with their snakes and dragons that devour the saints, their gods, bearded as their own popes, and their devils, winged and speared like the horsemen of the steppes that their forefathers feared. All sight, in these dimly-lit shrines, ceases before the shaft of the divine instrument starts from the curves—slight enough—of the roof. When these churches were built, the windows had to be minute, because of winter. Ivan the Terrible was ignorant of "chauffage centrale." The effect is unpleasing, the void breaks in upon form and eats it up. It turns the whole edifice into a magic mouth gold-fanged, whose throat sucks up the soul into annihilation.

There is no truly original feature in the art of the frescoes, which recall the Primitives. It is the superb barbaric indifference to balance, which piles gold on gold. Only the faces, hands, and feet in ikons are uncovered; the robes, carved in gold or

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silver-gilt, or woven in pearl and every other precious stone, cover the canvas. These faces and hands are indecipherable, would be so even in good light. At first, one dislikes the gap in the gold. At second, one gives up criticism and adores. The whole overpowers; nothing else matters. One is in presence of a positive force, making a direct appeal. The lumber of culture goes overboard. Fact, elemental fact, reaching beyond all canons, is with one and upon one. There are the coffins of a hundred Tsars, red copper slightly bronzed, each with name and date in high relief, the simplest ornaments in holy Russia. Above the coffins of the Romanoffs hangs a marvellous golden canopy. Along one side are mighty banners, ikons encased in gold. And the Sanctuary has St. Michael, mighty and terrible, slaying the serpent; for this is the Church of the Archangel. The floor is purple with porphyry, rough and uneven blocks on which the squarer never toiled, but polished by millions of devout feet for centuries.

Go into the Church of the Assumption. Here is the fresco of Jonah with his adventures from the casting-overboard to the preaching in Nineveh. And one passes from the corridor direct into a dim sanctuary, its pictures, painted with infinite detail, invisible even by the light of a taper—and one acquiesces in the eternal truth that invisibility is no drawback to the appreciation of a picture! Further along, a sombre clerestory holds a vast reliquary of gold and silver, the covers half drawn to show most aged bones of saints; here a hand, there a foot, here again a bone which piety has decorated with gold wires.

And through all moves the concourse of many women and some men, prostrating themselves, crossing themselves ceaselessly, kissing the frames of the relics one by one, testifying most notably to the vitality of the faith thus mummied, the faith, which, as Eliphas Levi said, has not inspired a single eloquence since Photius. The popes are the most despised of the people: the cult is bound hand and foot in the winding sheet of a formality one hundred times more costive than the Roman: and yet it tingles and throbs with overwhelming life. Again the antinomy of things is conquered; it is as if *lucus a non lucendo* were recognized as an absolute and irreversible canon of philology.

The secret is in the Russian himself. He is the natural martyr and saint, the artist in psychology. Most people are exquisitely aware that even the commonest Russian regards the sexual act as a serious scientific experiment, with grave concern, studying the personal equation in all its details, never admitting enthusiasm until the stage directions so ordain. This principle is carried as far in religion. The people cross themselves when they feel like it, prostrate themselves by no discoverable rule. Each man carries out his cult with no reference to his neighbor. Each is present in order to work himself into religious ecstasy. If he succeeds, he has been to church: if not, he hasn't.

The Russian understands suffering itself as a thing to observe, not to feel. He accepts the hardships of his lot as God's experiment with man. The means is nothing, the end all. Hence the patient longing of his dog-like eyes, and the beatitude glimmering from his pale cheeks. Hence the joy in sorrow and sorrow in joy of his whole mental composition. Hence his long-suffering and his fierceness, his tenderness and his brutality. The Great

Mean is realized by the exhaustion of the extremes. It is Chinese Taoist philosophy in practice, and at the same time the antithesis of that plan of achieving everything by doing nothing.

III.

As instructive as the Russian at prayer is the Russian at debauch. He drinks to get drunk, realizing the agony of the limitations of life as much as Buddha, though the one finds sorrow in change, and the other seeks change as the remedy of sorrow. And so all his gaiety only amounts to a wish that he were dead, or at least mad; he strives to overcome the enemy, life-as-it-is, by entering a realm where its conditions no longer threaten and obsess.

His method is childish, to our supercilious eyes, for we have gone through the mill of the Renaissance and a hundred other educational crises, while Russia—with the deadly exception presently to be noted—has remained a "spring up, a fountain scaled." But all our pleasures have some primitive physiological basis in one or other of the senses, and the man who enjoys a mutton chop has no need to envy him who turns from some nauseously bedevilled kickshaw. In Russia the essential elemental thing is always there, and even the mistakes of its art and life turn to favor and to prettiness. A savage woman of twenty is always splendid, though she blacken her teeth and tattoo her face and hang her ribs with spent cartridges and thrust a fishbone through her nose; our civilization resembles a hag dressed by Poiret.

All this of Moscow, the heart of holy Russia; whose crown is the Kremlin; it does not apply to Warsaw, with its sordid gangs of Jews and Roman Catholics, or to Petersburg with its constantly increasing taint of sham Parisianism. Paris at its best is a poor thing; unless it is one's own in a most special sense one must be very intimate with artists to escape the commercial gaiety of Montmartre, the ruined boulevards, and the general tawdriness of its second-rate monuments. But the worst elements of Russia have annexed the worst elements of Paris:

"Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation."

Paris is the Circe that turns Russians into swine. Politically, the influence of Rousseau has been deplorable.

The "contrat social" is as out of place in Asia as frock coats and lavender trousers on the tawny limbs of the Samurai. Pushkin, the national poet, is but an echo of Byron. It was at that period that Russia discovered Europe, and it has discovered nothing since. What we most like in Russian literature we should most dislike. One's natural feeling is toward familiar things. It is not the western garnishry of Tolstoi that we should admire. His perfectly insane views on poverty and chastity and non-resistance are the truly Russian utterance. Where those views are tintured by national considerations they become French, and his lofty craze for chastity degenerates into a neo-Malthusianism, as craven in its theory as it is disgusting in its practice. The authentic Russian says, "Let God be true, and every man a liar": it is the voice of his own holy spirit that speaks, and that voice cares nothing for conditions. "It thine hand offend thee, cut it off," said Christ, and immediately Russia produced a sect as sinless as the Galli, the shorn priests of Cybele, the fellow martyrs of Atys. There is no talk of the "interests of the community," and the rest of it. Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy" anticipated Tolstoi's non-

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resistance with a plan of campaign whose principal tactic was to allow yourselves to be mown down by artillery in order to fraternize with the gunners. It is, incidentally, a perfectly practical plan—in the long run.

Were I not resolved to keep politics out of this paper, I could adduce some singular evidence to this effect.

St. Basil's is unquestionably supreme among these monuments. Its likeness to the others is so much more like, its opposition so much more salient, its violations so absolute, and its unity so achieved, beyond theirs. Ivan the Terrible had the eyes of the architect put out, so that he might not make another masterpiece for another emperor.

How curiously ineffective are words to conjure vision! Even poetry can only reproduce an impression, and by no means the cause of the impression.

Here is St. Basil's from the front.

On the extreme left, far back, a column on open arches with a windowed spire; next, a low grey phallus, the gland of grey stripes salient from a green background spiked with red pyramids. Then a lofty phallus, the shaft ornate in red and grey, the gland striped with orange and green in spiral; under it nestles another phallus, its gland covered with flat diamonds of red and green.

Then another, lofty, with a straight stripe of red and green. Now comes the main spire, shaped rather like a wine-bottle, fretted with myriad false arches, adorned in red, green and Naples yellow. Its gland is gold. Then a grey shaft supports a gland trellised with green, yellow diamond pyramids filling the spaces. Last comes a high lingam decorated with false arches, its gland of red and green pyramids set spiral. At the foot is a grey covered balcony; and admission is gained by a quasi-Chinese causeway whose spires are covered with green-grey scales, ribbed with red, white and green. The whole is further ornamented chiefly with bars of red, white, yellow, orange and green in various combinations, and the flat spaces with painted flowers in pots, executed in a style somewhat recalling certain phases of post-impressionism.

There is the northern aspect. So ineffective is it to expose the mechanism of a masterpiece! As one walks round it, round is a correct term, for the ground plan is circular, not angled—new towers spring into view, always fantastically varied, yet never permitting the impression of the whole to alter by a jot.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof"; and yet "in Him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning."

IV.

The Moskwa by night has a curious likeness to the Thames; and St. Saviour's takes on the aspect of St. Paul's. For a second the illusion is complete; then one turns back to the marvellous parapet of the Kremlin, and is again in Asia. One passes into the enchanted garden of Alexander the Third, with its ruins of elder walls, now half hidden by usurping vegetation, always beneath the machicolations of pale orange, crowned by the mighty palace of the Tsar. Moscow has virtue to hallow modernity. The guide-book informs us that such and such was rebuilt in eighteen hundred and something; one is as unmoved in admiration as when one learns that the gargoyles of Notre Dame are Early Victorian. It merely intensifies one's admiration for Early Victoria.

In these gardens monsters play; it is only in keeping. No Pagan dream of centaur, nymph, hermaphrodite, faun, hamadryad, exceeds the soul that laughs in Russian eyes. Who has the key of the garden of Pan? He will find it more useful in Moscow than even in London, where the constant wear of the nerves—London is the City of Interruptions—drives all who would remain themselves to explore strange kingdoms, wherein themselves are lost. With a telephone at one's elbow, one is obliged to fill a minute with the wine of a month. Unnecessary task for Moscow, where the minutes are worth months by their own right divine. What is boredom in the west is bliss in the east. It is the elemental forces of Nature that nurse our hearts. London's comedy and tragedy are so glazed over by hypocrisy that London feeds on lies. In Moscow one is constantly faced by facts. The troughs of sulphuric acid between the double windows, without which one could have no daylight in winter, are undeniable.

In Nice the hotel porter can (and does) telegraph to the papers that his thermometer is 21 degrees C. when there is snow on the ground and a blizzard blowing.

It is this annual illustration of snow that keeps the heart of Moscow pure, even as India is purged by heat and rain. Where Nature always smiles degeneracy soon sets in. Countries not purified by calamity must be washed in blood. This is the merciful and terrible law, and this is the law under which wild beasts prowl unmolested in the garden of the Third Alexander. Those who accept the law of their own being are free within the limits of their destiny. Osiris bore the crook and scourge; the Russian has his trances and his vices—and the knout. I wish I were sure that the Russian—not only his artist—were as sure as I am that the two are but phases of a unity which would have no phases but for an inexplicable optical illusion! However, the artist knows it and the peasant lives it; that must suffice.

Russia is always in extremes: the Café Concert at the Aquarium and the finest ballet in the world on the one hand—the mercury mines on the other. The Tsar on the one hand—the greatest personal freedom in Europe on the other. An Education Act would drown Russia in blood: a Duma is an anachronism. The result is a life simple and moderate, perfectly policed and admirably free. When all is said and done, the only crime is to conspire against a rule which ensures this freedom. The ethics of Russian rule is not to be judged by the convicted sneak-thieves who come to England and pose as political martyrs, or the women who, after being licensed prostitutes for fifteen years in Warsaw, arrive in London with a tale of a vierge flétrie and a wicked governor-general. Russia is pre-eminently sane, as England is hysterical. A press censor saves one (at least) from the excesses of the Press. In England today it is impossible to discover from the newspapers whether a million stalwart men made the welkin ring at Sir Bluster Bragg's meeting, or whether the attendance was limited to an old lady suffering from rheumatism and two jeering boys. Both reports are often enough sent in by the same man.

In Moscow one does not bother one's head about such matters. You can blow ten thousand men to pieces with less fuss than (in England), a draper can get rid of his wife. There is no excitement about

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the "drames passionels" in the papers; every Russian buttons up a hundred Crippens in his blouse—which often enough has not even buttons! No man can estimate the strength of Russia. Moscow is the richest city in Europe. Russia has real wealth, not the wealth that depends on wars and rumors of wars. Let every bank in the world break, and the planet break up in universal war: Russia would not turn a hair. Certain financiers might default; no other would suffer. The Russian Empire is a fact in Nature; the British Empire is the hysterical creation of a few Jingo newspapers. England without a navy can be starved in three weeks. Russia over-powered merely starves her invaders. General Janvier and General Février are finer strategists than my lords Roberts and Kitchener. Russia has in her own right all the things that are wanted. The "Vin exceptionnel de Georgia" which I drank to-night would be hard to match in French vintages, and it only costs ten shillings a bottle even at this den of thieves where I sup and write. If you insist on all you have coming straight from Paris, it is expensive to live; I find the local products, from hors d'oeuvres to that kind which neither toils nor spins, incomparably finer. The Christmas strawberry at the Savoy is not equal to those that you pick wild in June. The opposite contention is one of those superstitions that oppresses the newly rich, and makes their lives a burden fiercer than Solomon's grasshopper. All life ultimately reposes on spiritual truths, not on material illusions. If a man is a physician at forty, he knows by experience the simple truth of poets like Wordsworth, Burns, and Francis Thompson. A friend of mine has recently had his adequate income multiplied by five. The other day he said to me: "Till now I never knew what it was to be poor." The poor remain happy in their hope; "if they were only rich!" The rich have lost that illusion; they know riches are valueless, and they despair of life. A girl friend of mine lived for three years happily on a pound a week or less; she has come into a thousand a year, and "never has a penny to bless herself with." She even contemplates an expedient as ancient as it is unsatisfactory to eke out the exiguity of her existence. This is where the Russian scores; he steals ravenously, and flings away the spoils. He never attaches any value to money, or regards it as a standard of worth. Birth is a good deal, influence something, even saintship, artistry, or pre-eminence in vice have value; but riches are left to the Jew. The Russian is the only rival of the Irishman as the antithesis of all that Weininger implies by the Jew—which term, by the way, has an extension quite different from that of the Hebrew race. To say so much is not to take sides in a controversy or even to admit that controversy as legitimate: as a logician, I deny that either of the contradictories A and a necessarily fall into either of the classes B or b.

In Russia I go further, and assert the identity of A and a. It is the secret of the extravagance of strength and weakness which is eternally whispered between the steppes and the sky.

V.

It is not often that Nature condescends to make a pun: here she has done so, by the constant reminder of the astounding likeness between Moscow and Mexico (D. F.). There is the same "sudden unfinishedness"; for example, between the Kremlin and St. Basil's there is a patch which has known no workman's toil. There is also the terrible rain, which makes horses stand knee-deep in water. I

once saw a man thigh-deep in the Pivnaya next to the Hermitage Restaurant—the best in Moscow—balancing for dear life. There are the same great open circles, with low crude houses on the patio system, stalls here and there, animals in unexpected places, a general air of mafiana, occasional Chinese, odd drunkards reeling about in open daylight. I must also mention that eminently respectable women smoke in the street, and that both sexes refuse to submit to the inconvenience of waiting when they are in a hurry. Electric trams of surprising excellence run through roads paved with cobbles of desolating irregularity. Even minute details concur; for example, the bedrooms in my corridor run 109, 103, 108, 106, 101. The gardens and boulevards suggest an alameda rather than the Paris which they were probably intended to imitate, and the behavior of the people who adorn them goes to complete the likeness. The suburbs confirm the diagnosis, with their wooden huts and their refreshment shanties, their fields unenclosed, their sudden parks and fashionable hotels whose approaches would not be tolerated in the most primitive districts anywhere else.

And as I make these observations on the road to Sparrow Hills, my friend remarks (*sua sponte*) that it is exactly like the back-blocks in Northern Australia!

And this is 56° North! Whence comes this constant suggestion of the tropics? Except for the quality of the rain, there is rationally no striking resemblance. To me this is an unsolved puzzle, an isolated fact which I connect with no other item of my mind, much less subordinate to any general principle. But it is so strong and so remarkable that it must be set down in the record.

VI.

Pale green as the sea in certain seasons, with all of its translucence, are the twin spires and the dome of the Iberian Gate, whose facade is of the color of a young fawn, and whose windows are dappled white. Beneath each tower is a passage, and between these nestles the Chapel of the Virgin of Iberia, the holiest shrine of Russia. Most sacred is the image of the Virgin, a copy of that of the Iberian monastery of Mount Athos, a copy made according to the rules of ceremonial magic, amid fasts and prayers and conjurations. It was presented solemnly in 1648 to the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich by the archimandrite Pochomius. The cheek of the Virgin bears yet the mark of the knife-thrust of an iconoclastic Tartar.

The chapel is crowded with many other ikons, and the ragged-devout. Also, as Baedeker cynically remarks, *se méfier des pickpockets.* (It is delightful to find Baedeker among the prophets!) But while the interior is like all Russian shrines, an avalanche of gold, the interior is a noble canopy of that vivid blue-violet which nature so rarely produces but by way of the laboratory, starred with gold, and crowned with a golden angel, the crimson brick of the Duma on the east, and the History Museum on the west, it is a spectacle of unwearying beauty.

To me it is evident that devotion and admiration leave their object admirable. I believe that the appreciative eye can distinguish between two similar objects, one of which has been worshipped, and the other not. I believe that the human mind does leave an abiding imprint on things as much as they do upon the mind.

I almost believe that the Tower of the Saviour

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is the most beautiful in the Kremlin, partly because for two and a half centuries no man has dared to pass beneath it without uncovering his head, and that St. Nicholas of Mojaisk really protected his image from the attempt of the French to blow up his gate with gunpowder. All such petty miracles are credible enough in face of the one great and undeniable miracle of the existence of so much beauty upon earth.

VII.

Education spoils the Russian as it spoils everybody. The Tretiakoff gallery is sufficient evidence. There appears no true original strain of Russian art. The whole gallery is so imitative that every picture in it might have been painted by Gerald Kelly. And unfortunately there are only one or two who mimic anything so high as Reynolds or Gainsborough; the principal influences are rather those of Frith, Luke Fildes, and others of the sentimental photograph school. The pictures of Peroff, Makowsky, Kramskoi, Gay and Repine are oleographs more oleographic than all previous oleographs. Verestchagin has been well called the despair of photographers; he had astonishingly normal perception, and a facility of draughtsmanship and color which implies a mastery in which nothing was lacking but individuality. He fills some ten pages of the catalogue with 235 oil paintings, many of them conceived on the most generous scale. The man must have had a far greater capacity for painting than I have for looking at his pictures. A mosque-door, life-size, with the minute carvings reproduced so that the texts are as legible as the original, figures again and again in these vast canvases. The painter never seems to have grasped the first fundamentals of painting. In this gallery the fact that representation of nature has no connection with art is driven home, and one almost begins to sympathize with the Futurist manifesto.

The only insight beyond that of Bonnat, Bouguereau, Carolus-Duran, and their bovine kind is shown by Shishkin, Sudhowsky, Prvokline, Mestchersky, Dubovsky, Nesteroff, and Kuindjy, until we come to recent years, when the accessibility of Paris has given an entirely new direction to Russian art, and the Latin quarter has warned Russian students that they must be original. Paris has become the sole centre of art, and so destroyed all national characteristics! (I noticed exactly the same tendencies in the gallery of Stockholm.) The slavish imitation that marked all nineteenth century work, even more than eighteenth century, is gone, and the future appears more hopeful than that of art in any other country.

But the past must be closed; the Tretiakoff gallery is only "an average Academy," except for the room which is consecrated to foreign art, and holds the best Gauguin, the best Van Gogh, and the best Toulouse-Lautrec that one is likely to see between Vladivostok and the studio of Roderic O'Connor in the Rue du Cherche-Midi—where it is always Quatorze Heures!

VIII.

But of all these matters it is idle and impertinent to write. Analysis shows "King Lear" to be a jumble of twenty-six very commonplace letters, repeated without any regard to symmetry or any other rule for assembling the same. This appalling café-concert (where of the thirty items barely three are tolerable) does not hinder my appreciation of the Shashlik which my bold Circassian in his brown

rough robe with the silver furniture will presently bring me on a skewer. The concert comes to an end; the banality of bad orchestra, bad singing and bad dancing of bad women, inaudible through the clatter of innumerable forks on plates and tongues in jaws, is dead before it is alive; this is not Moscow, or even an impression of it. The lady in black silk (on my right) with "sapphire" oblongs about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in her ears reminds me delightfully of the cold sucking-pig of the Slaviansky Bazaar. Life cancels life; death is the only positive, perhaps because it has the air of being the only negative.

Moscow is the bezel of a poison-ring: about it is only the gold and silver of the stars and of the steppes, a ring whose equation is the incommensurable.

I can take ship in my imagination, and arrive at marvellous heavens; I can conjure monsters from the deep of mind; nothing so strange and so real has found the mouth of the sunrise on its russet silken sails, or hailed my bark from the far shore of Oceanus or Phlegethon. Chimaera, Medusa, Echidna, and those others that we dare not name, is it you or your incarnations that come, incubus and succubus, unasked into the dream which we call Moscow? Why is the essence of the unsubstantial fixed in stone, the land of utmost faery paved with cobbles, the grossest vices transfigured with a film of moonlight, the blood of unnameable crimes become of equal virtue with the blood of martyrs? Why is the face in the ikon so dark, if not for the face of Ivan the Terrible as he gazed sneering on the face of his own son, struck down by his own hand? Blood on the snow, and starlight on the cupolas! The Strelitzes headless before St. Basil's, and the sun setting ablaze those pinnacles of lust erect! The city washed in fire, and the conqueror of Europe flying before his army from the advance-guard of Field-Marshal Boreas! Heroism and murder hand in hand, devotion and treachery mingling furtive kisses under the walls of the Kremlin!

What ghosts lurk in the shadows of the garden of Pan find playmates in those of the garden of Alexander III. All this is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent as That Great Name itself; all this is prophesied eternally and infallibly as I step from the ignis fatuus concert-hall to the garden, where columns, crescents, trees, and fountains are alike ablaze with ultra-violet—unearthly as only one other sight that I have seen, the ashen horror of eclipse—the miracle of summer dawn in Moscow!

"LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."

Curled on itself for love of its own mould,

The siren shell lies open to the globe

Of Godhead that rays forth with purple probe

Light of fierce force, a galaxy of gold;

And by the spell whereon his fingers fold

The murex blood beams oozing from the lobe

Whose delicate blushes modestly disrobe

The virgin Venus that her nymphs uphold!

The sand is still like star-dust in my hair:

The sea is still like slumber in my brain:

The sun still burns my face—and on the air

(While in the Rose the crimson Thorn makes

merry)

Come nightingales—and bells—and through their strain

The vision of the towers of Glastonbury!

THE CONVERSION OF AUSTIN HARRISON

"Austin, among the flowers in Covent Garden."—Gwendolen Otter.

Henry, more than any other Norman name (Gk., Hen, one; Lat., Ricus, a rich man; Henricus, Henry, "one rich man"), has become English. Harry the Fifth was a sort of incarnation of Mars, and Harry the Eighth of Jupiter; these be thy Gods, O England!

Harry is the very name of the true English type, the devil-may-care, go-as-you-please, breezy, rascally, loveable Englishman. Every Harry has to live up to it. Harry Lorrequer! Harry Vardon! Harry Lauder!

Henry is a rather serious person; but Harry is a darling. Even Old Harry is a jolly devil, not in the least sinister like Mephistopheles, or malicious like Old Nick. "Playing Old Harry" with anything is a sort of practical joke.

So Harry's Son, or Harrison, is English of the English. Austin lends a touch of classical refinement, for his father called all his sons after Romish Saints to prove how tolerant a Positivist he was, though his own name Friedrich, or Frederic, had been bestowed in a passion of admiration for the Great Frederic of Prussia. (One should here deny emphatically the absurd American rumor that Austin Harrison is the son of Frank Harris).

I do not remember when I first met Austin Harrison, and I do not know to this hour if his eyes be blue or brown. But he always seemed to me to be too quietly dressed. He had gone to the best tailor and been dealt with gently but firmly. His moustache was too well trimmed; his face too innocent and boyish.

I found him the most delightful of companions. He is almost absurdly loveable. I never knew him do an unkind or ungenerous action. He has no "brains." I never met anybody so incapable of intellectualism of any sort—and he aspired to it with most forlorn devotion! It was the perfect English stupidity made somehow aware of its own defect. But, also, he was never wrong. He would take six false premises, commit the errors of *petitio principii*, *non distributio medii* and *quaternio terminorum*, and come out with a conclusion which was a contradiction in terms, and would turn out to be exactly correct. This is no unique gift; all true Englishmen have it. England has provided the Pax Britannica for India, the only possible government for that pandemonium of races and religions, upon the postulate that Sir Rabindranath Tagore is a "dirty nigger." If any one in India were to deny this, we should have as many lynchings there as we have in Georgia, at the best; at the worst, a revolt every few months.

Just before the war, we were biting our nails all the way round Princes, at Mitcham, for the Irish Question had become acute. Austin, with his incomparable instinct, proposed to me to kidnap Sir Edward Carson. I was too young and frivolous in those days to take it up; I did not know then as I do now how perfect was his statesman's instinct. If I had agreed to his proposal, I think it might have aborted the European war. A nation would have thought twice about mobilizing if we had been having that kind of a tea-party.

Well, I failed; the blood of countless millions is on my head; the war began.

Austin Harrison immediately set his intellect to work, produced the most fantastic nonsense ever penned, and earned for himself the enduring title of "the boy bigot." His main theory was that the Ger-

man nation was as surprised and excited as he himself was by the work of von Krait-Ebing, and been overcome by collective sadistic mania. He had been some years in Berlin, but did not even know that the German Emperor was not Emperor of Germany. He had never heard of the Free Cities. But his conclusions were as infallible as ever. I remember some one—Lord Howard de Walden, or my memory is at fault—saying one night, angrily: "The man's an ass!" Frank Harris smiled softly, "Yes, but he is Balaam's ass!" he cried, and Freda Strindberg's murmur about Lucius passed unremarked, amid the general appreciation of one of the truest and wittiest repartees ever made.

So now "Austin, among the flowers in Covent Garden," has been over to Ireland, and his Godlike intuition about Sir Edward Carson has been confirmed by all he saw and heard. The Nigger in the Wood-pile is the Ulsterman in England. Let me here quote a few phrases from the November "English Review."

"Boy Scouts in Sinn Fein uniform guard the coffin, and around it we watch the endless procession of mourners filing silently past, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. For days they had filed so past and far into the night. One cannot walk about without seeing the anguish on men's faces, the look of despair. The scene fills me with shame. This Thos. Ashe, a young schoolmaster, has suddenly become the hero of all Ireland. In Lewes Gaol he wrote a little poem, each verse beginning with the words: 'Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!' A man evidently. A martyr! Another of Ireland's martyrs! Why? In Heaven's name, why—and at this juncture? It hurts me to watch these patient Irish salute the dead man. We hurry away."

"Friends of mine on the Press whispered to me that there was a conspiracy of silence imposed upon Fleet street, and this gave me to think furiously, for at that moment it suddenly occurred to me that Sir E. Carson had recently assumed control of Intelligence and Propaganda, and that only a week or so ago The Northern Whig, which is the Ulster Unionist organ, had savagely attacked the Irish Convention, contrary to the instructions issued to the Press to say nothing prejudicial to that body, and consigned its labors to the waste-paper basket."

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin told me he had traced the authority for continuing forcible feeding after Ashe's death to London, not to the Castle."

"Ninety per cent of non-Ulster Ireland is Sinn Fein."

"Sinn Fein have learned that the enemy to conciliation is not so much England or the Castle, but the Protestant Irishmen associated with Unionism who control affairs in England. This is not a paradox; it is the truth."

"No doubt the spectacle of Young Ireland refusing to fight for democracy is horrible, but all men in Ireland are agreed that such a spectacle would never have arisen but for Sir E. Carson's revolutionary policy in 1914, which once more threw Ireland into extremism. Now the change in Ireland's attitude is that she realizes this. If Mr. Redmond and his party are to-day phantom representatives—and they are—it is because of Sir E. Carson and of that baneful policy which made Ulster the key of Unionism."

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"When the Irish Times calmly writes that 'failing such assurances he (Mr. Duke) must be asked to transfer his responsibilities to stronger hands,' we have a pure example of the Protestant Irish Party terrorist which is the cause of all the trouble. It is Trinity College speaking. It is Ulster politics. It is the Carson monopoly which runs Ireland, thus helping to poison feeling in Ireland by attacking the English civil administration."

"Sinn Fein is the reaction to Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement. Now, this from the English or Imperial point of view is a healthy sign. It is the index finger of the solution. It means that the opportunity has come for true Imperial statesmanship."

"I am perfectly clear that nothing can be done now so long as Castle government remains, because all Nationalist Ireland recognizes now that Castle government is itself controlled by Ulster Unionist politics in England. And that is the healthy sign. To ask Nationalist Irishmen today to trust us so long as the author (and his following) of the threatened Ulster revolution of 1913-14 controls the English attitude towards Ireland in the British Government is useless. As well ask Sir E. Carson himself to trust the German Emperor, although he may place confidence in his imported German rifles. The change of attitude in Ireland means England's chance. It is to show the Irish that we here are not going to be dictated to by a handful of Irish Protestant politicians who, under the cloak of anti-Popery, control the English attitude and so frustrate all hopes of settlement."

"Nor have I the smallest doubt—and I have had unusual opportunities for studying all features of the Irish situation in three successive visits—that the moment Sinn Fein was made responsible it would astonish even Irishmen by its progressive responsibility."

"The whole world is watching England's attitude. We must now decide. I say it with sadness and with full responsibility that if we allow ourselves here to be carried away by the Minority Ulster attitude we shall drift into disaster and irredeemable catastrophe. We, too, must see to the Huns in our midst, or this

great fight will have been fought in vain. Ireland is ready for settlement. Failure on our part to do the simple and right thing now must prejudice our cause before the eyes of the world, and may yet imperil our Imperial truth."

I will ask Mr. Harrison to compare with this my own article, "Sinn Fein," in the September "International" written under the nom-de-plume of Sheamus O'Brien, and "England's Blind Spot," in the "American Weekly," of April 18, 1917.

And now I will quote one other passage. He has told me something; I should like to reciprocate.

"At four p. m. on the Saturday Irish friends come to tell us that the sands have run out of the glass, and that on the morrow Ireland will be plunged once more in tragedy and very likely in the throes of revolution.

"Then the good news comes—Mr. Duke has returned; the prisoners are to have political status. It circulates through the city like wildfire long before the late evening editions can publish it. Within an hour all Dublin knows that the crisis is over. Men smile again. I go out to find the relief and happiness everywhere. That evening Dublin sleeps in peace."

Do not you see, Austin, my Austin, that the Irish are the proudest people on the earth? You cannot bribe us by material advantages; we want political status.

The same thing applies, incidentally, to Germany: before any solution is possible, we must drop the "Sadists" and the "Huns" into the abyss with the "Irish Rebels," and "blackguards," and "cattle-maimers," and "traitors," and "moonlighters," and all the rest of the silly abuse. The Pharisee who began his prayer by thanking God that he was not as other men are didn't get far on the road to heaven. Come: it is time we were done with hysteria; let us rather discuss the merits of the baffy once more "among the flowers of Covent Garden."

P. S.—We can do nothing while Lloyd George and Carson are in power. They are lawyers, and so technically gentlemen; but we cannot afford to lose the Empire on a technicality.

A. C.

THE BATH.

By CLYTIE HAZEL KEARNEY.

Down a sandy path I trip on clattering little slippers,
And pull my kimono from the edges of little pools
left by the rain.

In the middle of the garden I reach the bathhouse
And brush aside the lime tree boughs that hold the
hasp.

The air is filled with the scent of the shaken blossoms
And the tang of the rinds of fallen fruit bruised by
my heel.

Inside I fasten the clumsy wooden latch
And put my bare feet on cool squares of marble, half-
sunk in moss.

I drop aside my garments and fling up my arms to
meet the cool downfalling shower.

I throw back my head and laugh when it envelopes me.

The slits between the jalousies let the sunshine fall
through in bars on the marble squares.

Where it stripes my skin, it turns it the color of the
Quesqueldit's wing when he cries in the morn-
ing.

With the wet drops still glistening on my flesh I slip
into my kimono and step into my slippers.
I undo the latch and push through the lime boughs
whose blossoms drip rain drops on my face.
And there not many yards distant, in the sunlight,
stands my lover.

His eyes are gray and inexplicable as they meet
mine.

Oh, I think the air of heaven must love him to sur-
round him with that glory of light!
In one long glance, my body trembles.
I gasp, and clutch my kimono across my breast.
Then I flee down the sandy path.

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THE GOD OF IBREEZ.

By MARK WELLS.

El-gebel, surnamed the Terrible, rode northwards on his sacred stallion. The way was steep; before him towered the mighty range of the Mountains of the Bull, their snows stained red by sunset. The King laughed and turned in his saddle. He looked over the forests of pine (whose spears seemed to him, in his poetic mood, like those of his own cavalry) to where in the dying light the flames of that city which is now called Tarsus began to shine lurid through the dust of that sultry air of the great plain. It was the climax of his life; never in all history had any army passed through those tremendous gorges, jagged wounds torn by the swords of warring gods his ancestors, where the way wound among prodigious precipices of red rocks and gray, often so narrow that two men could not ride abreast, often so steep and rugged that even the sure step of mountain-bred horses sometimes faltered.

He felt himself at last worthy even of those great gods; his heart beat high to feel that they could look on him with pride. Like the great golden eagle, he had swooped on Tarsus that never dreamed of danger from the north. In one fierce battle he had overwhelmed the unready levies of the city; the timid and effeminate burgesses had hastened to surrender the gates, but the grim warrior had put all to fire and sword. His men were laden with spoils great and goodly, gold and silver and copper, tapestries and silks, a thousand things precious beyond all price, since he had never even dreamed beauty such as theirs. He had not only conquered an enemy; he had discovered a new world. More than that, he had the jewel of all, the wonder of his eyes, a thing the thought of which made his heart ache within him, so marvelous was it beyond all the imaginations of his soul. And even as his thought turned thither, the sacred stallion ceased to climb. He had come to the crest of the first range; before him lay a stretch of meadow land, spacious and gracious. He called to his equerry to give the order to pitch camp.

The equipment of the raiding hillmen was of the simplest order. For all shelter the men stripped blankets of goats' hair, which during the day they used as saddles from their chargers, and fastened them to spears fixed in the ground. For meat they had dried goats' flesh and flat cakes of unleavened meal. Each man was thus entirely independent of nature for three weeks, or, with economy, a month, providing only that he could find water at intervals of three or four days. For the goat was still the saviour of the tribe, his skin not only furnishing an excellent receptacle for water, but conferring upon it the blessing of a flavor all its own.

The King's own equipment was hardly more elaborate. His tent was larger than those of his men, and made of camels' hair, dyed red and blue in stripes. Instead of goats' flesh he had dried venison, and his cakes were specially baked for him daily; also they had much more salt in them than any common soldier could afford.

El-gebel had not earned the title of The Terrible without deserving it. His accession to power had not been devoid of incident as that of most modern monarchs. His line combined the sacerdotal with the kingly function; the person in office was expected not only to govern—in fact, government was looked upon as a sort of necessary evil—but to insure the daily

rising of the sun and the periodical supply of rain. He was expected to keep the goats—from disease and even from wandering; and the apple and walnut and mulberry harvests, as well as those of maize and rice, were as dependent on his energy and activity as the success of a state ball to-day is upon the urbanity of the monarch. Consequently when the king fell ill or became old, his self-forgetful care for the welfare of his people would induce him to call attention to the fact of his incapacity, and to suggest that he should be slain so that his spirit might pass into the vigorous body of his heir. Sometimes, the failing body would infect even the mind, so that the King did not appreciate the urgency of the matter. In such a case kind friends would remind him. Now El-gebel, who was the eldest surviving son of his royal father, the first born having been piously sacrificed according to custom, discovered that a younger brother was supplanting him in his father's affections. This, to El-gebel, was a sure sign of the King's infirmity. He put the point before several powerful chiefs in whose wisdom he had the utmost confidence, although (by a curious coincidence) they were themselves in disgrace at court, and the upshot was that they decided that the safety of the community demanded the immediate succession of El-gebel.

It would be undeniably serious if one fine morning the sun failed to rise!

So they paid a visit to the decrepit ruler, who, though taken by surprise, killed three of the patriots before succumbing to a spear-thrust in the back from the hand of El-gebel himself.

Once upon the throne, El-gebel showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Aware that stability of rule is above all to be desired in any community, is, in fact, the prime condition of its prosperity, and not forgetful of the fact that the brethren of a King are often envious of him, he overmastered his family affection in the interests of the state, and inviting his brothers to a banquet in celebration of his accession, he poisoned them.

As to the chiefs who had aided him in the painful but necessary task of supplanting his sire, he reasoned rightly that they were turbulent persons with no respect for established authority; he had himself seen them in the very act of regicide. Of this crime, which the King being also a priest, was not only murder but sacrilege, he accordingly convicted them; and they suffered the penalty of decapitation. This course of action commended itself to all the best and most conservative elements in the state; such uprightness, combined with such self-sacrificing devotion to duty, commanded both respect and obedience.

Now it was decreed by Fate that a certain enterprising merchant of Tarsus, seeking a new market, should determine to journey across the Mountains of the Bull with four asses laden with choice wares.

The King, like Columbus when he saw the jetsam thrown by the Gulf Stream on the shores of Europe, divined the existence of boundless wealth beyond his frontier, and, cutting off the ears of the explorer as evidence that he was no effeminate and luxurious potentate with no thought beyond his own pleasure, but a serious ruler who desired only the prosperity of his people, inquired minutely as to the distance of his city, its population, its army, its defenses, its wealth, as became an earnest seeker after knowledge, and on

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receiving what appeared to him highly satisfactory replies, instructed him to act as guide through the mountains. Arrived in sight of the city, he sacrificed the merchant to his gods—for, unless the favor of heaven be assured, what undertaking can prosper?—and, thus fortified with the divine blessing, made his dispositions for attack as above recounted, with the same signal success as had accompanied every action of his life. A happy harmony of prudence and daring marked his character; this, coupled with an inflexible will enlightened by acute intelligence, raised him immeasurably above the common herd, even of warrior kings.

IL

We now see El-gebel, in the words of that world-poet who has made the country of Warwickshire not only the center but the crown, of England:

"A warrior weary of slaughter
Striding to the striped lair
Of deftly-woven camels' hair
Where the trembling captive woman
Waits his pleasure-hour inhuman."

For the wonder-jewel of all his spoils was the virgin priestess of one of the smaller temples of Tarsus.

She was the tiniest and most perfect creature imaginable, supple and slender, suave and secret.

She looked less like a woman than like a painted doll. Her hair was thick and long, of that intense black that has the blue sheen of steel in its depths; her face, of exquisite delicacy, wore that constant and ambiguous smile that we see in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci. But her skin was smoother and whiter than the whitest ivory, her mouth dyed with vermillion, her jet mysterious eyes made more lustrous with belladonna; her lashes thick and black with antimony. She was dressed in a single piece of the finest scarlet tissue, wound round and round so closely and so cunningly that it perfectly revealed and perfectly concealed her nubile loveliness. The king had himself discovered her during the sack of the city, sitting placid in her accustomed place in the shrine which she served. He had instantly realized the value of his find, for she was as different from the women of his tribe as a prize Pekinese from a mongrel sheep dog; he held back the soldiers, gave her into the special charge of a trusted officer, and ordered that she was to be treated delicately, and allowed to make her own arrangements—as well as is possible in a blazing town—for the journey. His inevitable instinct told him that here was a piece of fragility, that must be handled with care, or it would break.

A tent had been erected for her next to the king's. When he had rested from his journey, slept for an hour, and partaken of a mighty meal, he strode across the ten yards of moonlit glade that separated his tent from hers. His lips curled cruelly at the thought of the sport that he would have with her. He pictured every thing. She would be cowering and weeping in a corner of the tent; he could catch her by the hair and hold her up and mock her. Luckily, the dialect of Tarsus, barbaric as it doubtless was, was near enough to his own speech to make conversation easy. Then with the other hand he would put his sword to her throat. After that he would laugh, throw down the sword and tear that web that clothed her, neck to ankle. The prologue was clear; the play itself was inarticulate, a bestial

gloating that confused his mind altogether, swamping his humanity.

But the master dramatist, who had devised so many complex plots and carried them through point by point without a hitch, had erred for the first time.

The tent was not as he had expected it, empty and dark, with the girl trembling in one corner. It was lit brilliantly by twelve silver lamps; each a long low box with seven wicks arranged in a row, fed by pure olive oil instead of the goats' fat to which he was accustomed. Between the lamps were bowls filled with wild flowers from the starry meadow. Instead of the bare grass he had expected, he found himself treading on thick rugs, four deep, on which a cloth of scarlet embroidered with golden dragons had been laid. She was sitting at the far end of the tent on a great pile of brilliantly colored silken cushions, and in front of her was a table of carved silver with golden vines twined about it, the grapes being great amethysts. She was not weeping; she was softly radiant.

The vision paused him for a second, and it was she who spoke. Her little hands went to her forehead, and fell to her lap as she bowed low. Then, in a voice dulcet as dewfall, measured as music, and as caressing as the breeze, she said: "It is the crown of my life that I am honored by the visit of the greatest conqueror that lives, and my great shame that I am unable to receive him worthily. On a journey one has not time nor means; but majesty is noble, and will pardon the poor welcome, since the will is there." She motioned the king courteously to the seat above her. "I pray your majesty to take his ease," she continued, "may it be his pleasure to deign to partake of the humble food which I have endeavored to prepare for him!" Then the king understood that it was her purpose to poison him. "I have eaten," he said abruptly. She divined his thought. "Your majesty wrongs me," she said. "To prove it, I pray you choose of the food, that I may eat." "She does not want to poison herself," thought the king, "or she would not have done it before I came. I will humor her." He accordingly took his seat by her side, and gave her food. He had never seen anything like it in his life. There were tiny white cakes, thin as his sword-blade, glistening with golden crystals: there were little cylinders, apparently of some strange kind of meat; there were fruits such as he had never seen before; there were eggs in a jelly of pale amber; and quails covered with some warm substance like ivory or cream.

Before Krasota, for that was the girl's name, had eaten many mouthfuls, El-gebel discovered that fact which would make Catullus say, centuries later, "I pray the gods, Fabullus, to make me one total nose." He forgot that he had eaten two and a half pounds of dried goats' flesh an hour earlier; and he fell to with ardour. The girl took a chased amphora, and poured from it not water, but a liquid sparkling and purple whose scent made even the food seem commonplace. She filled two bowls with this, and offered them to the king to choose. "It is the custom of Tarsus," she said, "to drink together, praying the gods for each other's health and happiness." With that she drank. The king put down his bowl with a sour face. "I do not like this water," he said. "It is bad water." She laughed in his face, drained her bowl, replenished it, drank again. "Your majesty will think otherwise in a little while," she smiled, "would he but deign to try again." He sipped

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cautiously; presently he changed his mind indeed, and drank his fill. By this time he was in a roaring good humor, and he began to wax amorous; a coarse caress testified to the fact. Krasota did not resent it; she smiled as she shook her head. Then, in a very low slow voice, she explained her position. "If I am to be the queen of the greatest conqueror in the world," she began—and that was another quite new idea to him!—"there is much to be learnt. You see, your majesty does not know what to eat, or how to eat it. You eat like a goat. Then you pay an evening call upon a lady with an old quilt of goats' hair cloth, shaggy and dirty, for all attire. You dress like a goat. You haven't shaved for a month. You look like a goat. Then your skin is rough and hard. You feel like a goat. Then you come here having touched goats' flesh with your fingers and not having washed. You smell like a goat. I am sure, too, from what you did just then that you make love like a goat. I shall soon change all this. I always wanted a great king to play with." This last new view of life set El-gebel agape indeed. His brain was dizzy with the strangeness of it all; and, supremely, he was overcome; no man can endure the suspicion that he is personally offensive; the repetition of the word 'goat' was more than he could stand. The obvious remedy, a stroke of his sword, would not cure his memory of that. He could not look at Krasota; El-gebel the Terrible was doing what in a lesser man might have been called blushing; he got up, and went out of the tent. Krasota suavely assuring him that the record of his visit would be engraved on gold by her family for countless generations, and praying openly to the gods that he might enjoy the blessings of untroubled repose, the dreams of love and victory.

III.

The following night the king left Krasota to her own devices, merely sending her word to prepare his food for him; not until the third night of the journey through the mountains did he return to her tent. In these two days he had taken all possible pains to remove the reproach of goatishness. He had halted the army beside a ravine, and ordered the display of the spoils, and an inventory to be made by the bard of the tribe, so that the great victory might be sung worthily.

He had picked out a magnificent hooded mantle of blue silk, a broad band of gold, studded with rough jewels, evidently intended for the head, and a large oval mirror of polished silver with an ivory handle. With these he returned to his tent, and proceeded to experiment. He saw after a few trials that it was hopeless to frame his hairy countenance in such a setting; so he exercised his usual determination and thoroughness, and had not only his chin but his whole head shaved clean. Then he went to bathe in the ravine, and removed the main evidence of the four months that had elapsed since he had taken off his goats' hair tunic. Not yet satisfied, he had sent officers to search for perfume, which, under the instruction of Krasota, they found easily: it was with the contents of a great flask of 'atr' of roses that he rubbed himself till his skin shone again. Now when he put on the blue robe, and drew the hood over his head, and fixed it with the band of gold, he was not so displeased with the comment of the mirror. So he sent word to Krasota that he would dine in her tent that night.

With characteristic tact, she made no remark whatever about the change in his appearance; she began

the conversation by congratulating him on his brilliance as a cavalry tactician. She had watched the battle, it appeared, from the roof of her temple. From that she led him on to a discussion of his own country, and his plans for its advancement. These consisted solely in trying to find some other folk to rob. "Majesty," she said, "your country lacks four things; without these you are of no more account than a flock of goats." (How El-gebel began to hate that word goat!) "First, you must plant wheat instead of this dreadful maize, which is only fit for goats to eat; next, you need oil instead of rancid goats' fat, so you must plant olives. Then without wine of the vine, man is no better than a goat; and lastly, you ought to breed bulls. They are the strongest animals on earth; you can find no beast for plowing like the ox; the cow gives a sweet delicate milk very different from the stinking milk of goats; and the flesh is excellent to eat, as your majesty knows; I am sure you never want to eat goats' flesh any more." It was at this time that El-gebel meditated ordering the wholesale destruction of the unfortunate animal which seemed to occupy so large a place in the thoughts, and so small an one in the affections, of his fair captive. However, in this matter of affections —

He was a little less clumsy than on the former occasion; but Krasota, patting his great hand gently, as one who consoles a troubled child, continued to talk politics. "Bulls," said she, "are more important to you than you suppose. I have heard from officers appointed by your favor to guard me that the vitality of the nation is incarnated in the king; if you should happen to fall ill or to grow old, like your august father, it would be a very serious thing for you. Now we will have a temple, and you will make me priestess, and there shall be a perfectly black bull with a white star upon his forehead as the god in whom the life of the nation is concealed. We will assure his continued vigor by killing him every year on the day of Spring, and his life shall pass into that of his successor in the usual way. This will make for the stability of your rule." El-gebel was not slow to grasp the great advantages of the plan proposed, and agreed at once to her suggestion that a party of officers with a guard should be sent back to the plain the next morning to collect cattle and vine-dressers and all the other people and things necessary for the various reforms proposed. The king was more delighted than ever with his prisoner, and renewed his advances. This time she heaved a sigh. "I wish it were possible, O king," she murmured, "to forget duty in rapture unspeakable such as it is the evident intention of your majesty to bestow upon his devoted slave: but there is much work to do. The officers of the commission must be carefully picked, and there is not a moment to lose. Suppose that your majesty should have contracted the fever of the plains!"

El-gebel saw the force of this argument, and spent his night in drawing up dispositions for the morrow instead of in sloth and dalliance.

The following evening, before sunset, they came to the last crest of the mountains. El-gebel reined in his horse, and waited for Krasota's litter. "Look," said he, "there is my city!" It was little better than a collection of huts, built partly of stones plastered with mud, partly of rude brick, partly of wood. "We shall not reach it to-night," continued the king; "when we reach the bottom of the ravine it will be pitch dark, and the torrents are dangerous." He kicked his horse, and began the descent. The climb was even more difficult than it looked; it was very late when they reached

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an open space at the mouth of the ravine and the order to pitch camp was given.

The morning dawned; Krasota found herself looking up into the mountain. Giant precipices, red as blood, towered on each side of her! and from the western cliff a river burst, in one magnificent jet, a crystal arch of water that matched the sky for azure. Plunging to the gulf, it joined the multitudinous springs that bubbled everywhere from the bed of the ravine, and almost at her feet their torrents raged aforn, a roar of many waters. The grassy plateau on which she stood was smooth and green, shadowed by ancient walnut-trees. As she gazed upon the beauty of the scene, the king joined her. "We start for the city in an hour," said he. "City!" she retorted, "it is not fit for a goat to live in! I will stay here in the tent, until you bring the sacred bull. Then architects shall bring their builder, and the builders their quarrymen, and here I will have my temple." The king knew that to argue the matter would ensure a further reference to goats; he acquiesced. "Very good!" he answered, "then I will stay here to-morrow with a few of my men. I am anxious to make progress in the matter you know of." "You will go to the city," she replied firmly, "unless you are the greatest fool in Asia. Ten to one somebody has started a rebellion, and if the army should arrive without you, you would find another king there when you did come. Besides—I may as well be frank—you had much better forget all that foolishness. You have plenty of that in the city. I am sacred. I am going to make you a really great king; and if we mix pleasure and business, business will suffer. Also, you stir up all sorts of jealousy if you bring back a strange woman; one of your wives will probably find a way to poison you. No: you must tell every one that I am a virgin priestess of immense power, and that I am on your side. Come: you have sense—wonderful sense, for a man—show it by not destroying your ambition for an hour's pointless pleasure! Besides, you would not find such delight as you suppose," she added, seeing him flush with anger, evidently ready to take immediate measures to constrain her inclination. "I am highly imaginative, and I am sure that I should be able to do nothing but bleat." El-gebel swallowed his wrath: he was intensely irritated at the way he was put off; but he could not deny that she was clever at the art of putting off. He felt no more inclination to caress her than if she had been one of the goats she was always discussing. He recognized her wisdom as a higher type than his own savage cunning: he gave her up. She knew the gesture. "O king!" said she, "men have surnamed you The Terrible: in five years they will change it to The Great and Terrible. I am more than half in love with you, as a mother with her child: and I will bring you to glory of which you do not dream—I swear it by the sacred Bull!" Then she put a friendly hand on his. "Do you know how I recognize a great man? He is always like a baby. He cries for the moon: he is single-hearted and simple: he has that true inner wisdom which life teaches small men to forget: and he builds on trust because he knows that if he allows himself to be suspicious he will have no time for any thing else. Now, see, they are holding your stallion for you: go, and prosper!"

"I shall come to see you every week," replied the king: "on business."

She followed him with her eyes until he was lost to sight in the dust of the plain. Then she sat down under the oldest of the walnuts, and began to plan the details of her temple.

IV.

Eight years later the word of Krasota had been

abundantly fulfilled. Under her magic guidance the very face of Nature had been changed. Cybistra was now a handsome capital, with marble palaces and temples; the rough and arid plain between it and the ravine of Ibreez was become a land of corn and vine; green lanes happy with hazel and hawthorn, poplar and willow, led from field to field. Nightingales had found out this paradise, and lent their lusty aid to joy. Ibreez itself was now a comely village, sprung up about the Temple of the Bull.

The swiftness and completeness of El-gebel's victory had smoothed the path of reform. The spoils of Tarsus were all so obviously desirable that it seemed worth while to take any trouble to have them on the spot. It was better to sit under one's own vine and fig-tree than to travel five days to sit under somebody else's! One chief, indeed, imbued with what we may call the stern old Covenanting spirit, had seen the cloven hoof of degeneracy in the effeminate substitution of other things for goats, which to him were the be-all and end-all of life, and the hall-mark of Virtue. He took aside another chief whom he knew to be disaffected toward El-gebel from having heard him utter frequent complaints almost amounting to threats, and said something about the evil influence of foreign women on the morals of kings. His confidant was of course the head of El-gebel's secret police, and the old chief slept with his forefathers. Others took notice.

The people imported by the king from the plains to plant and dress the vines, to quarry and to build, to plow the ground and sow the corn, to irrigate the deserts and to level the roads, to breed the cattle and to weave the silk and the wool, were a great source of strength to the nation. In the lovely mountain air they forgot the effeminacy which had made them so easy a prey to the mountaineers. They were of the same stock and language as their conquerors, and they mingled happily, smooth against rough, to a medium that promised a great race.

King El-gebel, surnamed The Great and Terrible, stood on the brink of the ravine with Krasota and the young but already famous sculptor Ebal. Some distance below them rose the Temple of the Bull, a group of domes rising out of each other like soap bubbles on the surface of water. The temple was built of the red rock of the district, but the domes were barred with bite porcelain tiles to symbolize the sacred river. Within the great courtyard was the ancient meadow with its walnuts, almost as when Krasota had first seen it save for that polished wall that girt it, red rock with diamonds of white marble inlay, and that under the oldest walnut was a mighty basin of marble and syenite, filled with the limpid water of three springs, and overflowing to a rivulet flower-prankt that tumbled to the torrents. There shook his mighty limbs and disported himself the great black bull with the white star upon his forehead, then leapt from the basin and plunged headlong round the meadow, bellowing with all the furious joy of animal life. But the king had not come to Ibreez to see the Sacred Bull: it was the day of the completion of the masterpiece of Ebal.

Upon the laboriously polished face of a crimson rock that rose sheer out of the water of a branch of the main stream were two colossal figures. The mystery of the Uniting of the Strength of the Bull and the Wisdom of the Man was symbolized by the divine image, fourteen feet in height, a bearded man wearing a high pointed cap from which branched several pairs of bulls' horns. This figure was clad in a short tunic, belted, with bare legs and arms to emphasize his power. Around the wrists were bracelets; upon the feet, high boots with toes turned up like sabots. In

his right hand he bore a vine-branch heavy-laden, for it was he that had brought the vine; in his left a branch of bearded wheat, so tall that the stalks touched the ground.

Before him stood with both hands raised in adoration the image of El-gebel himself. He was dressed in the official costume which Krasota had devised for him, a domed cap encircled by flat bands adorned with a rose of jewels. From neck to ankle fell a long robe heavily fringed, and over it a mantle clasped on the breast with precious stones. These vestments were carved exquisitely with delicate patterns to represent embroidery. On his neck hung a chain, and on his wrist a bracelet. Ebal had caught the noble and determined expression of the great king; while he adored the god, it was as an equal; no servility or fear could dwell in that face with its hawk-nose and its fierce calm eye. El-gebel had grown his beard since the raid upon Tarsus had succeeded, and that upon Krasota failed; for she told him that a beard added dignity to a great king, and that all semblance to anything unpleasant—might be avoided by the use of a device brought down from heaven by a god some years previously, an implement known in Tarsus as a comb.

The king congratulated Ebal on the wonder he had wrought upon the rock; then, turning to Krasota, he said: "You too have well made good your word. It is but eight years since I conquered Tarsus." "O King," she answered, "live for ever! But you did not conquer Tarsus; Tarsus conquered you. Civilization has overflowed at last the virgin barrier of the Mountains of the Bull. See wonder!" she cried, with outstretched finger and raised voice. "beyond your city that you have raised to splendor from a heap of mud butts, that you have embowered in oak and poplar, willow and mulberry, that you have filled with the song of nightingale and thrush, jeweled with crested hoopoe and rainbow-lovely woodpecker, while your servants, the agile swifts, clamour shrill praise of you in every sky, beyond this paradise of ours, look westward! There see the desolation of the desert, see the salt marshes, fetid and poisonous, see the dreary expanse of the vast Lycaonian plain, sweeping treeless and barren, solitary as death itself, nay, see beyond it—what are those jagged and abrupt cliffs of fire-scarred mountains, under the purple velvet of their clouds, pregnant with storm? There lies the road to Europe, that continent vast almost as our own, smothered in hideous forests, where roam more hideous savages than they. There lies our path of conquest: we are the outpost of Asia, of civilization and of learning, of liberty in thought, and of mastery in action: we are the tip of the spear that the great God that is above all the gods extends towards the setting sun. I have spoken. O King, live for ever!"

The king El-gebel, surmised The Great and Terrible, put his hands upon his eyes: for he was weeping. Silently he passed away from that stern prophetess, who dwelt in the body of a painted doll wrapped round in scarlet tissue.

She and the young sculptor followed the king at a great distance. He did not halt at the village; he did not seem to see the stallion that two grooms held in waiting: he pressed on through the long lanes, and shut himself up into his palace.

V.

Ebal remained with Krasota; they dined together in the open beneath the walnuts.

They sat in silence. Presently the rising moon touched the summit of the western precipice with her

light; next, through a gap, a thin ray fell upon the river as it spouted from the rock, kindling it to a luminous and unearthly blue.

Krasota murmured under her breath: "Half a woman made with half a god." Ebal still waited. "I am going to talk to you," she said at last, "because you will understand. You are an artist, and you have not made love to me." "I am an artist, and that was my way of making love to you," he retorted with sly vigor, ready for jest or earnest. "Surely," she smiled, pleased with the boy's quickness, "and you have won me. Therefore I can talk to you as if we were twins at the breast of the Great Mother Goddess. You know why I have never given myself to any man, why I shall never give myself to you?" "I know," he said; I guessed it the first day I came here. But that is why I want you so much." "Then you will understand. adorable my brother! Listen! There are two kinds of people, mainly, in this world. There is the herd-mind, the goat-folk, as I should say to El-gebel if I wished to tease him, who live the easy middle life, birth, life, and death through generations stagnant as the marshes beyond Cybistra. No hope, no light, on any path of theirs! Then there are people like you and me, the eagle-people. Look at what I have done! I have made a paradise of this desert; I have raised this people from a life lower than the beasts to freedom, prosperity, and happiness; I have brought even Art herself beyond the Mountains of the Bull: I have turned the cunning savage who murdered his father and his brothers as I would shake the fruit from this branch that hangs above us into the god-like man you saw to-day, who wept because he knew he could not live to spread light and freedom over the gloomy forests of Europe; and the very same thing in me that makes me want to do that, that has taken my life in its grip, and forced me to study sayings of the wise men of every country, to explore nature, to slay myself (in a word) on the altar of humanity, that same thing is the impulse that makes me—what I am—for which you love me, and for which any one of these herd-men would take up stones and stone me! This beats my wits out on its anvil. Do you know, I find myself saying: Why did you not yield to El-gebel, rule him and his people as a courtesan would have done, lived idle and luxurious? Was it because of your aspiration to the salvation of humanity, or because of your mad lust of degradation unfathomable and unique? I gained both ends. Half a woman made with half a god!"

Ebal rejoined at once: "Whole woman in that at least! You see that the two aims have one source; then if one be divine, so must the other be! Hear also this word of a great philosopher whom I worshipped in Egypt, when I went to study art: 'That which is above is like that which is below, and that which is below is like that which is above, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance.' Now that which you detest and desire is really in its nature identical with the other: its root is in discontent with the pettiness of things. So far as we are gods, we are children; and children cry for the moon." She smiled to recognize her own doctrine thrown back at her in the very spot where she had uttered it eight years before. He went on, not noticing. "To your savage it seems monstrous that human sacrifice should be abolished: we madmen want that one strange, blasphemous, impossible thing! So go thy way rejoicing!" She shook her head. "I might," she said, "but my fate is even now upon me. I have desired the impossible so much that having done all that my life can do, I begin to lust for the uncharted and illimitable realms of death. I would I had been the first that took her death out from between wet hoofs

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and reddened teeth, splashed horns, fierce forelocks of the brother bull! Ai Ai!"

"I know," replied Ebal: "I hate my rocks not because they resist my hand, for that is battle, which I love, but because of their multitude, the infinitude of shapeless things that I must leave so. Just so the king felt this day also. But I want to dash myself to pieces from a precipice, to take my death from the enemy I have loved and fought so hard. And in my loves I seek the adulteress, the murderer, anyone, to put it in a phrase, who feels so strongly that she has broken something to attain her ends; the artist, not the nanny-goat." "Then come to me when I lie dead; for I am artist. I am adulteress, I murderer; and in my death perhaps I may be glad to turn back once and smile on life."

They found her in the morning upon the edge of the great marble basin, torn and trampled, her young blood purpling the magical blue of the pool. By her side lay Ebal, his breast thrust through with his own sculptor's knife, his mouth still closed upon the heart of Krasota, and his pale locks clotted with the scarlet blossom of her life that flamed in the sun as never any other red of earth, caking and darkening here and there to nightshade purple. Afar, the great Bull tossed skyward his great head, its white star crimsoned; and,

(Don't get mad at Us, or at the printer. It's quite all right. Turn over.)

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one will be a sucker.
the crown of glory for my national poem. The next
did not know what it was about, and had been made
other voter who, beside myself, approved of my poem,
of being defeated. On my asserting the fact that the
The result was 2 to 18, and the prize was in danger
in favor..... kindly—will—those—try—up—seats.
a pun or two. However, let us vote..... Those
charman said, "and I caught a melody in verse I and
"This short poem is fine, but lacks ballast," the
And me.

Vzech Plumb!
Lookout men, drink-laden, Gone, Vzech Plumb!
Capriæn gone,
Grey, white, grey, black, blank!
Eho! Oh! Echo!
Boats gone.
But... Au nide soie! O my... oie...! O Nigrois!

One sweet maiden Kimali
Distant laden. Loney solitude.
Yet so near!

Far, far away, thou sand miles across the sea,
Twala! twala balabo!

Tra, Tra-tara, tra—Tra!

isitic, I announced, with the accent on sic.
Drat, their conservatism! "Fourth verse and final
The members of the council were filling in again.

One sweet maiden, Kimali, and me.
Us connect it not with danger.

Reddish, purplish, bluish, greenish,
Eating her candy.

Vzech Plumb, Yoo-oo, oo!

careless, began to feed upon the rich tall grass.

But the attendant priests suppressed this part of the event, and distorted and mutilated the rest; were they not goat-men? But it came to an eagle-man, an artist, to sing the Life and Death of the Virgin Priestess of the Temple of the Bull, of the captive who conquered her conqueror by wisdom, of the pioneer who thrust the spear-head of the God of Light and Love and Life and Liberty through the shield of the great range; and he, understanding, told the truth. Thence grew a legend that enveloped the whole world; one branch rising through Apis and Dionysus, dwindling at last to the Correo de Toros, the other through Pasiphae and Daedalus, culminating in the conquest of the air by man.

I love to think that Krasota would have rejoiced in both.

Tamen impiae
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
So mote it be.

(In this story I have followed closely the inspiring description of the scenery, and of the monument, given by Dr. J. G. Frazer.)

Apres des siecles d'escalavage!
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Allois, enfants de la Patrie!
One, two, three, four—Men of every elements:
Much he bourses and bellows—
Small world—Huge billows—
Him belonged to her home town...
The Captain bade them goodbye.
Tear-laden
Wind sprays
Vzech Plumb, Vzech Plumb!
Coo-oo, Coo-oo—Bliss—Kiss
One, two, three
One, two, three
Oblivious
And me
One sweet maiden Kimali
Love laden
Y. Pipe. Y. Sacrifice. Y.
Purple, yellow, grey, yellow, yellow.
Stars shining, eyes streaming, hands squeezing
Unwares.
Purple, yellow, grey, yellow, yellow.
Fcar-laden
And the race for boats
Roo-mo, roo-mo, roo-mo.
I smiled triumphantly. The board room was almost
empty. Thus encouraged, I read the third verse.
And me.

Her E. S. D. R.
Him O. U. D. R.
Brows Plumb once, brows Plumb twice.
All too famous,
Polyphemus,
Later decides to come up.
Wave-laden,
Far below
U-boats, periscope, submarine-eye, too.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER THERION.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

There is no Law beyond Do what thou wilt.

The Key to this Message is this word—Will. The first obvious meaning of this Law is confirmed by antithesis: The word of Sin is Restriction.

Again: "Thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect."

Take this carefully; it seems to imply a theory that if every man and every woman did his and her will—the true will—there would be no clashing. "Every man and every woman is a star," and each star moves in an appointed path without interference. There is plenty of room for all; it is only disorder that creates confusion.

From these considerations it should be clear that "Do what thou wilt" does not mean "Do what you like." It is the apotheosis of Freedom; but it is also the strictest possible bond.

Do what thou wilt—then do nothing else. Let nothing deflect thee from that austere and holy task. Liberty is absolute to do thy will; but seek to do any other thing whatever, and instantly obstacles must arise. Every act that is not in definite course of that one orbit is erratic, an hindrance. Will must not be two, but one.

Note further that this will is not only to be pure; that is, single, as explained above, but also "unassuaged of purpose." This strange phrase must give us pause. It may mean that any purpose in the will would damp it; clearly the "lust of result" is a thing from which it must be delivered.

But the phrase may also be interpreted as if it read "with purpose unassuaged"—i. e., with tireless energy. The conception is, therefore, of an eternal motion, infinite and unalterable. It is Nirvana, only dynamic instead of static—and this comes to the same thing in the end.

The obvious practical task of the magician is then to discover what his will really is, so that he may do it in this manner, and he can best accomplish this by the practices of Liber Thisarb (see Equinox) or such others as may from one time to another be appointed.

It should now be perfectly simple for everybody to understand the Message of the Master Therion.

Thou must (1) Find out what is thy Will. (2) Do that Will with (a) one-pointedness, (b) detachment, (c) peace.

Then, and then only, art thou in harmony with the Movement of Things, thy will part of, and therefore equal to, the Will of God. And since the will is but the dynamic aspect of the self, and since two different selves could not possess identical wills; then, if thy will be God's will, Thou art That.

There is but one other word to explain. Elsewhere it is written—surely for our great comfort—"Love is the law, love under will."

This is to be taken as meaning that while Will is the Law, the nature of that Will is Love. But this Love is as it were a by-product of that Will; it does not contradict or supersede that Will; and if apparent contradiction should arise in any crisis, it is the Will that will guide us aright. Lo, while in the Book of the Law is much of Love, there is no word of Sentimentality. Hate itself is almost like Love! Fighting most certainly is Love! "As brothers fight ye!" All the manly races of the world understand this. The Love of Liber Legis is always, bold, virile, even orgiastic. There is delicacy, but it is the delicacy of strength. Mighty and terrible and glorious as it is, however, it is but the pennon upon the sacred lance of Will, the damascened inscription upon the swords of the Knight-monks of Thelema.

Love is the law, love under will.

THE LAW OF LIBERTY

A TRACT OF THERION. THAT IS A MAGUS 9°=2°, A. A.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I. I am often asked why I begin my letters in this way. No matter whether I am writing to my lady or to my butcher, always I begin with these eleven words. Why, how else should I begin? What other greeting could be so glad? Look, brother, we are free! Rejoice with me, sister, there is no Law beyond *Do What Thou Wilt!*

II. I write this for those who have not read our Sacred Book, the Book of the Law, or for those who, reading it, have somehow failed to understand its perfection. For there are many matters in this Book, and the Glad Tidings are now here, now there, scattered throughout the Book as the Stars are scattered through the field of Night. Rejoice with me, all ye people! At the very head of the Book stands the great charter of our godhead: "Every man and every woman is a star." We are all free, all independent, all shining gloriously, each one a radiant world. Is not that good tidings?

Then comes the first call of the Great Goddess Nuit, Lady of the Starry Heaven, who is also Matter in its deepest metaphysical sense, who is the infinite in whom all we live and move and have our being. Hear her first summons to us men and women: "Come forth, O children, under the stars, and take your fill of love! I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy." Later she explains the mystery of sorrow: "For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union."

"This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all."

It is shown later how this can be, how death itself is an ecstasy like love, but more intense, the reunion of the soul with its true self.

And what are the conditions of this joy, and peace, and glory? Is ours the gloomy asceticism of the Christian, and the Buddhist, and the Hindu? Are we walking in eternal fear lest some "sin" should cut us off from "grace"? By no means.

"Be ye goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines, and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where, and with whom ye will! But always unto me."

This is the only point to bear in mind, that every act must be a ritual, an act of worship, a sacrament. Live as the kings and princes, crowned and uncrowned, of this world, have always lived, as masters always live; but let it not be self-indulgence; make your self-indulgence your religion.

When you drink and dance and take delight, you are not being "immoral," you are not "risking your immortal soul"; you are fulfilling the precepts of our holy religion—provided only that you remember to regard your actions in this light. Do not lower yourself and destroy and cheapen your pleasure by leaving out the supreme joy, the consciousness of "The Peace that passeth understanding." Do not embrace mere Marian or Melusine: she is Nuit Herself, specially concentrated and incarnated in a human form to give you infinite love, to bid you taste even on earth the Elixir of Immortality. "But ecstasy be mine and joy on earth; ever To me! To me!"

Again she speaks: "Love is the law, love under will." Keep pure your highest ideal; strive

ever toward it without allowing aught to stop you or turn you aside, even as a star sweeps upon its incalculable and infinite course of glory, and all is Love. The Law of your being becomes Light, Life, Love and Liberty. All is peace, all is harmony and beauty, all is joy.

For hear, how gracious is the Goddess: "I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice."

Is not this better than the death-in-life of the slaves of the Slave-Gods, as they go oppressed by consciousness of "sin," wearily seeking or simulating wearisome and tedious "virtues"?

With such, we who have accepted the Law of Thelema have nothing to do. We have heard the Voice of the Star-Goddess: "I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you; come unto me!" And thus She ends:

"Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you! I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me!" And with these words "The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end."

III. In the next chapter of our book is given the word of Hadit, who is the complement of Nuit. He is eternal energy, the Infinite Motion of Things, the central core of all being. The manifested Universe comes from the marriage of Nuit and Hadit; without this could no thing be. This eternal, this perpetual marriage-feast is then the nature of things themselves; and therefore everything that is, is a crystallization of divine ecstasy.

Hadit tells us of Himself: "I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star." He is then your own inmost divine self; it is you, and not another, who is lost in the constant rapture of the embraces of Infinite Beauty. A little further on He speaks of us:

"We are not for the poor and the sad; the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk."

"Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorrows is not of us."

"Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us." Later, concerning death, He says: Think not, O king, upon that lie: That Thou must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: if the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever." When you know that, what is left but delight? And how are we to live meanwhile?

"It is a lie, this folly against self—Be strong, man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this."

Again and again, in words like these, he sees the expansion and the development of the soul through joy.

Here is the Calendar of our Church: "But ye, O my people, rise up and awake! Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty!" Remember that all acts of love and pleasure are rituals,

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must be rituals. "There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride! A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law. A feast for Tahuti and the children of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet! A feast for the Supreme Ritual and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death! A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture! A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight! Aye! Feast! Rejoice! There is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu." It all depends on your own acceptance of this new law, and you are not asked to believe anything, to accept a string of foolish fables beneath the intellectual level of a negro and the moral level of a drug-fiend. All you have to do is to be yourself, to do your will, and to rejoice.

"Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?" He says again: "Where I am, these are not." There is much more of the same kind; enough has been quoted already to make all clear. But there is a further injunction. "Wisdom says: be

strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal: refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight-and-ninety rules of art; if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein! But exceed! exceed! Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all."

Lift yourselves up, my brothers and sisters of the earth! Put beneath your feet all fears, all qualms, all hesitations! Lift yourselves up! Come forth, free and joyous, by night and day, to do your will; for "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt." Lift yourselves up! Walk forth with us in Light and Life and Love and Liberty, taking our pleasure as Kings and Queens in Heaven and on Earth.

The sun is arisen; the spectre of the ages has been put to flight. "The word of Sin is Restriction," or as it has been otherwise said on this text: "That is Sin, to hold thine holy spirit in!"

Go on, go on in thy might; and let no man make thee afraid.

Love is the law, love under will.

GEOMANCY.

By One Who Uses It Daily.

Robert Browning says "One truth leads right to the world's end," and in the Gospels we read "Not a sparrow that falleth to the ground but your Heavenly Father knoweth it." What do these things mean if not that there is nothing in Nature too small to be significant? The fall of an apple sets Newton on the road to the Law of Gravitation, and the whole theory and practice of the steam engine was started by Watt's observation of a kettle.

Further, we know from Newton's First Law of Motion that the Universe is a whole in which even the slightest tremor is echoed by an equilibrating tremor equal and opposite. As the poet says:

"I bring
My hand down on this table-thing
And the commotion widens—thus!—
And shakes the nerves of Sirius."

An earthquake in Calabria may be recorded in California. Even disturbances in the photosphere of the sun may be detected these 93,000,000 miles away by methods other than optical. It is all a question of the sensitiveness of the recording instrument. And so the right interpretation of even the smallest phenomenon may be the clue to great events. Just, therefore, as by sensing present causes we can anticipate their effects in the future, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing the possibility of a science of divination. It is, however, a great step from admitting a possibility to admitting an actuality.

Now when I am asked about these matters, I say that on the whole the simplest, the most reliable, the most readily tested, the most easily learnt of all these sciences is Geomancy. It requires too, the least possible apparatus. The name means "divination by earth," and the requisites are a staff and a desert—which of course every Chaldean had ready to his hand! But in New York we use a pencil and a piece of paper, instruments which (thanks to the Free Institutions of America!) are within the reach of a majority of the people.

There are several systems of Geomancy, but all depend on the simplest possible basis; thus:

A number is either odd or even.

The first system is then to make one row of dots at random, and count them. Odd means yes; even means no. But one cannot work out problems in detail on so crude a system. So Fohi, the great Chinese philosopher, invented his system of 8 trigrams. (It will be obvious that by combining two sets of odd and even one can obtain 4 figures; by combining 3 one gets eight; 4 give 16; 5 make 32 and so on.) King Wu and Duke Chau, during years of prison, passed the time by inventing a system, in which they combined the 8 trigrams of Fohi with themselves, thus obtaining 64 hexagrams. The book in which their system is explained, the Yi King, is probably the oldest book in the world.

Before I leave this part of my subject I must refer to the Taoist system of that Master of the Temple whom some of us know as V. V. V. V. V. He joined to the odd and the even, the Yin and the Yang, as the Chinese call them, the male and female principles, a third principle, neither odd nor even, neither male nor female. Thus his "Liber Trigrammaton" has 27 trigrams, and this amazing book is not only an atlas and a history of the Universe, but a compendious hieroglyph of the most secret forces of nature.

In pure divination, however, there is a seven-fold scheme of 128 figures, invented by that mysterious Grand Master of the Order of the Temple who hides his identity under the name of Baphomet. It is far too elaborate even to outline in this brief account.

The common and generally received system is four-fold, and has therefore 16 figures. Its source is very ancient; it was first properly explained in public by Henry C. Agrippa, or by some one who found behind that great name a convenient shelter. The figures with their titles are as follows: I tabulate them for convenience, and give their attribution to, or sympathy with, the planets and signs of the Zodiac. But

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they have a certain individuality all their own, and they are governed by special "intelligences" (a higher order of "elemental spirits") whose duty it is to give true answers. I may here interpolate that the mighty Baphomet not only invented a new and superior system, but actually went to the trouble of creating a new hierarchy of demons to subserve it! However, here is the ordinary system.

- 1121 Puer (a boy), Mars in Aries.
- 1212 Amissio (loss), Venus in Taurus.
- 2212 Albus (white), Mercury in Gemini.
- 2222 Populus (the people), Moon waxing in Cancer.
- 1111 Via (the way), Moon waning in Cancer.
- 2211 Fortuna Major (greater fortune), Sun in North Declination in Leo.
- 1122 Fortuna Minor (lesser fortune), Sun in South Declination in Leo.
- 2112 Conjunction (conjunction), Mercury in Virgo.
- 1211 Puella (a girl), Venus in Libra.
- 2122 Rubeus (red), Mars in Scorpio.
- 2121 Acquisitio (gain), Jupiter in Sagittarius.
- 1221 Carcer (prison), Saturn in Capricornus.
- 2221 Tristitia (sorrow), Saturn in Aquarius.
- 1222 Laetitia (joy), Jupiter in Pisces.
- 2111 Caput Draconis (the Dragon's head).
- 1112 Cauda Draconis (the Dragon's tail).

In order to work this system, the proper influences are first invoked in a proper manner, and the questioner then takes a pencil that has never been used for any other purpose, and a piece of paper equally pure. He makes 16 rows of dots at hazard. These are then counted, and their total number is noted. Its meaning is discovered by reference to the book called Sepher Sephiroth. Each line is then counted and marked as odd or even. These are divided into four sets of four, and these figures are called the Four Mothers. The Four Mothers are then read horizontally, and four more figures called the Four Daughters are thus found. From these eight we form Four Nephews by combining each pair. Now we have twelve figures, which are placed according to a certain secret plan in the twelve Houses of Heaven, as in an ordinary Astrological chart. The Four Nephews are again combined to form Two Witnesses, and these again combine to form One Judge.

The figure is now ready for judgment, and this is the moment which calls forth intuition, and tests the knowledge and experience of the diviner.

I will here state only that problems can be worked out in the greatest detail. First a general question

may be asked, and the minor points filled in by subsequent figures. Care must be taken to put the question in such a form that a clear answer is possible, and that ambiguity or even punning is not possible; for the intelligences serve unwillingly, and are always ready to match their wits against yours. Woe to you if you are not as alert as they!

I will conclude this too brief sketch with an actual verifiable example of how this method may be used.

A friend of mine, at that time a chartered accountant practicing in Johannesburg, learnt this science from me, and, being able to devote much time to it, the disciple rapidly outstripped the master. One day he was called in to examine the books of a firm, and, appalled at the size of the task—for the suspected error might have been anywhere in a number of years—he determined to try geomancy. He set up a series of figures; and after only three hours went to a particular book, opened it, and put his finger on the falsification he was seeking—a saving of three months' onerous work. This, it is to be understood, is only one of many remarkable successes.

One day it struck him that, living as he was in the center of gold and diamond fields, he might as well use his powers to discover one. He formulated the question as concerning "mineral wealth"; for he did not mind very much whether he got gold or diamonds! The intelligences directed him to ride out from the city in a certain direction, which he did. Far and fast he rode, and found never a hint of anything to reward his search. At last, toward sunset, he drew rein in despair as a line of low hills sprang into view before him. And then he be-thought him that a certain figure in his divination might be taken to mean "beyond the hills." I will ride another quarter of an hour, he said, for luck. He came to the hills; still no trace of that auriferous quartz outcrop or that blue clay formation which he had hoped to find. On the contrary, in front of him stretched an unbroken plain. I will return, said he, and curse the hour when I first took up Geomancy. But, a pool of water lying a few yards ahead, he decided to give his pony a drink before he turned. The pony refused the water; and at the same moment he perceived that it was fetlock deep in mire, and ready to sink. He dismounted hastily, and dragged the beast from the quagmire. He slipped in doing so; the mud splashed his face, and at that moment he found that it was bitter.

He had discovered the biggest alkali deposit in South Africa! "Mineral wealth," right enough; and to-day, in spite of the war, he is well on the way to his first million sterling.

TROTH.

By Heinrich Heine Translated by Aleister Crowley.

O vow no more, but kiss for troth!
I put no faith in a girl's oath.
The words are sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses we have tasted are.
Those have I, and there found my faith;
Oaths are but empty wind and breath.

Swear faith eternally averred!
I'll stake my life on your bare word.
I sink upon your bosom—so—
That I am happy, that I know.
Beloved, now my faith is stronger!
You'll love me always—maybe longer!

ENGLAND SPEAKS.

"The most noble the Marquess of Lansdowne—the American People." Indeed some such word of introduction is necessary, if not quite decent. In the Continental fashion, let me explain the quality of the person to whom I wish to introduce you.

Lord Lansdowne is The Fitzmaurice, and comes to us as a product of careful biological selection since William the Conqueror. He has never taken any very active part in politics, except the Battle of Hastings, merely accepting the Foreign Office or some similar post to oblige his country, and discharging its duties on sane, conservative lines.

Lord Lansdowne represents all the best Englishmen. He does not represent those who have been crushed biologically by industrialism, or the alien money lenders who have England by the throat. He speaks for the nobility, the gentry, and the yeomanry, for the men who were English (not "patriots," please!) at Agincourt, whose future is as indissolubly linked with English soil as is their past.

It is, therefore, natural that Lord Lansdowne should have said exactly what I have been saying in this paper ever since its owners, in a magnificent spirit of Fair Play, offered England (in my humble person) a voice in America.

For some curious reason, perhaps because I like to collect lunacies as George Windsor likes to collect postage stamps, I find myself regarded by superficial thinkers as a radical and revolutionary. I am in truth the most crusted of Tories, bred in the bone, and dyed in the wool. I believe, for example, that if we abandon the Catholic ideal of marriage, one may as well not have marriage at all. So, if we abandon the hierarchical system in religion or politics, one cannot stop short of anarchy, as soon as some occasion of stress forces people to make decisions. The Church of England had more dissenting movements in a century than the Church of Rome in ten. It was a makeshift. So were the Girondins; so was Kerensky. Once leave the unintellectual, illogical, unjust anchorage of Wisdom, and you are tossed madly on the insane waves of Reason.

Men are fit to hunt, fight, and create; women to cook, to labor in the fields, and to bear children. Abandon this conception with all its obvious demerits, and you merely arrive at a Bottomless Pit of vague argument, ending in the query "What is a man? What is a

The strength of England has always lain with this "impossible" class of stupid brutes, who are always right, because they are swayed by racial instinct (or "wisdom") instead of by reason.

A pointer knows more about the location of a pheasant than Darwin after half a century of Natural History. Similarly, in Germany, it is the landed aristocracy that speak and fight for their country. Your Liebknechts are always being swayed by "argument"; your Junkers know without being told. The class with "a stake in the country" is the class to trust. England knows that a Lansdowne or a Harcourt will never be false, and never foolish, though he may be utterly stupid.

Now Civilization itself is menaced by the war—or rather by the revolutions attendant on the collapse of certain systems which had become unwieldy. Russia is only the advance guard of Bolshevism. These people will have to be swept away by cannon, and knouted into common sense, before we have any true peace in the world again. Junkerthum and English Feudalism have their bad points, but they stand strain. It is only when all the individuals of a nation are as intelligent and clear-sighted as the French that democracy has any chance to live; and, in point of fact, Joffre would have been beaten at the Marne if he had not turned angrily on the politicians in Paris, with his famous, "Aujour d'hui, messieurs, c'est moi qui parle," turning the Republic into a military autocracy by a single sublime gesture.

Similarly, as this country is ruled by strong men of practical common sense, war measures were taken here which no Tsar would ever have dared, with the result that, so far, America's military achievement stands as the world's record for all time.

The hierarchical and caste system is the system with biological truth to back it, and it always comes back as soon as the organism is in danger. This war will make an end of the "brilliant," "intellectual" nonsense of the George Bernard Shaws and the Leon Trotzkys; aristocracy will be re-established in a more enlightened form. Birth is not everything; we need brains as well. But we must put an end to the power of money, which is the corruption of all Virtue.

Listen to Lord Lansdowne; his voice is England's; England, sooner or later, will forget Lloyd George, and do what her heart and soul bid her. Our family quarrel with the Hohenzollerns was all very well; in fact, it was rather bad form of the blighters to bring in their beastly science. Damn those Liberals all the same! However, the mischief's done, and we can't help it. But, now, these Lenine fel-

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APRIL SHOWERS OF AMUSEMENT.

IT is an extraordinary thing that space, which is notoriously infinite, should be the thing of which we can never have enough. The result is that some of our most interesting dramas were crowded out of our March issue; but they will appear in due season if we faint not.

In the April number we have another story of Mark Wells called "The King of the Wood." It is a most dramatic incident of ancient Rome dealing with that strange rite mentioned by Macauley in one of his great ballads, where a priest holds his position only so long as he can defend himself from being surprised and slain by his successors.

We have also a very charming story called "The Old Man of the Peepul-tree" by a young writer, James Grahame, in which legend and tradition are happily blended with life on Broadway. Alexander Harvey contributes a magnificent story whose subject is an incident, one of the most interesting incidents, in the life of Shelley.

George Sylvester Viereck gives an intensely interesting account of the great Danish critic, George Brandes. Turning from grave to gay, Charles Beadle contributes a delightful sketch of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris with its curious mixture of religious fervor and debauchery. The famous Japanese poet, Shigetsu Sasaki, has written a delightfully colored article on Shinto, the most interesting of the religions of Japan.

Faith Baldwin, who is already known to our readers, has a wonderful poem, a monologue of Atthis. Two other writers new to the pages of the "International" are Ida Alexander and M. B. Levick. The former contributes a delightful social study, dealing with up-to-date marriage, while the latter sounds a paean of the grand old Punch which has been brewed from time immemorial in Tuscany.

Aleister Crowley has an amusing story about diamonds, called "Robbing Miss Horniman," and there will be numerous other items of quite unusual interest.

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AN HYMN FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Brothers and sisters, on this day
Of deathless glory, let us come
United in our glad array
To hymn our fathers' martyrdom.
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?
So let it be! In God we trust.

They died—they died—and we are free.
Take up their cross! Deserve their crown!
The stainless flag of liberty
By man shall not be trodden down!
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?
So let it be! In God we trust.

In war and earthquake, wreck and wrong.
Still let the flag of freedom fly!
In peace and safety, still be strong!
For we will live as we would die.
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?
So let it be! In God we trust.

Though ruin wash the world in blood,
Though death devour, though time decay,
Let but our hearts hold brotherhood,
And this they shall not take away.
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?
So let it be! In God we trust.

- Stand! and join hands! and let us sing!
Shake out Old Glory to the skies!
With heart and hands defiant fling
Our purpose against Destiny's.
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?
So let it be! In God we trust.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.



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[The February Number of the International having been withdrawn, subscriptions will be extended one month as compensation.—Managing Editor.]

GOOD HUNTING!

(An essay on the Nature of Comedy and Tragedy.)

By BAPHOMET, Grand Master of the Knights of the Holy Ghost.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

"Eye, Baby Bunting!"

Daddy's gone a-hunting"

Such is the sole stuff of art, as it was the sole occupation of primitive man. Hunting is the one real passion of man. Love, the desire of wealth or power, are only branches of the sport. For it is directly related to the first of all passions, hunger; and it is an exciting sport; it is gambling for the highest of all stakes. Now, art is primarily the celebration of excitement, the record of some stimulus of the soul. Dramatic art, which represents drama, action, consequently concerns itself with hunting—and with nothing else.

When daddy came back with a deer, there was great rejoicing in the tribe. Every one filled himself with meat; the cockles of his heart grew warm; he began to laugh. You can do the same to-day with a very hungry man, without the aid of alcohol. This expansive state being clearly associated causally with the killing of the deer, and the sportsman excitedly recounting his exploit, the story itself was food for laughter. And the key of the jest soon discovered itself as contempt for the foolish victim. "What a fine stag he was, how proud and swift! Nothing could catch him, and, if he wished, how sharp were those great, branching horns of his! And all the while there was I tracking him with my little flint axe—ha! ha!"

All these points were seen and seized on by the old comedians. They would always accentuate the self-esteem of the victim. They would dress him up as a king or a God, and hunt him down. A still funnier elaboration of the joke was to persuade him that he was the hunter. "Come," say they to Pentheus in the Bacchae, "come, great king, adorn thyself according to thy dignity; come, arm thyself, slay these wild creatures!" and aside: "And when we've got him there his own mother shall kill him in her madness, and run about with his head under the impression

that it is a lion's!" This further development of humor was doubtless due to Dionysus; even the hungriest man could hardly think that out on mere venison.

I read my Agamemnon through the spectacles of Dr. A. W. Verrall, and it seems to me that the play is a comedy. The incident of the carpet is very like adornment of the victim. Agamemnon, however, is not taken in the snare; he does not show "Hubris," but modesty; and this makes the play more serious. Still, no doubt, it ends on the comic note—Aegisthus chuckling over the success of his clever stratagem. This Hubris hated of the Gods is the root of many a proverb. "At the hour of triumph sacrifice the dearest thing thou hast to the Infernal Gods"—the case of the play "Jephthah." "Beware of the moment of success. Think of Ajax flattered into the madness wherein he kills the sheep—what a superlative jest for the onlooker! Alternative themes lead surely to anti-climax. Consider Abraham's sacrifice—what a typically inartistic ending! The whole passion and beauty of the drama is destroyed by the sneaking subterfuge of the substitution of the ram for the heir of promise.

Let us glance now at the Crucifixion. Here we have comedy in its fullest flower. "Hail, King of the Jews!" Triumphal entry into the capital; robing in purple, crowning in mockery, barbarous murder at the close. The ritual is that of all ancient comedies of initiation, with mere local variations. Now why do not we laugh? They did at the time. "Let us see whether Elias will come to take him down!" "He saved others, himself he could not save." The answer follows easily, and we shall see incidentally why we are a little doubtful as to whether Agamemnon is a comic figure.

When Daddy goes a-hunting he does not always bring home a deer. Sometimes he meets a diplodocus, and does not come home at all. Then, what do the

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tribe do? They squat and hug their empty bellies. There is no laughter. There is one long wail. There is no food, and the man that used to get it has been eaten alive. This is no joke, no joke at all. Presently the wail becomes articulate; some one recounts the heroic deeds of the dead hunter. How skilful he was! How cunning! How swift and strong! How accurately he swung the axe! And now "he is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest!" He died fighting heroically against enormous superiority of force . . . and so on. Anyhow, he's dead, and we're without food, and what can we do but weep? It is a tragedy!

Just so; that is the definition of tragedy. The primitives of the next tribe probably are laughing to split their sides. Their hunter has brought in a wild bull, and they are having a glorious time. "And that fool across the valley who fancied himself so at hunting went out after rabbits and got a diplodocus—ha! ha! ha!"

It is all a question of our sympathies. The event described is always the same. Whether it is a tragedy or a comedy depends on the point of view. The Agamemnon is a tragedy for the family man; for the young sport who wants to beat him out of his wife and his kingdom, it is a romantic comedy.

So when we come to consider plays about Hecuba and other people that in no wise concern us personally, we judge by our own sympathies, and laugh or cry accordingly. Thus the sympathy of mankind has been secured, in the case of the crucifixion, for the figure of Jesus, so we call the story a tragedy. We have been told to identify him with Everyman, who is doomed to suffer a barbarous death sooner or later. It is the same with the stories of the murders of Osiris and of Hiram. (Footnote: Observe, dear brother, the hunter's ritual in this last story: the stationing of the hunters, and the way they head off the game in turn.)

In other words, man began to think of himself no longer as a hunting animal, but as a victim. In the second stage of human thought, man is the sufferer. (Compare William James, and his remarks on the once-born and the twice-born.) Man has begun to fear Nature, to wail over his own fate symbolically in lamenting the deaths of the great heroes of the past. It no longer seems funny to us to adorn a man as a God, and eat him, for that is just what life is doing to all of us.

To recover the comic spirit, therefore, we must acquire a new view of death.

II.

In certain previous essays of the writer it has been pointed out that desire or love must be held to include such phenomena as chemical change. All true acts of love produce or consume energy in some form, that we have explosive disintegrations and violently rapid oxidations which disengage heat, light, electricity, and other forms of matter and of motion—regard them as you please—which are (on the surface) of a different order of Nature to the ingredients of the operation. Similarly, by putting the right pair of featherless birds together, there are explosions and emotion, poetry, perhaps spiritual growth, as well as the phenomenon which is obviously of the same order—a baby.

In all such acts, chemical or physiological, there is a true transmutation, therefore, and we may class these things as genuinely partakers of the Ineffable Mystery of Godliness. In mere admixture we do not

get this transmutation. Mix hydrogen and oxygen; they remain the same; nothing at all happens. Combine them and you get not only a transformation of the very nature of the molecules, but numerous physical phenomena—flame, heat, moisture—which were not there before.

Now let us take another issue. All conscious, self-willed motion implies life, and, all such motion being accompanied with chemical change and (as Buddha insisted) with the partial disintegration of the individual, we must define life as something quite beyond the crude conception which is usually formed of it. Every true phenomenon, whether it be the haemoglobin-oxyhaemoglobin-carboxyhaemoglobin cycle in the blood, or the changes in the brain which we call philosophy from a consideration of their effects, may be thought of as a form of copulation, atom seeking atom, and producing molecule, just as woman seeks man and produces offspring. Now every such act of copulation involves the death of the partakers. True, the hydrogen can be recovered from the water; ultimate simplicities are in some sort immortal, but (again we quote Buddha) all complexities perish and are not recoverable in their integrity. We cannot suppose that by recombining the recovered hydrogen and oxygen into water each atom in the original water will find the self-same mate. We cannot recover the father in the child, though we may perceive many traces of him; and the persistence of the father himself is due to the fact that only a minute percentage of his life is used in the production of the child. His quintessence vivifies any amount of other matter and transmutes it to his likeness; this is the Alchemical miracle, to produce some such process in the mineral kingdom. If one possessed the quintessence of gold, the unknown 'seed of gold,' that which makes gold gold and not silver, it might impregnate other elements and make them grow into its own nature. This at least was the theory evolved by the fathers of chemistry, and (I doubt not) will be the practice of their descendants in a year not distant.

Now, to return, since every copulation may be considered as involving death, we may say (at the risk of appearing to convert an A proposition) that every death may be considered as a form of copulation. The chemical changes of disintegration are in no way distinguishable from those of life. We cannot call one set synthesis and the other analysis, even. We merely make a false distinction on account of the fact that our personal prejudices are involved . . . just as we were in doubt whether to laugh or to cry at the Agamemnon.

Now, it is to be noted that certain people take the sexual view of death. To this day the peasants in some parts of Greece regard the death of an individual as his marriage to that deity, Artemis or Aphrodite, to whom he was most devoted during life. Mohammed taught that death was the key to the enjoyment of the Hur al' Ayn. Even in Christian mysticism we find the death of the saint equivalent to his marriage with the Saviour. We are "waiting for the Bride groom." In fact, this idea is almost universal in all true religion. (Buddhism, an exception, is more a philosophy than a religion.)

Now, we have no means of telling what occurs in the "soul" at the time of death. Whatever may be the approaches to the pylon, we have no evidence with regard to the Door itself. But we have certain analogies in the experience of mystics. We have the

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'Dark Night of the Soul' breaking in the 'Dawn of the Celestial Bridal.' And we have in physical life an exact counterpart in the tear of Love which is characteristic of the Virgin. This is especially marked in the case of boys. There is an instinctive fear, repulsion and anxiety, which must be overcome before the soul swoons in bliss. Is it racial experience that tells him that love is the twin brother of death? Love and Death are the levers of that universal life which we saw to be the Name of the Universe. Each is an annihilation of an individual in the interests of universal Energy. Thus, as we have seen in a slightly different shape, when referring to the quintessence of comedy, Love and Death are the sole preoccupation of the artist, whose subject is Life. There is no other real interest, for there is nothing else in which to delight.

If, then, we can take the view that Death is an intense form of Love, in which the individual is permanently destroyed, as he is temporarily destroyed during the act of love, then this Life is universal Joy, a Divine Comedy, whose soul is Laughter. We can even explain the joy of cruelty as a deeper realization of the nature of cruelty, as a piquancy, a sting, in what would otherwise be a detestable sweet wine.

But if we fail to grasp this view, then we are forced to the alternative that Love is only a form of Death. The universe is an abyss of agony. "The mystery of the cruelty of things" is as terrible as Swinburne's "Anaëtoria" makes it. Everything is sorrow, we are Buddhists, and only in utter cessation is there peace. Buddha himself recognized this clearly enough: his intense distaste for sex is our witness. He saw that it was playing the game of Life to love; it was allowing oneself to be dragged deeper and deeper into the mire of Existence. A monotheism with any perception of the facts of nature—hard nowadays to escape some such perception!—may make its God in the image of the Marquis de Sade. The whole of organic nature is an orgy of murder and lust. There is only one escape from this position: to accept the unity of Love and Death, and to regard Death as mere Delight. Such a realization avoids the snare of Dualism, lays its axe to the root of the problem of the Origin of Evil, and renders Existence possible and desirable for the thinker as well as for the sensualist.

III.

To the blessed ones who have accepted the Law of Thelema these words will hardly have been necessary. The doctrine is plainly stated in the Book of the Law.

"For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

This is the creation of the world, that the main of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution in all."

"Now, let it be understood, if the body of the king dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever."

"Aye! Feast! Rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu."

"Thrill with the joy of life and death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age-long love."

"Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly thine—
and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!
death is the crown of all."

This, then, is the will of the Universe; Life eternal and universal, not petty, individual and transient; Life of which we are only conscious when in trance; Life whose consciousness is gained perfectly and permanently by the adept in virtue of his trance in proportion as he becomes fixed therein and makes his daily life partake thereof; Life that works inexorably and deliciously through Love and Death, which are Love. And this is expressed simply, succinctly, perfectly, in that transcendent phrase, the greeting where-with we close our writings:

Love is the law, love under will.

Note—Taking a few plays at random we see every one the description of a hunting. Note that the strongest dramas are those in which the hunt is keenest. Where the hunting interest is weak or masked, the play becomes frivolous and lacking in the stuff of greatness.

Ajax—The hunting of Ajax by Ulysses.

Agamemnon—Agamemnon by Aegisthus.

Oedipus—Oedipus by Fate. Karma is very frequently taken for the hunter. The man's being hunted by himself is particularly funny.

Orestes trilogy—Orestes by Fate.

Bacchus—Pentheus by Dionysus.

Hamlet—Claudius by Hamlet. Here the motive is weakly carried out, and so the play is only interesting for the revelation of Hamlet's soul.

Lear—Lear by Madness.

Macbeth—Macbeth by his conscience, or by the Witches.

Othello—Othello by Iago.

Twelfth Night—The Duke by Viola (note hunter's disguise).

As You Like It—Orlando by Rosalind (ditto).

Romeo and Juliet—Love by Heredity.

Coriolanus—Coriolanus by the mob-spirit.

Julius Caesar—Caesar by Cassius.

Ghosts—Oswald by Heredity.

Hedda Gabler—Hedda by Breck.

Rosmersholm—Rosmer and Rebecca by the wife's ghost.

A Doll's House—Nora by her nascent individuality. (The lack of personal struggle makes this a weak, silly play.)

The Master-BUILDER—The Builder by Hilda.

An Enemy of Society—Society by Stockmann. (He conquers it, so this is a comedy.)

Brand—Brand by the Hawk.

Peer Gynt—Peer Gynt by Solveig. (Note the way she lurks silent throughout the play. Other exciting episodes are all hunting.)

Mortadello—Mortadello by Monica. (Note disguise at banquet.)

Snowstorm—Nerissa by Eric; Eric by Maud. (Observe hunters' discourses again.)

The Scorpion—Laylah by Rinaldo; their love by the Scorpion. (This is a romance, and neither comedy nor tragedy in the best sense.)

Household Gods—Crassus by Alcina. (Note supreme disguise.)

A Night in an Inn—The Thieves by the Idol.

The Gods of the Mountain—The Beggars by the Gods.

The Blind Prophet—The Prophet (individual life) by Universal Life.

The Argonauts—Jason by Area.

Adonis—Adonis by Psyche.

Atalanta in Calydon—Meleager by Circumstance. (Here the hunter is not personified, and so the play is weak. But note the comedy of the hunter hunted.)

The Mother's Tragedy—Cora by Karma.

The Fatal Force—Ratoun by Sad (disguise again).

Jephthah—Jephthah by Jared. (Crude and undeveloped form of the idea.)

The World's Tragedy—Fate by Alexander.

ECCLESIAE GOSTICAE CATHOLICAE CANON MISSAE.

Edited from the Ancient Documents in Assyrian and Greek by The Master Therion.

I.

OF THE FURNISHINGS OF THE TEMPLE.

In the East—that is in the direction of Boleskine—is a shrine or High Altar. Its dimensions should be 7 feet in length, 3 feet in breadth, 44 inches in height. It should be covered with a crimson altar-cloth, on which may be embroidered fleur-de-lis in gold, or a sunblaze, or other suitable emblem.

On each side of it should be a pillar or Obelisk, with countercharges in black and white.

Below it should be the dais of three steps, in black and white squares.

Above it is the super-altar, at whose top is the Stèle of Revealing in reproduction, with four candles on each side of it. Below the Stèle is a place for the Book of the Law, with six candles on each side of it. Below this again is The Holy Graal, with roses on each side of it. There is room in front of the Cup for the Paten. On each side beyond the roses are two great candles.

All this is enclosed within a great Veil.

Forming the apex of an equilateral triangle whose base is a line drawn between the pillars, is a small black square altar, of superposed cubes.

Taking this altar as the middle of the base of a similar and equal triangle, at the apex of this second triangle is a small circular front.

Repeating, the apex of a third triangle is an upright coffin, or Tomb.

II.

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASS.

The Priest. Bears the Sacred Lance, and is clothed at first in a plain white robe.

The Priestess. Should be actually Virgo Intacto, or specially dedicated to the service of the Great Order. She is clothed in white, blue, and gold. She bears the Sword from a red girdle, and the Paten and Hosts, or Cakes of Light.

The Deacon. He is clothed in white and yellow. He bears the Book of the Law.

Two Children. They are clothed in white and black. One bears a pitcher of water and a cellar of salt, the other a censer of fire and a casket of perfume.

III.

OF THE CEREMONY OF THE INTROIT.

The Deacon, opening the door of the Temple, admits the congregation and takes his stand between the small altar and the front. (There should be a door-keeper to attend to the admission.)

The Deacon advances and bows before the open shrine where the Graal is exalted. He kisses the Book of the Law three times, opens it, and places it upon the super-altar. He turns West.

The DEACON: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I proclaim the Law of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty in the name of IAO.

The CONGRÉGATION: Love is the law, love under will.

The Deacon goes to his place between the altar of incense and the font, faces east, and gives the step and sign of a Man and a Brother. All imitate him.

The DEACON and all the PEOPLE: I believe in one secret and ineffable Lord; and in one Star in the Company of Stars of whose fire we are created, and to which we shall return; and in one Father of Life, Mystery of Mystery, in His name Chaos, the sole vice-regent of the Sun upon the Earth; and in one Air, the nourisher of all that breathes.

And I believe in one Earth, the Mother of us all, and in one Womb wherein all men are begotten, and wherein they shall rest, Mystery of Mystery, in Her name Babalon.

And I believe in the Serpent and the Lion, Mystery of Mystery, in His name Baphomet.

And I believe in one Gnostic and Catholic Church of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty, the Word of whose Law is Thelema.

And I believe in the communion of Saints.

And, forasmuch as meat and drink are transmuted in us daily into spiritual substance, I believe in the Miracle of the Mass.

And I confess one Baptism of Wisdom, whereby we accomplish the Miracle of Incarnation.

And I confess my life one, individual, and eternal, that was, and is, and is to come.

Aumn. Aumn. Aumn.

Music is now played. The child enters with the ewer and the salt. The Virgin enters with the Sword and the Paten. The child enters with the censer and the perfume. They face the Deacon, deploying into line, from the space between the two altars.

The PRIESTESS: Greeting of Earth and Heaven!

All give the Hailing Sign of a Magician, the Deacon leading.

The Priestess, the negative child on her left, the positive on her right, ascends the steps of the High Altar, they awaiting her below. She places the Paten before the Graal. Having adored it, she descends, and with the children following her, the positive next her, she moves in a serpentine manner involving 3½ circles of the temple. (Deosil about altar, widdershins about font, deosil about altar and iont, widdershins about altar and to the Tomb in the West.) She draws her Sword and pulls down the Veil therewith.

The PRIESTESS: By the power of *¹ Iron, I say unto thee, Arise! In the name of our Lord the * Sun, and of our Lord * . . . that thou mayest administer the virtues to the Brethren.

She sheathes the Sword.

The Priest, issuing from the Tomb, holding the Lance erect with both hands, right over left, against his breast, takes the first three regular steps.

He then gives the Lance to the Priestess and gives the three penal signs.

He then kneels and worships the Lance with both hands. Penitential music.

The PRIEST: I am a man among men.

He takes again the Lance and lowers it. He rises.

The PRIEST: How should I be worthy to administer the virtues to the Brethren?

¹ This sign means making a Cross.

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The Priestess takes from the child the water and the salt, and mixes them in the font.

THE PRIESTESS: Let the salt of Earth admonish the Water to bear the virtue of the Great Sea. (Genuflects.) Mother, be thou adored.

She turns to the West. * on Priest with open hand doth she make over his forehead, breast, and body.

Be the Priest pure of body and soul.

The Priestess takes the censor from the child, and places it on the small altar. She puts incense therein.

Let the Fire and the Air make sweet the world! (Genuflects.) Father, be thou adored.

She returns West and makes * with the censor before the Priest, thrice as before.

Be the Priest fervent of body and soul!

(The children resume their weapons as they are used.)

The Deacon now takes the consecrated Robe from the High Altar and brings it to her. She clothes the Priest in his Robe of scarlet and gold. Be the Name of the Sun thine ambience. O thou Priest of the Sun!

The Deacon brings the crown from the High Altar. (The crown may be of gold or platinum, or of electrum magicum; but with no other metals, save the small proportions necessary to a proper alloy. It may be adorned with divers jewels, at will. But it must have the Uraeus serpent twined about it, and the cap of maintenance must match the scarlet of the Robe. Its texture should be velvet.)

Be the Serpent thy crown. O thou Priest of the Lord!

Kneeling, she takes the Lance between her open hands, and runs them up and down upon the shaft eleven times, very gently.

Be the Lord present among us!

All give the Hailing Sign.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

IV.

OF THE CEREMONY OF THE OPENING OF THE VEIL.

THE PRIEST: Thee, therefore, whom we adore we also invoke. By the power of the hilted Lance!

He raises the Lance. All repeat Hailing Sign.

A phrase of triumphant music.

The Priest takes the Priestess by her right hand with left, keeping the Lance raised.

I, Priest and King, take thee. Virgin pure without spot; I upraise thee; I lead thee to the East; I set thee upon the summit of the Earth.

He thrones the Priestess upon the altar.

The Deacon and the children follow, they in rank, behind him.

The Priestess takes the Book of the Law, resumes her seat, and holds it open on her breast with her two hands, making a descending triangle with thumbs and forefingers.

The Priest gives the Lance to the Deacon to hold, and takes the flower from the child, and sprinkles the Priestess, making five crosses, forehead, shoulders, and thighs. The thumb of the Priest is always between his index and medius, whenever he is not holding the Lance.

The Priest takes the censer from the child, and makes five crosses, as before.

The children replace their weapons on their respective altars.

The Priest kisses the Book of the Law three times. He keeps for a space in adoration, with joined hands, knuckles closed, thumb in position aforesaid. He rises, and draws the veil over the whole altar. All rise and stand to order.

The Priest takes the Lance from the Deacon, and holds it as before, as Osiris or Ptah. He circumambulates the Temple three times, followed by the Deacon and the children as before. (These, when not using their hands, keep their arms crossed upon their breasts.) At the last circumambulation they leave him, and go to the place between the front and the small altar, where they kneel in adoration, their hands joined palm to palm, and raised above their heads. All imitate this motion.

The Priest returns to the East, and mounts the first step of the altar.

THE PRIEST: O circle of Stars whereof our Father is but the younger brother, marvel beyond imagination, soul of infinite space, before whom Time is ashamed, the mind bewildered, and the understanding dark, nor unto Thee may we attain, unless Thine image be Love. Therefore, by seed and root and stem and bud and leaf and flower and fruit do we invoke Thee. Then the priest answered and said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuo is one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous.

THE PRIESTESS: But to love me is better than all things; if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, ioking me with a pure heart, and the serpent flame, wherein thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom, 't is one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but choso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in the heat. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of earth in splendor and pride, but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendor within you; come unto me! To me! To me! Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you. I am the blue-liddle! daughter of sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me!

The Priest mounts the second step.

THE PRIEST: O secret of secrets, that art hidden in the being of all that lives, not Thee do we adore, for that which adoreth is also Thou. Thou art That, and That am I. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life; yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death. I am alone; there is no God where I am.

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The Deacon and all the People rise to their feet, with the Hailing sign.

The DEACON: But ye, O my people, rise up and awake. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law. A feast for Tahuti and the children of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet! A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight.

The Priest mounts the third step.

The PRIEST: Thou that art One, our Lord in the Universe the Sun, our Lord in ourselves whose name is Mystery of Mystery, uttermost being whose radiance enlightening the worlds is also the breath that maketh every God even and Death to tremble before Thee—By the Sign of Light * appear Thou glorious upon the throne of the Sun. Make open the path of creation and of intelligence between us and our minds. Enlighten our understanding. Encourage our hearts. Let thy light crystallize itself in our blood fulfilling us of Resurrection.

A ka sua
Tuf ur bin
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu nur af an nuteru.

The PRIESTESS: There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

The Priest parts the veil with his lance. During the previous speeches the Priestess has, if necessary, as in savage countries, resurged her robe.

The PRIEST: IO IO IO IAO SABAO KURIE ABRASAN KURIE MEITHRAS KURIE PHALLE IO PAN IO PAN PAN IO ISCHURON IO ATHANATON IO A BROTON IO IAO CHAIRE PHALLE CHAIRE PAMPHAGE CHAIRE PANGENETOR HAGIOS HAGIOS IAO.

The Priestess is seated with the Paten in her right hand and the ewer in her left. All stand to order, with the Dieu Garde, that is, feet square, hands, with linked thumbs, held loosely. This is the universal position when standing, unless other direction is given.

V.

OF THE OFFICE OF THE COLLECTS, WHICH ARE ELEVEN IN NUMBER.

(The Sun.)

The DEACON: Lord visible and sensible of whom this earth is but a frozen spark turning about thee with annual and diurnal motion, source of light, source of life, let thy perpetual radiance hearten us to continual labor and enjoyment; so that as we are constant partakers of thy bounty we may in our particular orbit give out light and life, sustenance and joy to them that evolve about us without diminution of substance or effulgence for ever.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Lord.)

The DEACON: Lord secret and most holy, source of life, source of love, source of liberty, be thou ever constant and mighty within us, force of energy, fire of motion; with diligence let us ever labor with thee, that we may remain in thine abundant joy.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Moon.)

The DEACON: Lady of night, that turning ever about us art now visible and now invisible in thy season, be thou favorable to hunters, and lovers, and to all men that toil upon the earth, and to all mariners upon the sea.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Lady.)

The DEACON: Giver and receiver of joy, gate of life and love, be thou ever ready, thou and thine handmaiden, in thine office of gladness.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Saints.)

The DEACON: Lord of Life and Joy, that art the might of man, that art the essence of every true god that is upon the surface of the Earth, continuing knowledge from generation unto generation, thou adored of us upon heaths and in woods, on mountains and in caves, openly in the market-places and secretly in the chambers of our houses, in temples of gold and ivory and marble as in these other temples of our bodies, we worthily commemorate them worthy that did of old adore thee and manifest thy glory unto men, Laotz and Siddartha and Krishna and Tahuti, Mosheh, Dionysus, Mohammed and Therion, with these also Hermes, Pan, Priapus, Osiris and Melchizedek, Khem and Amoun and Mentu, Heracles, Orpheus and Odysseus; with Vergilius, Catullus, Martialis, Rabelais, Swinburne, and many an holy bard: Apollonius Tyanaeus, Simon Magus, Manes, Basilides, Valentinus, Bardesanes and Hippolytus, that transmitted the Light of the Gnosis to us their successors and their heirs; with Merlin, Arthur, Parzival, and many another prophet, priest, and king, that bore the Lance and Cup, the Sword and Disk, against the Heathen; and these, also, Carolus Magnus and his paladins, with William of Schyren, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Roger Bacon, Jacobus Burgundus Molensis the Martyr, Christian Rosencreutz, Ulrich von Hutten, Paracelsus, Michael Maier, Jacob Boehme, Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, Andrea Robertus de Fluetibus, Johannes Dee, Sir Edward Kelly, Thomas Vaughan, Elias Ashmole, Molinos, Wolfgang von Goethe, Ludovicus Rex Bavariae, R..... W..... Ludwig von Fischer, F..... N..... Hargrave Jennings, Carl Kellner, Forlong dux, Sir Richard Payne Knight, Sir Richard Francis Burton, Doctor Gerard Encausse, Doctor T..... R....., and Sir A..... C.....—oh, Sons of the Lion and the Snake! with all Thy saints we worthily commemorate them worthy that were and are and are to come. May their Essence be here present, potent, puissant and paternal to perfect this feast!

(At each name the Deacon signs * with thumb between index and medius.)

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Earth.)

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The DEACON: Mother of fertility on whose breast lieth water, whose cheek is caressed by air, and in whose heart is the sun's fire, womb of all life, recurring grace of seasons, answer favorably the prayer of labor, and to pastors and husbandmen be thou propitious.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The Principles.)

The DEACON: Mysterious Energy, triform, mysterious Matter, in fourfold and sevenfold division, the interplay of which things weave the dance of the Veil of Life upon the Face of the Spirit, let there be Harmony and Beauty in your mystic loves, that in us may be health and wealth and strength and divine pleasure according to the Law of Liberty; let each pursue his Will as a strong man that rejoiceth in his way, as the course of a Star that blazeth for ever among the joyous company of Heaven.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Birth.)

The DEACON: Be the hour auspicious, and the gate of life open in peace and in well-being, so that she that beareth children may rejoice, and the babe catch life with both hands.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Marriage.)

The DEACON: Upon all that this day unite with love under will let fall success; may strength and skill unite to bring forth ecstasy, and beauty answer beauty.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(Death.)

The DEACON: Term of all that liveth, whose name is inscrutable, be favorable unto us in thine hour.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

(The End.)

The DEACON: Unto them from whose eyes the veil of life hath fallen may there be granted the accomplishment of their true Wills; whether they will absorption in the Infinite, or to be united with their chosen and preferred, or to be in contemplation, or to be at peace, or to achieve the labor and heroism of incarnation on this planet or another, or in any Star, or aught else, unto them may there be granted the accomplishment of their wills; yea, the accomplishment of their Wills. Aumn. Aumn. Aumn.

The PEOPLE: So mote it be.

All sit. The Deacon and the Children attend the Priest and Priestess, ready to hold any appropriate weapon as may be necessary.

VI.

OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE ELEMENTS

The Priest makes the five crosses. *3*2 on paten and cup. *4 on paten alone; *5 on cup alone.

The PRIEST: Life of man upon earth, fruit of labor, sustenance of endeavor, thus be thou nourishment of the Spirit!

He touches the Host with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod

Be this bread the Body of God!

He takes the Host.

TOUTO ESTI TO SOMA MOU.

He kneels, adores, rises, turns, shows Host to the People, turns, replaces Host, and adores. Music.

He takes the Cup.

Vehicle of the joy of Man upon earth, solace of labor, inspiration of endeavor, thus be thou ecstasy of the Spirit!

He touches the Cup with the Lance.

By the virtue of the Rod

Be this wine the Blood of God!

He takes the Cup.

TOUTO ESTI TO POTERION TOU HAIMATOS NOU.

He kneels, adores, rises, turns, shows the Cup to the People, turns, replaces the Cup, and adores. Music.

For this is the Covenant of Resurrection.

He makes the five crosses on the Priestess.

Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice of life and joy, true warrants of the Covenant of Resurrection.

The Priest offers the Lance to the Priestess, who kisses it; he then touches her between the breasts and upon the body. He then flings out his arms upward, as comprehending the whole shrine.

Let this offering be borne upon the waves of Aethyr to our Lord and Father the Sun that travelleth over the Heavens in his name ON.

He strikes his breast. All repeat this action.

Hear ye all, saints of the true church of old time now essentially present, that of ye we claim heirship, with ye we claim communion, from ye we claim benediction in the name of IAO.

He makes three crosses on Paten and Cup together.

He uncovers the Cup, genuflects, takes the Cup in his left hand and the Host in his right.

With the Host he makes the five crosses on the

*1

Cup. *3 *2

*5 *4

He elevates the Host and the Cup.

The Bell strikes.

HAGIOS HAGIOS HAGIOS IAO.

He replaces the Host and the Cup, and adores.

VII.

OF THE OFFICE OF THE ANTHEM.

The PRIEST:

Thou who art I, beyond all I am,
Who hast no nature and no name,
Who art, when all but thou are gone,
Thou, centre and secret of the Sun,
Thou, hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true fire within the seed
Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire
Kindling as mine intents aspire.

Thee I invoke, abiding one,
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle am I.
Appear, most awful and most mild.
As it is lawful, to thy child!

The CHORUS:

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For of the Father and the Son
The Holy Spirit is the norm;
Male-female, quintessential, one,
Man-being veiled in woman-form.
Glory and worship in the highest,
Thou Dove, mankind that dearest,
Being that race, most royally run
To spring sunshine through winter storm.
Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

First Semichorus, MEN: Glory to thee from gilded tomb!

Second Semichorus, WOMEN: Glory to thee from waiting womb!

MEN: Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!
WOMEN: Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!

MEN: Glory to Thee, true Unity
Of the eternal Trinity!

WOMEN: Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam
And self of I am that I am!

MEN: Glory to Thee, beyond all term,
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!

WOMEN: Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,
Thou One in Three, Thou Three in One!

CHORUS: Glory and worship unto Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

(These words are to form the substance of the anthem; but the whole or any part thereof shall be set to music, which may be as elaborate as art can devise. But even should other anthems be authorized by the Father of the Church, this shall hold its place as the first of its kind, the father of all others.)

VIII.

OF THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE AND CONSUMMATION OF THE ELEMENTS.

The PRIEST takes the Paten between the index and medius of the right hand. The Priestess clasps the Cup in her right hand.

The PRIEST: Lord most secret, bless this spiritual food unto our bodies, bestowing upon us health and wealth and strength and joy and peace, and that fulfilment of will and of love under will that is perpetual happiness.

He makes * with Paten and kisses it.

He uncovers the Cup, genuflects, rises. Music.
He takes the Host, and breaks it over the Cup.
He replaces the right-hand portion in the Paten.

He breaks off a particle of the left-hand portion.

TOUTO ECTI TO CPERMA MOU. HO PATHR ECTIN NO HUOIC DIA TO PNEUMA HAGION. AUMN. AUMN. AUMN.

He replaces the left-hand part of the Host.

The Priestess extends the Lance-point with her left hand to receive the particle.

The PRIEST clasps the Cup in his left hand.

Together they depress the Lance-point in the Cup.

The PRIEST and the Priestess: HRILIU.

The PRIEST takes the Lance.

The Priestess covers the Cup.

The PRIEST genuflects, rises, bows, joins hands. He strikes his breast.

The PRIEST: O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

O Lion and O Serpent that destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us.

The PRIEST joins hands upon the breast of the Priestess, and takes back his Lance.

He turns to the People, lowers and raises the Lance, and makes * upon them.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The People: Love is the law, love under will.

He lowers the Lance, and turns to East.

The Priestess takes the Lance in her right hand.

With her left hand she offers the Paten.

The PRIEST kneels.

The PRIEST: In my mouth be the essence of the life of the Sun!

He takes the Host with the right hand, makes * with it on the Paten, and consumes it.

Silence.

The Priestess takes, uncovers, and offers the Cup, as before.

The PRIEST: In my mouth be the essence of the joy of the earth!

He takes the Cup, makes * on the Priestess, drains it and returns it.

Silence.

He rises, takes the Lance, and turns to the People.

The PRIEST: There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.

(Those of the People who intend to communicate, and none other should be present, having signified their intention, a whole Cake of Light, and a whole goblet of wine, have been prepared for each one. The Deacon marshals them; they advance one by one to the altar. The children take the Elements and offer them. The People communicate as did the PRIEST, uttering the same words in an attitude of Resurrection: There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.

The exceptions to this part of the ceremony are when it is of the nature of a celebration, in which case none but the PRIEST communicate; or part of the ceremony of marriage, when none other, save the two to be married, partake; part of the ceremony of baptism, when only the child baptised partakes; and of Confirmation at puberty, when only the persons confirmed partake. The Sacrament may be reserved by the PRIEST, for administration to the sick in their homes.)

The PRIEST closes all within the veil.

With the Lance he makes * on the people thrice, thus.

The PRIEST: * The LORD bless you.

* The LORD enlighten your minds and comfort your hearts and sustain your bodies.

* The LORD bring you to the accomplishment of your true Will, the Great Work, the Sunnum Bonum. True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness.

He goes out, the Deacon and children following, into the Tomb of the West.

Music. (Voluntary.)

Note: The Priestess and other officers never partake of the Sacrament they being, as it were, part of the PRIEST himself.

THE SAVIOUR.
A DRAMA IN ONE SCENE.
By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Most Venerable Elder: act. 80.

The Blind Elder: act. 70

The Deaf Elder: act. 60.

The Dumb Elder: act. 50

The Palsied Elder: act. 40.

The Most Reverend Elder: act. 30.

The Young Plump Elder: act. 20.

All these are members of the Town Council of the City of Blabre.

The Prophet of the Gods.

The Fool.

The Sentinel of the Council Chamber.

The Herald of the Council.

The Herald of the Gnogues.

A Courier.

The Saviour.

A Standard-bearer.

Soldiers.

A young girl.

The Elders, clad in furred robes of purple with hoods and golden chains, are seated at a long table of carved oak. The Most Reverend Elder wears a definitely ecclesiastical vestment of black and gold, with a golden biretta.

The table occupies the middle of the chamber, near the back of the stage, but allowing plenty of room for passage. The room itself is well lighted from three windows. The west window is curved, and through it are seen one or two spires. The north window shows much of the tall buildings of a fantastic and elaborately beautiful city, such as Duerer or Beardsley might have drawn. The east window shows the towers which surmount the river-gate of the city. Beneath this window is an altar, on which are candles, and images of the gods of Blabre. Beneath the west window are steps, where stands the Herald, gorgeously apparelled, with trumpet and tabard, awaiting the word to proclaim to the people of the city, many of whom are gathered without, the result of the deliberations of the Council.

The chamber itself is decorated with a rich but civilized simplicity.

The table is covered with inkhorns and old parchments. At its east end stands the Fool in motley, blue and yellow, with cap, bells, and bauble.

The door is in the east wall; before it stands the Sentinel, in plate mail, holding erect a fantastically shaped pike. The Elders are seated behind the table, facing the audience, in the following order, west to east: the Young Plump Elder, the Most Reverend Elder, the Palsied Elder, the Most Venerable Elder, the Blind Elder, the Deaf Elder, the Dumb Elder.

At the southwest corner of the table, a little distance away, facing the Elders, is the Prophet of the Gods. He is squatting upon the floor. He is clad in dirty white robes, ragged from long use. His frame is spare, and his face is gaunt and sunken, burnt almost

black by the sun. Huge wild eyes glitter beneath his matted hair. He is of no particular age; his long and unkempt beard is still black. The robes, torn and open, reveal the breast, with its weals and scars caused by the scourge. There are traces of coagulated blood upon it.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

It is not desirable that time and place of the play should be too strictly denoted, lest in future ages some historian or other mentally defective person should desire to ruin the design of the author by "accuracy." But the reader may think, and the spectator should be made to think, of some town of delicately-flavored name, in the time of the old chronicles; and he may use the spectacles of Mr. Arthur Machen or Mr. Layton Crippen. But the Gnogues are to be very clearly distinguished from the people of Blabre by their obviously different race, as indicated in the text, by their rude gruff curt harsh brutish manner, and by the simplicity of their rough harness.

(The curtain rises upon the deliberations of the Council.)

The Most Venerable Elder: The doom of Blabre!

The Blind Elder: I see no hope for the city.

The Deaf Elder: There is no news of any succor.

(*The Dumb Elder* gesticulates. Throughout, he repeats on his fingers all that is said, for the benefit of the Deaf Elder. Managers will wish to change this, on the ground that it will tend to drive the audience mad; but that is the object of the direction.)

The Deaf Elder (translating): My colleague says that he has raised his voice again and again in warning; and now it is come upon us.

The Palsied Elder: Cannot we take some action, however desperate?

The Most Reverend Elder: My children, there is no hope save in God, the Almighty, the Merciful and Gracious, the Helper, the Ready to save.

The Prophet: Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked city! (His is a long wail or howl, like a coyote. It is uttered quite in the same sudden causeless way as one notices often enough in a dog; it is not intended as part of the conversation. In short, he is just a wild beast, like as the Fool is a tame one; and he receives no notice. It is as if he had not spoken.)

The Young Plump Elder: Why did He not save us, before the last extremity was on us? Look at these reports! (He indicates certain parchments.) The Gnogues have pushed one salient to within bowshot of the city walls. We are straitly invested. Famine has spread her leathern wings, and sucks the blood of our bravest. Pestilence walks no more by night; under the sun he stalks and smites. We have no necessary thing but air and water; and both are

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already contaminated with the poison of our own dead.

The Most Venerable Elder: Still, we have water while the river-gate is held.

The Blind Elder: How many days can we hold out?

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that the Emperor has promised succor within fifteen days. For myself, I would add that we can live for a month.

The Palsied Elder: Then there is hope?

The Blind Elder: There is hope while we can hold the river-gate.

The Most Reverend Elder: Surely, the river-gate is not in danger?

The Most Venerable Elder: It is the most strongly fortified of all our positions. The men who guard it are veterans of the ancient war. The captain of the gate is wily and valiant and trusty. Twelve times already he has repulsed the Gnogues with fearful slaughter.

The Most Reverend Elder: Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!

The Young Plump Elder: I visited the post last night. I found the captain steadfast on his spear, grim, fierce, and vigilant.

The Blind Elder: Besides, the gate is safe against surprise. So strong runs the river that no naked man could swim across, much less a man in armor. There is no landing place: our walls run sheer and smooth into the tide. There is no cover on the other bank: and our towers command it with easy archery. There is only the frail single span of the bridge, so narrow that two men cannot pass, so slight that a single blow with an axe would send it crashing into the tide.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that if we only had food we could endure for ever.

The Most Reverend Elder (*piously*): His mercy endureth for ever. Did He not rain food from heaven upon our forefathers in the days of the great migration?

The Fool: Let us read fifteen or twenty cantos of the great epic of Glingue, the sacred bard! (No one notices him.)

The Blind Elder: We must hold out. There is no alternative. We know the character of the foe. If we are conquered, he will put every living thing to the sword: he will burn every building with fire: he will efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man.

The Palsied Elder: The Gnogues are cruel and remorseless: they spare no soul alive, save for an hour's delight in rape or torture: they eat human flesh.

The Most Reverend Elder: The Lord is mighty and merciful, compassionate towards His servants, strong to save. (The Most Reverend Elder is really as frightened as the rest, or more so; he says the brave words in a toneless, mechanical way, from habit even more than from the wish to keep up his religious character.)

The Prophet: Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked city! (No one notices him.)

The Most Venerable Elder: I think that we should proclaim a message of confidence to the citizens.

The Young Plump Elder: At the worst, it is only one more lie.

The Blind Elder: Does any one dissent? (Silence.)

The Most Venerable Elder: Let the Herald speak to the citizens!

The Herald (*bowes to the Most Venerable Elder, turns to his window, blows a rousing blast upon his trumpet, and proclaims*): Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Rejoice, we conquer! The Fathers of the City are still sitting in earnest deliberation for your welfare; but in order to calm your anxiety, they bid it be made known that the city is in no danger. It has victoriously repulsed every assault of the enemy; it is provisioned for a ten years' siege; the Emptror has promised that an army of four million veteran troops shall arrive to our succour not later than to-morrow at sunset; the enemy is reported to be utterly disheartened at the failure of his campaign; his men, ill-fed, ill-led, ill-disciplined, are already in open mutiny; civil strife is on the point of breaking out in their capital; their king is reported slain by his men. (Cheers from without punctuate every sentence. The Herald turns to the Most Venerable Elder, and addresses him.) Is that sufficient? My invention flags.

The Most Venerable Elder: It will serve. Perorate.

The Herald (*turns, after the usual bow, to window*): Joy! Triumph! Victory! Blabre has overthrown her savage foes. Once more has civilization repulsed the heathen hordes. Rejoice, we conquer!

(Cheers without. Within, the elders are still sunk in the same fatal, hopeless apathy as at first.)

The Blind Elder: We lost eleven hundred of our best troops in yesterday's sally.

The Palsied Elder: That is nearly one-fifth of our whole army.

The Deaf Elder: I do not understand how the Gnogues resist our valor. Their armor is rude and inferior: their weapons are but the unwieldy pike and the short scaramasax; while we have lance, sword, bow, and arquebus, with the new cannon.

The Palsied Elder: Their hosts are innumerable, and their valour desperate.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague calls it treason to the city to say so.

The Palsied Elder: It is true, nevertheless.

(All bow their heads sorrowfully.)

The Young Plump Elder: It is doubtful whether they are men or beasts. They are of hue blotchy, greenish-black, with the head like an ape's.

The Deaf Elder: Their king is a devil, whom they worship.

The Most Venerable Elder: No man has seen him.

The Young Plump Elder: Do not speak of him. Ever his own men care not speak of him. It is a hidden horror. It is forbidden.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that he is known for no coward. You all know his exploits in the Sixteen Years' War. But he begs of you all not to speak of this.

The Most Reverend Elder: I agree. It is evil even to think of him. It is almost to invoke. Such things stifle the soul with fear.

The Most Venerable Elder: Is there ever a moment when we do not think of him? Is not he the unknown Terror that abides in our hearts, the waking nightmare that obsesses us?

The Blind Elder: It is reported that he is a dragon of their marshes.

The Palsied Elder: Others say that he is but a black stone, carven like a Satan. Their wizards have conjured it to the power of speech; and by its oracles they fight.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that their king is in reality a woman, shrewish and fierce.

The Most Venerable Elder: No man has seen him.

The Blind Elder: I thank God that I can never see him.

The Palsied Elder: Who presided at the torture of the captured general?

The Most Reverend Elder: I was present in person.

The Palsied Elder: Be pleased to make your report.

The Most Reverend Elder: I beg of you to pardon me. There is nothing to say.

(*He shows such horror that they determine that he shall speak.*)

The Most Venerable Elder: Most Reverend, I charge on your great oath of fealty to this Council that you make your report.

The Most Reverend Elder: (*He rises, clutching the table, shaking and sweating with the most abject fear.*) We applied the torture three times without result.

The Palsied Elder: What form of torture did you use?

The Most Reverend Elder: Preliminary to the examination, the tortures by water and fire were applied. As usual, he was given to understand that this was not serious. My time being short, I applied at once on my arrival the Torture of the Scorpions at the Nine Gates. Before each gate, I asked three times the question in these words: Describe your king. At the sixth gate he broke into a kind of mad laughter, raucous and horrible.

The Most Venerable Elder (*rising in excitement*): The sixth gate! Do you tell us that he reached the sixth gate? It is not to be believed.

The Most Reverend Elder: I doubted mine own eyes. I verified. It was true. The man was not of mortal flesh. It is only our own great god that in his death passed through the ninth. In history only one man reached even the fifth. This man, at the sixth, only laughed.

The Most Venerable Elder (*sitting down again, broken up by fear and horror*): Oh God! what men are these?

The Most Reverend Elder: In wonder and rage, I directed the application of the seventh Scorpion, a black beast, lusty and venomous. (*He sits down suddenly, overcome, and buries his face in his arms. A pause. Then he staggers once again to his feet.*) The prisoner became calm, and smiled. He said these words: I am happy, and I thank you. I have never seen him, and now I shall never see him. With that he died.

The Blind Elder: But his soldiers must see him in battle.

The Most Reverend Elder: They have never seen his face. Only a few know even his form. So much we learned from the first prisoners we took.

The Most Venerable Elder (*in an ecstasy of dejection*): No man has seen him.

The Fool: That is true, and that is all; why do ye

babble thus? This much is known, that his soldiers are valiant and cunning, that they are cruel and remorseless, that they spare no soul alive, save for an hour's delight of rape or torture, and that they eat human flesh.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that it is infamous to say such things.

The Fool: It is indeed rather foolish, even for me, to say them; for all men know them.

The Most Venerable Elder: Men are often too stupid to believe even what they know. It is sufficient for Authority to deny these things. A panic among the citizens would ruin us.

The Blind Elder: We are already lost. You said that we have food for a month, when we know that it will last a bare week. We lie even among ourselves.

The Deaf Elder: (*to the Young Plump Elder*): How is it that you are so plump?

The Young Plump Elder: I foresaw famine. I stored food. It is necessary that I should be strong to fulfill my destiny.

The Blind Elder: So you are the great captain that shall save us?

The Young Plump Elder: It is in the hands of the Lord.

The Most Reverend Elder: It is in the hands of the Lord.

The Blind Elder: Will the Lord restore my sight? Then may the Lord exalt the blue banner of Blabre above the black pennon of the Gnogues!

The Most Venerable Elder: It is terrible and sinister, that triangle of death! Had they a dragon, or a skull, embroidered on it. I would fear it less. It is the blank of blackness that appals me.

The Blind Elder: I see it every day, and every night!

The Most Reverend Elder: Oh death to these dreadful and ominous croakings! Is there not hope in the Most High?

The Palsied Elder: Why does not the prophet utter aught in his most sacred trance? He is as silent as death itself. I would rather that he cursed us, than he pronounced inexorable doom upon our city.

The Prophet: Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked city!

The Fool: Behold! he earns his crust. He seeks to please your lordships. Clothe him in purple, while you have the purple! Hang golden chains upon his neck, ere you yourselves are hanged in chains of iron!

The Prophet: Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked city!

The Most Reverend Elder: Declare unto us the oracles of God!

The Most Venerable Elder: What is to be our fate?

The Young Plump Elder: May Blabre be saved?

The Most Reverend Elder: He answers not. His eyes are dull and glazed, turned inward on his soul. He is not yet entranced. By the might and majesty of the Most High, I command thee, declare unto us the oracles of God!

(*The Prophet rises, stretches, roars, spits contemptuously, and sits down again, his back to the Most Reverend Elder.*)

The Most Reverend Elder: The curse of the Most High upon him! He was thus ever!

(*Knocking without.*)

The Sentinel: There is an alarm at the door.

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The Most Venerable Elder: See who wants admission.

(*The Sentinel lowers his pike, and opens the door cautiously. Without, his comrade beckons him. They converse in whispers. The first Sentinel returns.*)

The Sentinel: The herald of the King of the Gnogues humbly demands audience of your lordships. His master sues for peace.

The Most Venerable Elder: It is the end. (*To the Herald.*) Proclaim that we have conquered; that the King of the Gnogues sues humbly for our mercy.

The Herald (*turns and bows as usual, returns to windows, and blows a blast on his trumpet*): Oyez! Oyes! Oyez! Rejoice, we conquer! Citizens of Blabre, even now a messenger asks for admission to the Council. He comes to sue humbly for peace. The Gnogues sue for peace. The King of the Gnogues is here in person with dust upon his head. He has kissed the feet of the Most Venerable, the Father of the City! Rejoice, we conquer! (*Blast on trumpet. Cheers, and a swelling murmur of satisfaction, have accompanied each phrase. He turns from the window, and bows to the Most Venerable Elder.*) Is that enough?

The Most Venerable Elder: It is enough. (*To the Sentinel.*) Admit him.

(*The Sentinel goes out.*) Let us ask at least our lives.

(*The Herald of the Gnogues enters. He is a short, thick-set, sturdy man in black chain armor. He bears on a staff the dreaded banner of the Gnogues.*)

The Herald of the Gnogues: Greetings of a soldier to brave enemies! I bear the most merciful message of my most mighty king. Your army is reduced by half; your citizens starve; you must submit to terms.

The Most Venerable Elder: Succor is promised us from the Emperor.

The Herald of the Gnogues: Where is his promise?

The Most Venerable Elder (*lifting a parchment*): This reached us fifteen days ago.

The Herald of the Gnogues: Where is his message of yesterday?

The Most Venerable Elder: We have received no message.

The Herald of the Gnogues (*pulling from his shirt a bloody parchment*): Here is his message of yesterday. (*He hands the parchment to the Fool.*)

The Fool: Ter to one this is a forgery. It is a regular Gnogue trick. (*He hands it to the Most Venerable Elder.*)

The Most Venerable Elder (*reading*): "The internal troubles of our empire prevent us from sending the aid promised you. May God defend you in your extremity."

The Prophet (*raft as in ecstasy*): The extremity of Blabre!

(*All, sunk yet deeper in apathy, heed him not. A pause. The Fool examines the message with attention.*)

The Fool: I am sure this document is a forgery. Previous letters have been written by a clerk. This is his Majesty's own holograph. It is much too genuine. (*A pause.*) If this paper be genuine, it must have been written from the capital. That is ten days' journey off. The ink on this document has been wet within the last four-and-twenty hours.

(*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that it is infamous to suggest that his Majesty would lend himself to forgery.

The Young Plump Elder: Let me see the document. (*A pause.*) There is something in what the Fool says. (*The paper is passed round.*)

The Most Reverend Elder: This was never written by the hand of one of our race. It is a clever imitation of the hand of the Emperor. Also, the strokes are not even enough. Also, the words "our" and "us" are spelled with small letters. It is not genuine, in my opinion.

The Deaf Elder (*examining the paper with his dumb colleague, and holding a rapid interchange of signs with him*): My colleague and I agree that this is a forged document. The parchment is not of the quality used by our people.

The Most Venerable Elder: It is our fears that tells us it is genuine.

The Blind Elder: I am absolutely convinced of the authenticity of the document. It bears the strongest possible internal evidence of its truth. There is no doubt possible.

The Most Venerable Elder: There is no doubt possible.

(*All relax once more their momentary alertness. They sink visibly into the very abyss of dejection. A pause.*)

The Herald of the Gnogues: You must submit to terms. The most mighty King of the Gnogues offers you of his clemency the right to withdraw with all the honors of war. Recognizing a gallant foe, he will not embitter defeat by humiliation. You shall leave the city with all your arms and ammunition, and with all such goods as you can carry with you. But, if you refuse these terms, then expect the direful judgments. He will put every living thing to the sword; he will burn every building with fire; he will efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man. I have spoken.

The Most Venerable Elder: Does it comport with the terms of your command that you retire a while, that we may deliberate?

The Herald of the Gnogues: I shall await your pleasure. (*He goes out.*)

The Young Plump Elder (*leaping to his feet*): Who could have hoped such terms? We are saved!

The Blind Elder: Shall we believe it? May we trust him?

The Deaf Elder: We must trust him. (*The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*) My colleague says that it is madness to trust him.

The Fool: Why do we not ask an oracle of the Prophet?

The Prophet: Why do we not ask an oracle of the Fool?

The Most Reverend Elder: He is not in his sacred trance. Let us rather look for guidance to antiquity!

(*He grasps a parchment; others follow his example. A pause, while they search. The Dumb Elder gesticulates.*)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that he remembers dimly a passage in the third book of our sacred bard, Glingue, which may help our case.

The Most Reverend Elder: I knew it. It was that of which I was thinking. (*He turns over the parchments.*) Here it is!

The Blind Elder: Read it! Read it!

The Most Reverend Elder:

"In the extremity of Fate

The full moon shone, our master's mate.
In silver armor rode the duke
Against the heathen."

The Prophet: It is full moon to-night.

The Fool: What fumbling amid tusty folios!

The Blind Elder: No: that is not the prophecy.
I remember it now. It is this:

"Look to the moon for safety! Dragon helm
Of rubies, and cuirass of silver, whelm
The tide of heathen hate. The sword and axe
Beat down the blows of pike and scaramasax!"

The Deaf Elder: That is a proper prophecy!
That is the true strain of our sacred Glingue!

The Fool: Only where is the duke? Where is the
hero with these famous arms and accoutrements?
The only part of the prophecy that has come true
as yet is the part about the extremity of Fate.

The Prophet (in deep meditation): The extremity
of Blabre!

The Most Venerable Elder: The fool is wise for
once. We had better trust the Herald, and accept
the terms of peace.

The Deaf Elder: It is absolutely certain that the
Emperor's letter is authentic?

The Blind Elder: It is absolutely certain.

The Most Reverend Elder: Here is another
prophecy:

"The dragon helm! Like the red moon it glows!
See where amid the flying ranks of foes
The silver champion sweeps!"

The Deaf Elder: Yes: that is the same thought
again!

The Palsied Elder: They all seem to be concerned
with a warrior in silver armor.

(The Dumb Elder gesticulates.)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says: "A giant."

The Blind Elder: Yes, a giant, wearing a helm
with a dragon of ruby upon it.

The Fool (apostrophizing the images of the gods):
Is it come to this, after all these years, that men take
poets seriously? They have not sense enough to know
that all these prophecies are but myths of moonrise!

The Blind Elder: But the dragon helm of rubies!
How do you explain that?

The Fool: By the law of ampupatoptatus ambu-
baboptaton!

(The Dumb Elder gesticulates.)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague says that this is
ribaldry and blasphemy.

The Most Reverend Elder: The gods, who made
him half-witted, cannot be offended at the outrush-
ings of that feebleness.

The Most Venerable Elder: Yet what the Fool
says is truth. The prophecies agree on the main
point. We of Blabre have waited and longed for
him these four hundred years. There is even a
statue of him - the Guild Hall. But by what right
do we assume that he will appear in this present
crisis of our city? We must decide on action. My
counsel is surrender.

The Most Reverend Elder: Are we all convinced
of the genuineness of the letter of the Emperor?

The Blind Elder: It is positive beyond the possi-
bility of doubt.

(The Dumb Elder gesticulates.)

The Deaf Elder: My colleague agrees with the
Most Venerable. His counsel is surrender.

The Palsied Elder: Mine also.

The Deaf Elder: I agree.

The Most Reverend Elder: With regret, even

with dissent, I must agree. Of what use would it
be to divide the Council?

The Blind Elder (in sudden exaltation): I protest.
I see him now: I see the Saviour! He is almost at
the gates. He is followed by a vast victorious army.
The Gnogues flee before the mere jingle of his har-
ness. (The moment of exaltation passes.) Ah me!
the visions of the blind! (A pause.) I agree.

The Young Plump Elder: I agree. Let us save
ourselves, and leave Blabre to its doom.

The Fool: Oh, triple fools! Tricked by the for-
gery of the letter! Rummaging antiquity for the rags
and bones of folk-lore when you should have been
taking measures for the defence of the city! Pray-
ing to your gods when you should have been mak-
ing the enemy pray to theirs! Hold on but a day!
The Emperor will surely be in time to save the
city. Also, by all your gods, it were better we
perish fighting than fall into the hands of the
Gnogues. This offer is black treachery. I know
them.

(No one takes the slightest notice of the speech. The
Dumb Elder does not even trouble to repeat it to his
colleague, but makes a contemptuous gesture to indicate
to him that it is rubbish.)

The Most Venerable Elder: Summon the Herald
of the Gnogues!

(The Sentinel obeys.)

The Prophet (mechanically as ever): Woe unto
Blabre! Woe to the wicked city!

(The Herald of the Gnogues re-enters.)

The Most Venerable Elder: We have ended our
deliberations. We are disposed to accept the terms
of honorable capitulation offered to us by your
master. It is understood that we depart unharmed,
every man with all such goods as he may carry with
him, and that the army of the Gnogues will not
molest us on our march, or enter the city until four-
and-twenty hours be passed.

The Herald of the Gnogues: It is understood. It
is agreed. Give me the keys of the city.

The Most Venerable Elder (rising, and detaching
a bunch of enormous iron keys from his girdle): Here
are—

The Prophet (with wild eyes, leaping to his feet
with a furious gesture): Hear ye the Word of the
Lord! The whirlwind awaketh! The Lord is upon
the whirlwind! The Lord flingeth forth the lightning!
The Lord maketh to resound his thunder! Hear ye
the Word of the Lord!

(All the elders, dominated by his personality, spring
to energy and resolution, or rather to the simulation
of these qualities which is conferred by contagious
hysteria, from their previous drooping dullness. They
seem to drink his words glutonously. The Herald
and the Sentinel, even, abandon their military disci-
pline, and listen with all their ears. But the Fool yawns,
and appears bored, while the Herald of the Gnogues
shows violent amazement, as one beholding the antics
of some incredible animal.)

The Prophet: The Lord hath lifted up his hand!
The Lord hath appointed a Saviour! Behold, even
now is the hour of our salvation! Glory to the
Lord, that hath had mercy upon his servants!
Blessed be these eyes, that have looked upon the
moon of resurrection! The Saviour cometh! The
Saviour cometh! The Saviour cometh! I see him
with mine eyes; mine ears rejoice at the music of his
harness as he strides to our salvation. O Saviour of

the City of Blabre! 'O thou that art the sword in the hand of the Lord against the heathen!

The Most Reverend Elder (in a thrilled intense voice): Do you see him? Do you see him?

The Prophet (very calm, on a sudden): I see him. I see the champion of the Lord. He cannot come to us as long as we defend ourselves. It is by the ordeal of faith that the Lord tries our souls!

The Most Reverend Elder: What is he like?

The Prophet: He is an head above the common height of man. On his helm is a dragon of rubies. His armor is of silver. His sword is bare; it flashes in the moonlight. On the crook of his left arm is his battleaxe. He shall split asunder the heathen; they shall be as an old rotten tree that splits when it is stricken by the lightning!

The Most Venerable Elder (in a voice of thunder): It is the fulfilment! The ancient prophecies come true!

The Prophet (to the Herald of the Gogues): Depart, thou carrion of the vultures that watch Blabre! Before the night fall thou shalt be with Satan!

The Herald of the Gogues (to the Most Venerable Elder): I do not comprehend the ravings of this madman. Give me the keys of the fortress.

The Most Venerable Elder (in a phrenzy of senile rage): Dog! Heathen! Murderer! Begone! The Saviour of Blabre is at hand. The Prophet of the Lord hath spoken!

(To the Sentinel.) Out with him! Out with the heathen dog!

(All are now in a fury, and threaten the Herald of the Gogues with their fists. Even the Palsied Elder tries to scramble up after him. The Prophet, the Fool, and the Herald do not join in the demonstration. The Sentinel, catching the insensate rage of the Elders, thrusts out the Herald of the Gogues, and slams the door upon him.

A breathless silence; heaving of great breasts.)

The Prophet (calm yet intense): The Voice of the Lord is in my mouth. Let the people be gathered together! Let the voice of the people go up in a great cry to the Most Holy One that watcheth over the City of Blabre! Gather together the people in the market-place: let not one man fail thereof! There let them await the coming of the Saviour!

The Young Plump Elder: It is well spoken; it is the voice of the Lord. Let every man obey, except such as are employed upon the defences of the city. Most Venerable Father, let order be given!

The Prophet: O faithless and unbelieving men! Why will ye perish? Trust ye even now in the arm of flesh, when but a moment, and ye were ready to surrender the city? Withdraw the garrison: abandon the fortresses; leave open the river-gate! It is by the gate of the river that I see him come, shining in his burnished silver armor. The dragon of rubies glitters upon his helm. In his hand is the sword of the Lord! (To the Sentinel.) Go! join the acclamation of the people! Shall we sentinel our gate against the Saviour?

(The Sentinel, whose enthusiasm has been constantly growing, throws down his pike and rushes out.)

The Most Reverend Elder: The word of the Lord in the mouth of the Prophet of the Lord! The ancient faith is justified of her children!

The Most Venerable Elder: Blabre is saved! Proclaim it! Proclaim aloud the coming of the Saviour!

The Herald (he blows a rousing and triumphant

blast upon his trumpet): Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Rejoice, we conquer! The years of his silence are past: the Prophet of the Lord hath spoken. Rejoice, we conquer! The City of Blabre is saved. He cometh, like a mighty tower that is moved against a city wall! He cometh, the Saviour, in silver armor, and on his helm is a dragon of rubies! In his hand is a naked sword, and in his left arm rests the battleaxe of victory. Rejoice! Rejoice! Moreover, be attentive! Be attentive! Be attentive to the order of the Council! Gather yourselves at once together in the market-place, man, woman, and child; let none fail thereof at his peril. Let the soldiers withdraw from the lines and from the fortresses and from the gates and from the battlements; let the river gate be left open, that the Saviour may enter thereby! Gather yourselves together in the market-place, and await the coming of the Saviour! Rejoice, we conquer! (He blows a yet more confident blast upon his trumpet.)

(This speech has been listened to in silence; but toward the end a murmur of excitement begins, and swells to a roar, ending in a thunder of cheers. Then some one starts the Te Deum Laudamus, which, however, grows faint at its close, as the crowd disperse in pursuance of the orders of the Council.)

The Fool (tearing off his cap, and throwing down his bauble): I resign mine office! You must find some younger man—or some older man—for the place. The competition is too strong for me. (He goes out. No one notices his outburst.)

(There is a pause of silence, during which the hysteria of the Elders subsides. The Herald stiffens once more into his military demeanor. Only the Prophet is unchanged, his fixed and glassy stare probing the Unseen, his lips moving in intense prayer. The Elders become uneasy and embarrassed. They begin to wriggle. Several half start to speak: but none dare voice the contagious spirit of distrust which obsesses them.)

The Young Plump Elder (with infinite tact and diffidence, tentatively): I think the Saviour cometh at the hour of sunset.

The Prophet: Verily and Amen! The Lord hath lightened thine eyes, O blessed among the Elders of Blabre! The red sun blushes on his silver armour!

(A pause. The Elders are by no means reassured.)

The Most Venerable Elder (trying another gambit): Is there any sign of his coming? Should we not make ready to receive him?

The Prophet: You are not ready to receive him. You have not faith. The sign of his coming is the extremity of our helplessness. To your knees, saint-hearted ones, beseech the Lord that he may make free your spirits; it is with awe and gladness that we should await the coming of the Saviour. (To the Most Reverend Elder.) And thou, false fox, if thou be worth aught beneath thy mummuries, speak for these, even for these, unto the Lord!

(The Elders rise, and group themselves before the images of the gods. They kneel. The Palsied Elder is assisted by his neighbor. The Most Reverend Elder standing before them spreads his hands and prays. The Herald also kneels, a little apart. The Prophet sits down again upon the floor, about half way between the table and the west window, but near the footlights; he faces the door.)

The Most Reverend Elder (lifting his hands):

Hear us, most high, most holy, of the gods of Blabre!
Hear us, who humbly—

(The door opens. A courier, booted, spurred, and dusty, but recognizably in the same uniform as the Herald, rushes in, breathless and exhausted. In his hand is a parchment, which he extends mechanically; with the other hand he clutches the table for support.)

The Courier (gasping): Salvation to Blabre from the Emperor! Greetings and victory! Hold out for six hours more, at the most, and all is saved! The Emperor is at hand with his whole army; the heads of his columns are not two hours behind me. And yet I have ridden! I have ridden! (He clutches at his heart; the parchment falls from his hand. He staggers.) I have ridden! (The words burst from his throat. The blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls dead.)

The Young Plump Elder: The Fool was right!

(All shrink, appalled, realizing the risk they have taken, and the needlessness of it. A long silence of agony.

The Prophet: Pray, pray, thou favored of the Lord! There is no salvation in the arm of flesh!

The Most Reverend Elder (trembling): Let us lift up our eyes unto the Lord in the hour of our distress; let us utter our calamity in his ears, and let our hearts be humbled before him!

Chorus of Elders: Let the Lord give ear unto the complaining of his servants!

The Most Reverend Elder: In the extremity of the City is our hope fixed upon the Lord; let the Lord send us a saviour in the time of our need, even a saviour to lead us upon the mountains of victory!

Chorus: Let the Lord behold our disquietude; let him open the Eye of Mercy upon us!

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord, thy people await the outpouring of thy salvation: as a great river bursting from the ice-dam let thy might flood forth upon us: as the moon that breaketh from a cloud, as a panther that leapeth from the woodland, so let thy victory shine forth!

Chorus: O Lord, let thy glory be manifest in our salvation!

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord! the prophets have prophesied in the market-place, and in the cathedrals have the preachers made proclamation of the Saviour. The sacred bards of olden time have made songs concerning him: the carver and the gilder have limned our hope upon oak and upon marble; in bronze and in orichalc hath the sculptor cast his statue.

Chorus: We have believed the word of the prophet! We have had faith in the word of the Lord God.

The Most Reverend Elder: With the eye of faith may we behold him, a span and half a span above the common height of man. His silver armor flashes in the moonlight: on his helm the ruby dragon glows and sparkles with the fire of his wrath. In his hand is the sword of vengeance; and in the crook of his left arm is the battleaxe of victory!

Chorus: O Lord, let us behold also with our eyes! Let us come to the hour of fulfilment!

(The sun is now near his setting. His rays strike through the western window.)

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord! O God of Blabre! By the devotion of thy people, we adjure thee to hear us! By thy saints and martyrs, by thy

hermits and thy virgins, we recall thy favor! We invoke thee by the commemoration of thy glory!

Chorus: We adjure thee, we commemorate thy glory!

(A pause, while all bend deeper in prayer. The door opens, and the Fool rushes in, disheveled.)

The Fool: The suburbs are filled with the advancing armies of the Gnogues! They move slowly, fearing stratagem, O brother fools! But they advance, inexorable as death himself. The banner of black crawls in the suburbs of Blabre! (He goes to the window.) All the other fools are kneeling too—and the black banner creeps towards the heart of Blabre!

(They do not notice him, openly, but a trembling again takes hold on them.)

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord, vouchsafe unto thy servants the earnest of thy salvation!

Chorus: O Lord, hear us!

The Most Reverend Elder: Lord, suffer not the enemy to enter the city!

Chorus: O Lord, arise and smite the hosts of them that hate us!

The Fool: From every side the banners of black writhe on like serpents.

(The sunlight, leaving the kneeling crowd, now strikes nearer the roof.)

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord! it is the hour. It is the hour of our salvation.

Chorus: Lord, let thy mercy be extended upon us! Let the last ray of the sun be darkened before the dawn of thy salvation!

(The Herald rises, as if by a sudden instinct, and takes a position by the side of the altar, on a raised dais, so that he can see fully out of the eastern window.)

The Fool: The heads of the main columns issue from the alleys. They see the people kneeling; the captains halt in amazement.

The Most Venerable Elder (losing patience): Is there no sign, no sign, O Lord, of the Saviour?

The Herald: There is no sign of the Saviour.

(The sun's rays, striking the ceiling, grow pale. The scene begins to darken.)

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord, it is the hour of the fulfilment of thy word! It is the hour of the salvation of Blabre at the hand of the Lord God!

The Herald: There is no sign of the Saviour.

The fool: The captains meet at the edge of the market-place: they consult; they withdraw; it is as if they waited even as we wait!

The Most Reverend Elder: The fear of the vengeance of the Lord is already upon them!

The Fool: The captains are whispering some order; it passes down the ranks like the wind through a field of wheat.

The Herald (turning to the western window for a moment): The rim of the sun is gone down beneath the waters.

The Most Reverend Elder: Is there no sign of the Saviour?

Chorus: Is there no sign of the Saviour?

The Herald: There is no sign of the Saviour.

The Most Reverend Elder: Mighty and merciful! Strong to save! Lord of our people. Lord almighty. Lord God everlasting, send us, we beseech thee, send us the Saviour!

Chorus: Send us the Saviour.

The Fool: The Gnogues are deploying; it is as if they were forming in four ranks, ready to charge.

(The stage is now in total darkness.)

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Chorus: Send us, O send us, the Saviour.

The Herald: There is no sign of the Saviour.

The Most Reverend Elder (to the Prophet): Hast thou lied unto us in the name of the Lord?

The Herald: Look! I see a glint as of silver upon the bridge of the river-gate! (This is visible to the audience, a single spark.)

The Fool: O triple fool! (He has joined the Herald at the eastern window.) It is the first glint of moonlight that shall see us murdered every one! They will put every living thing to the sword; they will burn every building with fire; they will efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man!

The Herald: I see the dragon helm of ruby! (There is a faint red spark visible in the darkness, above the silver spark.)

The Fool: It is the blood of the veins of your mad eyes.

(The light increases through the eastern window, very slowly.)

The Most Reverend Elder: O Lord! Wilt thou not have mercy upon thy chosen people? Wilt thou not remember thy people in the hour of their extremity?

Chorus: O Lord! O our Lord God! is there no help for the city?

(A pause. All bend deeper, muttering in prayer. The moonlight strikes the roof of the council-chamber. The Fool returns to the western window.)

The Fool: The captains turn to the ranks; they exhort their men to be pitiless. The spearmen charge their pikes, and the swordsmen raise the scaramasax.

The Most Venerable Elder: Where is the sword of the Lord? and the battleaxe in the hands of the Saviour?

(Moonlight now floods the council-chamber, but as a diffused gleam.)

The Most Reverend Elder (furiously, to the Prophet): Thou hast lied in the name of the Lord!

(The door opens. There enters a man of gigantic stature. He is clad in silver armour. On his head is a helmet with closed visor above which towers a dragon of rubies. He moves to the center of the stage, near the footlights, and turns to face east. The moon, rising through the window, throws him into startlingly bright light. In his hand is a naked sword, and in the crook of his left arm rests a battleaxe. He surveys the scene with perfect self-possession.)

The Herald (who has been passionately gazing out

to the east, now turning, and so the first to observe him, as the Elders are all in prayer, the Fool watching the market-place, and the Prophet again sunk in self-absorption): Behold the Saviour!

(All except the Prophet and the Fool rise and rush toward the person thus indicated, even the Palms restored to energy by the ecstasy of relief which floods them all. They sink on their knees before him in adoration. The Young Plump Elder, on the side next the footlights, clasps his knees and kisses them. All cry aloud in rapture: "The Saviour!" "Praise to the Lord!" "The Saviour of the City of Blabre!" "Glory to the Lord God Most High!" etc., in a violent and confused manner. The clamor makes no impression upon the dignity and immobility of the newcomer.)

(The Herald rushing to the west window, and blowing a tremendous blast upon his trumpet.): Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Rejoice, we conquer! The Saviour of the City hath appeared in the Chamber of the Council of the fathers of the City! Rejoice, we conquer! (He blows another yet more joyful blast. Cries of joy without; the people raise the National hymn. The Elders continue their confused cries of rapture. The Herald returns.) Hail, Saviour of Blabre!

(A standard bearer, and two soldiers, of the Gogues enter. The former bears the banner of black; the latter drag by her long fair hair a young girl of the people of Blabre. Behind these are as many other soldiers as may be convenient. At the same moment the Saviour slowly raises his visor. (These two directions must be carefully synchronized.) He is seen to be of the race of the Gogues.)

The King of the Gogues (without excitement, but in the peculiar harsh intonation which is natural to Gogues): Put every living thing to the sword; burn every building with fire; efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man. (He pinches the cheek of the Young Plump Elder, who like the rest is paralyzed by the horror of the situation.) Roast me this man for supper! Let him be larded with the fat of this young girl, when I have finished with her.

(The standard-bearer goes to the window, and signals.)

(The National Hymn turns to shrieks, which mingle with the roar of the charging Gogues.)

The Prophet (above the tumult, an ecstasy of joy thrilling his hoarse voice): Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked City!

(The curtain falls quickly.)

THE STIRRUP CUP.

By S. J. ALEXANDER.

Alack! 'Tis a mad world, with mad gods above it,
Who weep for it, laugh for it, loathe it and love it,
Creating in jest, in a phantasy breaking,
Like petulant children, the toys of their making.
When they struck from their souls the hot spark of
our being,

It flashed from their clutches beyond their foreseeing.
They dreamed their gods' dreams, and beheld in the
vision

Their toy puppets dance on their string of derision.
They worked their gods' work, all unwitting the
sequel:

We are soul of Their Soul and inherently equal.

Though they rive the pole star from the chains of its
mooring,

The soul is beyond them, supreme and enduring;
Above and beyond their desire and endeavor,
It sweeps in wide circles for ever and ever.

Then, here's to Our Gods, though they bend us and
break us,

Though they torture and slay, yet they cannot
unmake us.

And here's to the grace of the cup that they pour us:
The Black Stirrup Cup for the journey before us:
Drink deeply and pledge them, resigned, or defying,
A Health to Our Gods! We salute them in dying.

ELDER EEL

A SKETCH BY LORD BOLESKINE.

PERSONS OF THE SKETCH.

MR. MEEK, the Minister.
MR. DOSE, the Doctor.
MR. BONES, the Butcher.
MR. BUN, the Baker.
MR. CHIPS, the Carpenter.
MR. TONGS, the Tinker.
MR. GRAB, the Grocer.
MR. AWL, the Cobbler.
Women, including JEANNIE MACKAY.
ELDER EEL, the Exciseman,
and
LILITH.

SCENE: The Market-place of the village of Hough-magandie.

(Enter L., Bones, Bun, Chips, Tongs, and Grab. All are dressed in the black shiny clothes conventional on Sundays in the provinces. They are followed by a number of women dressed with equal propriety, who enter the houses that surround the market-place, and disappear. One of them, Jeannie Mackay, walks apart, and as if ashamed of herself. The scene is one of characteristic Sabbath gloom. The men carry immense black Bibles. They walk very slowly and heavily.)

BONES: A stirring discourse.

CHIPS: Ay! the meenister was juist gran'.

TONGS: Losh! But that was guid aboot the destruction o' Sennacherib.

BUN: Ay!

GRAB: D'y ken what he meant?

ALL: Ay! Ay! Ay!

GRAB: D'y ken what he meant?

BONES: Ay! the meenister's verra clear.

GRAB: Na! Na! but d'y ken he was drivin' the arrow o' the Wurrd to oor ain hairs?

BONES: Ay! But what d'y mean?

(Enter R., Awl. He is a tall, sprightly man in a decent suit of tweeds, and he is smoking a pipe. All turn from him as if he were a leper.)

AWL: A braw day the day!

GRAB: Is this a day to be talkin' o' days? (All groan.)

AWL: This is the Lord's day, and A'm thankin' Him for his guid gift o' tobacco.

GRAB: Ye dirty little Atheist! D'y no ken this is the Sawbath? Awa wi' ye from the Lord's children!

BONES: An' dinna blasphemie!

GRAB: Beware, ye fausse loon! The judgment o' the Lord is nigh at han'.

CHIPS: The meenister preached o' the destruction o' Sennacherib.

AWL: An' wha's Sennacherib?

CHIPS: Juist sic anither as yoursel'. A fleein' flytin', floutin', swearin' deevil like yoursel'!

AWL: Ah weel! puir bodies, ye don't know ali! Guid job for you. (He passes over and goes out, L.)

BUN: The sculduddery wastrel!

BONES: The blasphemin' loon!

CHIPS: The feckless child o' Satan!

TONGS: The rantin' roarin' lion!

GRAB: Ah! d've ken the noo wha the meenister meant by Sennacherib?

ALL: Ah!

GRAB: D'y ken Sennacherib was King o' Baby-lon?

ALL: Ah!

GRAB: D'y ken— Ah! here comes Elder Eel, the guid man. He'll tell t' e. He's seen wi' his ain een!

(Enter L. Elder Eel is very tall and thin and lantern-jawed, more solemn and portentous than the others.)

GRAB: The Blessin' o' the Lord be on ye, Elder. Will ye tell the fowk o' the terrible scandal in Hough-magandie?

EEL: The han' o' the Lord is heavy upon us for oor sins.

ALL: Ay! Ay!

GRAB: We are but puir sinners.

EEL: Ay! we deserve it. But our punishment is greater than we can bear.

ALL: Woe unto us!

EEL: Wi' these een hae I seen it! Alack the day! My brethren, d'y ken wha's ta'en the lodgin' ower Awl's shop?

BONES: When?

EEL: Last nicht. The very eve o' the Blessed Sabbath! (All groan.)

CHIPS: Wha' then?

EEL: The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

ALL: The 'Hoor o' Babylon!

EEL: A wanton, forward wench! A Babylonish harlot!

BONES: The Lord ha' mercy on us!

EEL: An actress body!

ALL: The Lord ha' mercy on us!

CHIPS: Fra' Glasglie, I doot?

EEL: Waur!

ALL: Waur?

EEL: Waur!

BUN: No' fra' Lunnon, Elder? It's main impawable!

EEL: Waur!

BONES: It canna be! It canna be!

EEL: Waur. Far waur!

TONGS: Hoots! but we maun ha' fallen into terrible sin.

BONES: Fra' whaur? In the Lord's name, mon. tell. We're fair distractit.

EEL: Fra' Pairiss!

GRAB: Fra' the Hame o' the De'il!

BONES: Fra' Hell! Fra' the Bottomless Pit!

CHIPS: The 'Hoor o' Babylon! The Scarlet Wumman that rideth on the Beast wi' Seven Heads!

TONGS: Fra' the very haire o' a' sculduddery an' wickedness!

BUN: O Lord! ha' mercy upon us!

EEL: Indeed, I ha' seen her at the window. Aboot nine o' the clock last nicht, when a' guid fowk suld be abed—and I mysel' was wa'king hame fra' the meenister's. And there she was at the window, wi' her lang hair down on her bare shou'ders.

ALL: A' weel! a' weel! 'T is a wicked wurrlid!

EEL: D'y ken she leanit oot, the Jezebel, wi' her painted face, an'—an'

ALL: Weel!

EEL: The audacious wench cried oot, "Gude-nicht. Chairlie!" an' blew me a kiss.

ALL: A' weel!

EEL: An' I cried oot i' the wurrds o' the gude buke: "An' Jehu cried unto the eunuchs, Throw her dune!"

BONES: An' was she rebukit?

EEL: Nay! she cried back on me: "There's no

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eunuchs here, Chairlie, nor none wanted. Throw it up!"

CHIPS: The brazen, forward, sculduddery wench! The flytin' sneerin' harlot o' Babylon!

EEL: An' then she picks up her fiddle, that she's lured thousands o' men to their doom wi', and she plays, "We are na fou, we're no that fou."

ALL: Shame on her!

GRAB: Hark! wha's that? (*The tuning of a violin is heard, off.*)

EEL: There she is! There's the 'Hoor o' Babylon!' (*Lilith, off, plays a lively though classical piece of music.*)

EEL: To your tents, O Israel! To your homes, men o' Houghmagandie! On to the marrow-bones o' your knees, and pray that the curse may be removed from us!

ALL: Amen!

EEL: As for me, I'll wrestle wi' this deevil, and maybe have strength given me to overcome it. Here comes the meenister; I'll hae twa wurrds wi' him on the matter!

ALL: Guid guide ye and preserve ye! (*All go off R. in consternation.*)

EEL: An' noo to wrastle wi' the demon! (*Enter L. Meek and Dose. Dose is an educated man, well dressed.*)

EEL: Gude-mornin', meenister! Gude-mornin', doctor!

MEEK (*very humble and quiet*): Gude-mornin', Elder!

DOSE: Morning, Elder!

EEL: I wad hae twa wurrds wi' ye, meenister!

MEEK: Ay! Ay! What is it, noo?

EEL: Meenister, it's verra terrible, what I wad say to ye. The 'Hoor o' Babylon's amang us. (*The doctor laughs.*)

DOSE: At it again. Eei? Ha! Ha! Ha!

EEL: Ay, sir, d'ye ken this is a muckle serious affair! There's a French actress body in the village! In the village o' Houghmagandie!

DOSE: Ha! Ha! Ha! I was just going to tell you about it. Meek. It's a dear little Russian girl, a friend of my wife's. She's had a tremendous season in Paris—they went mad over her—so we suggested her coming up here for a rest. She wouldn't stay with us—poor child, she has to practise eight hours a day!—so we got her the room over Awl's, and she comes to the Surgery for meals. My wife's bringing her up to the Manse to call on Monday.

MEEK: Oh! Oh! There, Elder, you see it's all right.

EEL (*aghast*): A'richt!!!—a'richt!!! (*Meek and Dose nod and pass on, laughing.*)

EEL: He's fair witched! He's the prev o' Satan! The meenister was laughing on the Sawbath! Oh, Lord! Lord! An' I'm left by my lanes to wrastle wi' the de'il i' petticoats! Witchcraft! fair witchcraft! An' sorcery! Whaur's ony help but in the A'mighty? (*He takes out a flat whiskey flask and swallows a big dram.*) Whaur, I say, is ony help but in the A'mighty? (*Re-enter Awl, L., still smoking.*)

AWL: Hullo, Elder, an what's the matter noo? Hae ye discovered the sin of Achan again?

EEL: Ah, well! Ah, well! Alack the day . . . Hae ye come to torment me, ye dirty little Atheist?

AWL: Three lies in three words, Elder. Ye'll win the Bishop's Kettle this year, for sure! But what is it? Hae the Glasgie fowk got wind o' your little

affair wi' Bungs? What d'ye mak' a year oot o' that?

EEL: Ye wicked deevil!

AWL: I dinna care. It's your affair to take the King's siller, and the whisky man's gowd! But I'm wondering hoo it gangs wi' *sae muckle reelegion!*

EEL: Hoo dare ye?

AWL: Or have they found your ain private still o'er the brae? An exciseman wi' a still o' his ain! ha! ha! ha!

EEL: Ye fausse fiend! Hae ye gi'en me awa'?

AWL: Na! I'm no *sae reelegious* as ye are. But I doot it's fowk ken o' your dealin's wi' Jeannie Mackay!

EEL: Hoo did ye ken that?

AWL: Why, the lass is in trouble; and you best ken wha's the fault is.

EEL: Ay! And didna I gie her fower shilling an' saxpence to get to Glasgie an' hide her shame? An' didna I rebuke her for the sin o't by the reever bank, so that she might hae found grace to droon hersel'?

AWL: Ay! ye're a mean, sneakin', coordly, murderous dog! That I didna ken, an I thank ye for tellin' me. I'm for ben. (*He spits ostentatiously on the ground and goes off R. But remains visible to audience as one watching the scene. He whistles softly and beckons, off.*)

EEL: Bad! Bad! I maun be fey to hae tellt him that. But I'll see Jeannie, and gie her twa pund sterling—na! one pund fifteen shillin'—na! one pund ten shillin'—an' get her tae Glasgie—wi' the promise o' mair! Ay you's the teeket—wi' the promise o' mair! An I'll chase the Babylonish Harlot from Houghmagandie, so that if the wurst comes tae the wurst, fowk winna gie ony credit tae the lass. An' noo, then, wi' my conscience clearit, I'll confront the lioness i' her den. (*He turns to go off R., and is startled to find Lilith entering R. She wears a thin summer dress very beautifully made, and on her head is a coquettish hat with a suggestion of horns. On seeing him she laughs. His gloom deepens. She goes up and curtseys to him, then puts up her fiddle and plays the "Old Hundredth" or other Scottish hymn tune.*)

EEL: Weel, wad ye aye play holy tunes, I wadna say! (*She plays a religious classical piece.*)

EEL: That savors o' Popery, I doot! But i' the main ye mean weel! (*She plays "Auld Lang Syne," and other Scottish ballads, arranged so as to lead from grave to gay. He is by this time enthralled by the music, and begins to show animation, following the beats with his hands. Even his feet begin to be uneasy.*)

EEL: Weel! weel! wha wad hae thocht it? There's no sic hairm after a', maybe. (*She sees him her prey, and plays a mad Hungarian dance. He is compelled to pick up the step, and she leads him, dancing, three or four times round the stage and off, L. Awl comes out to centre of stage. Lilith, off, changes to "The De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman."*)

AWL (sings):

The de'il cam' fiddling through our toun.

An' danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman:

And ilka wife cries:

(*The windows of every house burst open, and women appear, joining in the song.*)

Auld Mahoun!

I wish ye joy o' your prize, mon!

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa'.

The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

He's danced awa', he's danced awa'

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He's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!
 (Repeat chorus while the villagers flock back to the stage. The women are now dressed in the gayest peasant costumes. *Lilith*, off, resumes the dance tune and leads on *Eel*, who by this time is dancing with absolute abandon. All make way for him and stand back, laughing. The music stops. *Eel*, suddenly brought to himself, stammers and gasps. He would go off, but *Awl* stops him.)

AWL: Na, Elder, ye've made this toon a hell lang eneugh! Tae the fountain, lads! (They catch *Eel* and duck him half a dozen times. Enter *Meek*.)

MEEK (throws up his arms): An' what, i' the Lord's name, is come to Houghmagnudie?

AWL: It's a' richt, meenister. But I'm the Law an' the Prophets the day! (Elder *Eel* comes dripping from the fountain.)

AWL: Prisoner at the bar, are ye guilty or not guilty? Guilty? Whaur's Jeannie Mackay? Dinna fear, lass. Will ye wed this mon here?

JEANNIE: Ay, sir (she is in tears). It's his bairn, Gude kens.

AWL: Now, meenister, this is whaur ye're wanted. D'y'e consent, Elder? Ye've been a hairless old scoundren, but ye can e'en dae the richt thing by the lass noo.

EEL: Ay! I repent sincerely.

AWL: None o' that! Say ye're sorry, like a mon!

EEL: I'm sorry, Jeannie. An' I'll be a gude mon

FRANCISCU.

A Dramatic Masque.

By HELEN WOLJESKA.

Francisku was a boy of bronze. His hair, his face, his clothes, his bare feet, everything was bronze. When he stepped over to the deeply shaded pool and bent down to fill his huge watering can he looked like a beautiful animated statuette. And the three little baronesses held their breath for fear he might slip into the mysterious depths and disappear from them forever. . . .

The three little baronesses also looked like statuettes—like statuettes of delicately tinted ivory, inlaid with gold. On their long, slender, half-bare legs they meandered through the flower-beds, among tall-stemmed nodding blossoms of scarlet and coral and amethyst, while their eyes were on the boy of bronze.

"Que faites-vous, mesdemoiselles?" sharply inquired the "bonne" from the summer house.

"Nous cueillons des fleurs—" answered the innocent voices; slim white fingers gathered them up, while their slender, aristocratic legs carried them nearer and nearer to Francisku. His darkly flushing face and bashfully glowing eyes, his agile body and pantherlike movements sent strange thrills through the ivory and gold baronesses. If only they dared! They would like to come still closer, quite close, to touch his brown hands, his wild curls, perhaps to put their lips against his—

On the sunny lawn two huge St. Leonbergers lay dozing. Like maenads the three little girls descended upon them, burying their nervous fingers in the great, shaggy, tawny manes, rolling over their playmates, teasing, frolicking, romping, laughing—laughing—

This is an unjust world. He who sows is not always he who reaps.

tae ye, lass.

AWL: That's better. Now, meenister, the Blessing.

MEEK: In the name o' God, I declare ye lawful man an' wife. (He joins their hands and blesses them.)

AWL: And no more private still, Elder, and no more bribes fra distillers!

EEL: Ay! I mean it.

AWL: Guid. Now, lass, run off wi' him, lest he fa' into the snare o' the 'Hoar o' Babylon again; an' this time for his soul's ill! (All laugh. *Eel* goes off with *Jeannie*.)

AWL: Noo, lads an' lasses a', prayer i' the morning, an' thanksgivin' in th' afternoon. (*Lilith* plays.)

AWL (sings):

We'll mak' oor maut, we'll brew oor drink,

We'll dance an' sing an' rejoice, mon,

An' mony braw thanks tae the mickle black de'il
 (Boozing to *Lilith*)

That's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,

There's hornpipes an' strathskeys, mon;

But the ae best dance e'er came tae oor land

Was—the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

(Chorus as before. All dance merrily, and at last even the minister is carried off by a big, flamboyant girl into the centre of the crowd.)

(CURTAIN.)

ROCOCO.

A Dramatic Vignette.

A wonderful little marquise.

Her delicately tinted face seems full of whimsical irony and morbid charm. She is not beautiful in the conventional sense of the word, but her strangely troubled eyes, veiled smiles, nervous hands bestow a subtler beauty which is independent of external advantages; she appears a being from another sphere from a world of sultry luxuries and graceful mockery, such as exists in languorous women's burying dreams. Her piquant smile vaguely remembers past ecstasies. But the melting sorrow of her eyes proclaims that in every ecstasy there lurked the foreboding of despair, and the frenzy of love was forever mingled with the dread of doom.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

KNIGHT-ERRANT.

A Dramatic Miniature.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

I came beneath the holy hill

Where jets the spring of Life-in-Youth,

Upon its summit flowers still

The golden rose of Love-in-Truth.

My lips, that desert suns devoured,

Were moist and merr, at the draught;

And in that dew of sunlight showered

I stood and shook myself, and laughed.

Lightly I leapt upon the slope

To gain the golden rose above;

Outpacing faith, outsoaring hope,

I had no rival left but love . . .

Mine arms are stretched to North and South,

A scarlet cross, a soldier sun;

The rose is music on my mouth,

Holiness to Hilarion!

I mark the bounds of space and time;

I suck salvation from the sod;

I point the way for man to climb

Up to his consummation, God.

THE GODS

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A Drama. From the Coptic of IAO SABAO.

IN the blackness of infinite space are stars, Alderan, Gemini, Orion, Cor Leonis, accurately represented.

In the foreground is the top of a lemon-colored, luminous globe, around which is a set of darker rings, tilted at an angle of some 10 to 15 degrees sideways to the horizontal. Left, a tall man of green skin, clothed in a vast mantle of scarlet, with gold embroideries like flames; his right leg swings constantly in space upon the rim of the Ring. Left centre, a boy of bluish violet skin, clad fantastically in light yellow rays, plays upon the flute. Right, a woman, tawny orange, lies folded in her cloak of blue, which is adorned like the fan of a peacock.

Above, enthroned upon the globe, sits a man of immense size; his hair, his beard, his robe, his skin, are vast and snowy. The hair is rayed like a crown; the beard covers his whole body. His eyes, lost in the vastness of his face, are inky black.

His name is Aoth: that of the man, Arogogorobrao; of the woman, Assalonai; of the boy, Athelbersest.

Upon this scene the curtain rises. There is a long silence, while Arogogorobrao swings his leg.

Athelbersest plays idly on the flute two or three short snatches, as in a mood of boredom.

ASSALONAI (*as if summing a long consideration, shaking her head slowly*): No. A pause.

AROGOGOROBRAO (*shrugs his shoulders heavily, then drops his head between them*): No. A pause. How much—ah—Time—did you say had passed?

AS.: Eighty-eight thousand, three hundred and sixty-three millions, five hundred and twelve thousand and forty-two aeons—of aeons.

AR.: I still do not understand. But it is very little.

AS.: Before me there was no Time at all?

AR.: No. A pause. It was very peaceful.

AS.: I cannot understand what it can have been. There was no motion?

AR.: Of course not. It was all Now.

AS.: Yet nothing has happened, ever since I came, and Time began.

AR.: Only the journey of that comet by which you measure this time of yours.

AS. (*brightly*): Oh, yes! Every billion times it comes back it changes color a little; I count that one Wink. And a billion Winks make a Flash, and a billion Flashes make a Spark, and a billion Sparks make an Aeon.

AR.: It is clever. Yes. It is clever. But I do not see the use of it.

AS.: But see! How useful it is now! Now that Athelbersest has come.

AR.: But it does not explain how he has come—or why.

AS.: No.

AR. (*very hardly*): No. A pause. I do not understand even why you came—bringing Time.

AS.: No. He does not know?

AR.: No. He was asleep even in the Now.

AS.: He has never stirred. What is that—"asleep"?

AR.: In the Now one either knows or knows not. Aoth knew not. I knew.

AS.: But—

AR.: You think that I am a dream of Aoth? It may be.

AS.: And shall we not sleep again?

AR.: Who may say—after that strange thing that came to us last Aeon?

AS. (*enthusiastic*): That rushing sleep!

AR.: And we woke up to find Athelbersest and his flute.

AS.: Then only did we speak.

AR.: He gave us our names. He gave—Him—His name.

AS.: I do not think these are the true names. (*Athelbersest plays a short tune upon his flute, dancing*)

AR.: Names cannot be true. Silence is truth—perhaps. This Time of yours is all a lie. It means that things change. And true things cannot change.

ATHELEBERSETH: Oh, tra-la-la! There was a foolish word. Change is itself truth. I am sorry I invented speech—or that I bestowed it on these elder gods—these beings without intelligence or experience.

AR.: Boy, you do not understand that the secret of Wisdom is in knowing nothing, in saying nothing, and, above all, in doing nothing.

ATH.: True, since you broke silence then to say a foolish thing.

AR.: Ay, you are but the fruit of a great curse.

AS.: Nay, he amuses me. He is dear, he is delicate. I love his mirth, his music.

AR.: It does not matter. Aoth will wake.

ATH.: Not he!

AR.: He will wake. He will see what he has done—us. And he will pass his hand over his brow—and we shall be as if we had never been.

ATH.: How could that be? We are.

AR. (*with a contemptuous little laugh*): We are only the dreams of Aoth. What has been is not. What is no more was not. There is no substance, save only in the Now.

ATH.: Then it doesn't matter what we do?

AR.: No. Not in the Silence, the Now, the Truth.

ATH.: Then I will have a wonderful time! I will set fire to the beard of Aoth!

AR. (*grimly*): You would wake Him—and an End of your time!

AS.: What is End?

AR.: All would be Now—but we should be Not.

ATH.: I don't believe it. It is all change. Change changes. Change cannot cease to change. (*He plays the flute*)

AR.: Play not so loud!

ATH. (*alarmed*): Is there really a danger?

AR.: For you, perhaps. It might be as fatal as if one should pronounce IAO backwards. But I should not find an end. All this time is terrible to me.

ATH.: All that is out of date. Assalonai is delighted.

AS.: Are you sorry that I came?

AR.: No—

(A pause.)

Yes.

(A pause.)

It is contrary to Truth, to Silence. I am sorry.

ATH. (*with a trill upon the flute*): I am glad. I am going to play games.

AR.: What are "games"?

ATH.: See! You know nothing! I mean to make this old Ring spin. After all, you are responsible. You made Assalonai; you made me.

AR.: I was lonely in the Now. I must have thought. I see that it was wrong. I have set a star in motion. Who can say what may come of it?

ATH.: Oh, tra-la-la! Mother, let us play a game!

AS. (smiling and shaking her head): I do not know any games. I love; that is all I know.

ATH.: You invented this game Time.

AR.: A fearful thing! Something evil will come of it.

AS.: Why should not good come of it?

AR.: I have told you. It was "good" in the Now—

(A pause.)
But I did not know it. So I thought. Alas!

ATH.: Oh, come! let us play a game!

(Silence.)
Then I must have a sister to play with.

AR.: Already he plots evil.

AS.: Surely that is harmless enough.

AR.: I tell you that you do not know; you do not understand.

AS.: Oh! but you fear without reason.

AR. (with bitter contempt): Reason! I had Wisdom—until I thought.

ATH.: Come, she shall be all made of music.

(He plays upon the flute. From the Ring, beneath his feet, arises Barraio, a black hunchbacked dwarf, with a hooked nose, a hanging jaw, a single, bloodshot eye. She is dressed in rags of rusty red. Athelbereth screams with laughter as he sees her; Assalonai shudders in disgust; Aragogorobrō nods his head, as if that which he had foreseen had come to pass.

Barraio performs a dance of ever-increasing obscenity, which delights Athelbereth as much as it disgusts the others. Presently she kisses him on the mouth. He is nauseated, and throws her back with a gesture of violent repulsion. She, screaming with laughter, produces, from her rags, a terrestrial globe.

ATHELEBERSETH (in surprise and horror): Oh!

ASSALONAI (in agony): Ah!

ARAGOGOROBRAO (with hissing intake of the breath): Ih!

AOTH raises His hand, and draws it across His brow. Darkness. It clears for one blinding flash as He opens His eye. He is alone.

(Curtain.)

LOVE AND TIME

By John Roberts

The aeons, assembling
About and above
Thy tender trembling
Lips a-twitter with love.
In solemn session
Announce and acclaim
The perfect possession—
Peace, a passion afame!

The spring, unfolding
Blossom and bud.
Revels, beholding
Blushes—bowers of blood!
Beauty assurgent
Under the whips
Of ardent and urgent
Lovers, lyrical lips!

The summer, upleaping,
Thrills with our mirth,
Royally reaping
Joy, oh, joy, to the earth!
All that was mine is
Thine at a nod. . . .
Deep in the shrine is
Holy, hidden, the God.

Autumn, assuring
Earth of her fruit,
Mellows, maturing
Love on lordlier lute.
Thou that wast maiden,
Thou that art wife,
Wake! thou art laden
Now with treasure of life!

Winter, congealing
The life of the year,
Smiles for us, sealing
Sure the soul of our sphere.
Girdled and crowned with
Love, we are shod
With songs that resound with
Harps whose measure is God.

The aeons, assembling
About and above
Thy tender trembling
Lips a-twitter with love.
In solemn session
Announce and acclaim
The perfect possession—
Peace, a passion afame!



THE BONDS OF MARRIAGE.

A Romantic Farce in One Act by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

JOHN SAMSON (*Jack*) a man of business; age 30.
MARY, his wife; age 25.

SLYMAN SQUIFF, master detective.

(*Sampson's apartment, in any city of the United States.*)

(*Jack is putting on his overcoat with Mary's aid.*)

JACK: Well, good-bye, dear. Remember, I may be a little late for dinner; I'm rushed to death this week, you know, what with four men called to the colors, and three of the girls gone for the Red Cross.

MARY: Good-bye, Jack. Take care of yourself. This is dreadfully treacherous weather, dear, and you with your weakness!

(*While helping him she has dexterously extracted his wallet. She embraces him warmly.*)

Good-bye, darling!

JACK: Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!

(*He goes. She immediately searches the wallet. It contains a large number of bills, of which she thrusts a goodly proportion into her stocking, and a memorandum, which she reads, sitting.*)

MARY: Monday L. B. 100, Wednesday L. B. 50. Thursday L. B. 200. Saturday L. B. 200. Oh, God! Oh, God! That it should have come to this!

(*The bell rings sharply. She puts the wallet in the pocket of a second overcoat, and conceals the paper. She then touches the button which releases the door, and begins to put away the breakfast things. Enter Jack.*)

JACK: Darling, I've left my wallet, or it's been stolen. I must be crazy. I could have sworn I had it on me.

MARY: Oh, I guess it's in the overcoat you wore yesterday.

(*Jack finds it.*)

JACK: So it is! Stupid of me! I must run. Good-bye again, dear girl!

MARY: Good-bye, Jack!

(*He goes. She sinks into the chair.*)

He didn't even kiss me! Oh, the mask's off the viper now! The veil has fallen from the rat! He and his L. B.—the fifties and hundreds he's spending on her—and I haven't a rag to my back. Well, I'll know the worst—and then go back to mother—mother—mother.

(*The bell rings sharply. She touches the button and returns, half fainting.*)

Oh, Mother! come and comfort me! Mother! Mother!

(*Enter Slyman Squiff. He is a tall, pale man. His face and feet are large and flat. He wears huge brown horn spectacles and wide red whiskers, an old battered Derby hat, a frock coat with a pale yellow waistcoat and lavender pants, all cut in the most fashionable style, new patent leather boots, frayed and dirty linen, new white kid gloves. He carries a cane, which can be used as a periscope, gun, or cigar holder. On his entry it is a cigar holder. His florid language is spoken as if by a rather effete dandy, his slang in tones of cunning and vulgarity. His high notes of protest or affirmation reach the level of a lugubrious bellow. His costume can be varied if any items or it are difficult to obtain, but in any case it should be notably incongruous.*)

SQUIFF: Good morrow madam! May all bleec-

ings flow upon that dainty dome of thine. Indeed, ahem!

MARY: Good morning, Mr. Squiff! Do sit down! Have you found out anything?

SQUIFF: Say everything, fair lady. What a question to ask of me, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly! I am indeed delighted to be able to inform you that your humble and devoted servant is now able to vindicate that pledge of confidence which you so amicably honored me by hypothecating—hum! I've got the dope on the slob, madam, permit me to assure you on the faith of a master detective!

MARY: Tell me the worst, quickly, for pity's sake!

SQUIFF: Alas! that these lips should needs profane their sanctity with such a tale of treachery and infamy. Kid, it's the limit, believe me! Yes, madam, I deeply regret to have to inform you that he who pledged his honor to his marriage vows is no better than—ah! how can I frame the phrase without wounding that sensitive soul of yours?—no better than a-a-a-coquette!

MARY: Then you can interpre: this? (She hands him the memorandum.)

SQUIFF: Madam, I can. What a question to ask me, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly! L. B. is Laura Brown. Yet not so brown—she is a blonde!

MARY: Heavens above! a blonde!

SQUIFF: A blonde! She is employed in the office itself as a stenog.

MARY: A stenog?

SQUIFF: A stenog. Well may we say og—she is a swine!

MARY: Did you make her confess?

SQUIFF: I wouldn't go near her for a million dollars. Blondes are more terrible than tigers, more ruthless than rattlesnakes, more squamacious than skunks—oh, madam! Ahem!

MARY: I wish I had never been born. Oh, mother! mother!

SQUIFF: But, madam, calm your agitation. I beg of you. Open fire with anti-aircraft guns! What must be done? Ah, what?

MARY: I shall go home to mother.

SQUIFF (exhibiting alarm): Bnt not to-day: oh, not to-day, let me beg of you! Trust me! Trust the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly! There is much yet to do. Possess yourself awhile. We must have yet more proof—prehoof! Prehoof's the one best bet!

MARY: Laura Brown! It is for her that he has cut my allowance, moved into this tiny flat, made me turn my old dresses and do my own housework. Laura Brown! I've been starving, Mr. Squiff, literally starving, and he earning fifty a week!

SQUIFF: Indeed, madam, the worst is yet to come. For four months he has been branch manager, at two hundred a week, and three per cent. commission into the bargain.

MARY: Oh, perfidy! perfidy!

SQUIFF: A raw deal, madam, as I live. I am the master detective! I arrested Edward Kelly, and I never heard a tale more pitiable!

MARY: To-night I will confront him.

SQUIFF (in a hollow voice): TEE—”

Until to-morrow's sun, then, gild the horizon with his rays from the same elevation as at present, I bid you most respectfully adieu. I'll beat it, madam. Beat it! Ahem!

(He goes. Mary sinks in grief, and begins to sob. The clock strikes ten.)

MARY: I won't believe it—not until I know. But—well—the day's work—I guess there's a hundred with what I got this morning!

(She rises, and takes her hat and coat.)

The curtain falls to indicate the passage of Time.

(The clock strikes four. The bell rings. After a little, enter Squiff with Jack, crouching, like persons stalking game.)

SQUIFF: Ha! we are unobserved. Now, then, go to it, kid, go to it!

JACK: I almost hate myself for having employed you to spy on my wife's actions. But it has been too much for me! Week after week no proper meals! What does she do with her allowance? She hasn't had a dress or a hat in six months. And between you and me, I believe there's more than my carelessness in the way my money disappears. Sixty-four dollars this very morning, or I miss my count. You have discovered all, you say?

SQUIFF: What a question to ask me, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly! Mr. Samson, it grieves me to the heart to have to break the terrible news to you, but it's a cinch. Bear up, man, it's the booze. Your lady wife's a secret drinker. It is the drink! Dre-hink! Dre-hink!

JACK: I've never seen her drink in my life. It's absurd.

SQUIFF: It is on such paradoxes that detective genius has an average of over 300. I am the master detective. I arrested Edward Kelly, and believe me. I'm the wise guy. Never drink? That sort's the worst of all. Always sober, never seen to touch a drop, but she'll put away her weight in whiskey in a week, god darn it! It is one of the most paradoxical and lamentable facts in the psychopathology of the neurological diathesis of dipsomania and parallel noninflammis, b'gosh!

JACK: God! it's too dreadful. Is there no doubt possible?

SQUIFF: It is not possible for a sound ratiocinatory apparatus which is functioning normally to enter a caveat against the ipse dixit of my ex-cathedra pronunciamento. Holy smoke, no, ahem! It's a sure thing, babe, she's doing the hula-hula with the demon Rum.

JACK: How can you be so sure?

SQUIFF: You forget! I am the master detective. I am the man who arrested Edward Kelly! And so—ah, so! Well? Ahem! I listened in. I did. It may have been unworthy, but I listened in! Ahem! Only yesterday! No sooner had your manly foot spurned the threshold of this your mansion in disdain and haste as you fled swiftly to your house of affairs—ahem!—than—ting! the masterpiece of Morse and Bell resounded. 'Twas even the sweet voice of your fair spouse—wife of your bosom, alas; that I should say it.

SQUIFF: Bosom, alas! that I should say it! She called one Joe—I know not who he may be, this pandar to unhallowed vice and debauchery of drunkenness. She gave her order in terms that she thought darkly hidden, but to me, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly, they were alas! too

clear—ahem! Too plain! Too evident! Too damnably damning, damm it! Oh, yes, ahem! "Joe!" cried she, "two hundred bucks. Wilson—that's all!" My innocent friend, "Wilson—that's all" is the advertisement of a famed brand of whiskey. It was enough. She rang off. I swooned.

JACK: Two hundred dollars worth of whiskey! The woman must be a barrel!

SQUIFF: 'Tis the dread truth! 'Twill out, wil't not, indeed, ahem?

JACK: My God, can nothing be done?

SQUIFF: First, brother in distress, we must prehoof it on her. Prehoof! Prehoof's the one best bet. Hark! my trained ear perceives a fairy foot fall. Camouflage, Mr. Samson, camouflage! Quick—in the window—bay, behind you Arras tapestry!

(They hide behind the window curtain, in the recess. Squiff keeps watch through the periscope. Enter Mary with parcels, which she leaves on the table. She looks round, as if fearing observation.)

MARY: Ali safe here! (Aside.) Yet I am the most wretched of women. At this very moment my husband—my own husband—is ensconced within the arms of that vile sorceress, Laura Brown. The fly is in my ointment, and I cannot swat it! Accursed be him that invented hydrogen peroxide with a little ammonia in it, to be combed through the hair carefully, well into the roots! Blondes! Blondes! Blondes! Oh, mother! mother! (aloud). But to my secret joy, my only compensation in this valley of woe!

SQUIFF (in a horse whisper, very loud): Did you hear that, Mr. Samson? Prehoof! Prehoof I promised you, and there I am with the goods. Prehoof!

JACK (very loud): Alas! I hear you, and I am lost. But hush! will she not hear us?

SQUIFF: No fear; her mind is on the drink. Dre-hink! Dre-hink! Oh, woe! Dre-hink!

MARY: I could have sworn that I heard voices, had I not promised mother not to swear. But nothing matters now—nothing save my secret!

(She extends her arms to heaven and gives a cry as of ecstasy) Wilson—that's all!

(She goes to a cupboard and closes the door behind her.)

SQUIFF: Now, then. Mr. Samson, to the prehoof! Confront her. I'll stay hidden, and be witness. Hully gee! I'll reveal myself in my true form—aha!—at the proper moment, yes, indeed, ahem! as the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly!

JACK: I'll do it, if it breaks my heart.

(He comes out and leans with folded arms against the table. Mary comes out of the cupboard.)

MARY: Jack! Why, how did you get in? I never heard you!

SQUIFF (with a loud laugh): What a question to ask! All things are easy when they are taken in hand by the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly!

MARY: Oh, Jack, why don't you speak? I thought I heard a voice, another voice.

JACK: It was the voice of your own guilty conscience, Mary!

MARY: Jack! What do you mean? You frighten me. Why don't you kiss me? Why do you act so strangely?

JACK: Wilson—that's all!

MARY: Oh, Jack, Jack, don't!

(She comes to him; he repulses her, she begins to cry.)

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SQUIFF: Aha! she trembles, she confesses, it is prehoof!

MARY: Oh, I'm sure I hear a voice!

JACK: Do you see nothing? No snakes, rats, beetles, pink-toed marmosets? Drink, wretched woman, drink! These things are on your program! No day so meatless but shall show you leopards nesting in your hair! Hear voices, indeed! Ha! ha! ha!

MARY: Oh, Jack, you're crazy!

SQUIFF: 'Tis she that's smitten with the dread dementia of drink! Dre-hink! Dre-hink! She thinks others crazy, she must then be crazy herself. 'Tis all Prehoof! Prehoof! Prehoof!

JACK: Mary, we've been good friends and more for over three years now. Won't you trust me? I'd cut off my hand to save you from this ghastly thing that has come to you. Tell me the truth. Let's face it together!

MARY: Is this a practical joke?

JACK: Oh, don't try to put me off. I know you have become a secret drinker. I have proof.

SQUIFF: Pre-hoo! Prehoof! Pre-hoo!

MARY: It is a voice. It is familiar, too. Oh, this must be a joke.

JACK: Mary, you are right. It is the voice of Slyman Squiff, the master detective!

SQUIFF: The man who arrested Edward Kelly!

MARY: Then I understand. You wretch! You abandoned wretch! How low must have I fallen to have loved you! Oh, mother, mother!

JACK: Hey, what's this? That's no answer!

MARY: It is for you to answer me! Here have I been, dragged from a happy home into this cheap flat, not a rag to my back, not even a new hat, and there's a lovely one in —'s (*use name of local milliner*) at three seventy-five, marked down from eight thirty-eight; no girl help any more; no more dinners in restaurants; oh, those blondes! I suppose Laura Brown's in an apartment at a thousand a month; the little beast!

JACK: Laura Brown! Mary, you're raving.

SQUIFF: Ha! he thinks others crazy, he's crazy himself. Such is the fate of all unfaithful husbands. It is Prehoof! Prehoof! Prehoof!

JACK: Shut up, Squiff, you ass!

MARY: Then you hear voices, too! What does this all mean?

JACK (in a low, thrilling, sinister voice): This is a stratagem of Slyman Squiff!

MARY (equally intense): Traitor, it is. A stratagem of the master detective!

SQUIFF: The man who arrested Edward Kelly!

MARY: Jack, it won't do. Your best chance is to confess. Otherwise I go straight home to mother. Oh, mother! mother!

JACK: Stop talking nonsense!

MARY: Confess! I have proof.

SQUIFF: Pre-hoo! Pre-hoo! Pre-hoo!

MARY: He knows about it all—he knows—he knows! He, Slyman Squiff, the master detective.

SQUIFF: The man who arrested Edward Kelly.

JACK: Confound Edward Kelly!

MARY: He did. And he may yet arrest you, John Sampson, you and your Laura Brown!

JACK: I haven't exchanged three words with the girl in my life, except good-morning.

MARY: Ah! good-morning! A clever scoundrel can do much with such materials. Why, I fell in love with you myself, poor fool I was, because of the way you used to say, "What a pleasant afternoon, aren't you?"

"Miss Mary" You beast!

JACK: For God's sake be reasonable. You can't stall like that. If you're not soaking whiskey like an Irish bog, perhaps you'll explain what you do with all the money you get? Where's the necklace I gave you on your birthday? And your engagement ring? And the sixty-four dollars you took from my wallet this morning?

(Silence. Mary, pale as death, clenches her teeth and fists. A pause.)

SQUIFF (in a hollow voice): Caught out! Prehoof!

(A pause.)

MARY: Jack, it's no business of yours what I do with my money. You never asked me before. You're only asking now to anticipate my asking you. And I do ask you now. What do you do with your money, if you don't spend it on that vile, low creature, Laura Brown?

JACK: She's a perfectly nice girl, and I won't hear you slander her.

MARY: Ah! you defend her, of course. Oh, men are all alike! Mother! Mother!

JACK: You want it both ways. Women are all alike. If I don't defend her, that would be a confession; if I do, it's proof that I'm a more hardened sinner still!

SQUIFF: Prehoof! Prehoof! Prehoof!

MARY: Oh, well; explain how you do spend all your money! I happen to know that you've been branch manager four months, and you never told me! Explain that!

JACK (stammering): Mary, dear, it's a—it's a—a sort of—er—sort of secret. A—er—kind of a—er—surprise for bye and bye.

MARY (sincering): Your manner is convincing, and your explanation most luminous.

JACK: Bah! you're only stalling. Look here, Mary. I believe you loved me once, before this drink got hold of you. I'm going to tell you something. I saw the doctor again today. That weakness of mine was only temporary. I'm fit. They've accepted me for the Aviation Corps, and I'm off to camp next month.

MARY (between joy and anxiety): Jack!

JACK: How can I leave you, knowing this about you?

MARY: How can you leave Laura Brown, you mean! Here's your memorandum, with notes of all this money spent on her.

JACK: Laura Brown? L. B. Good God!

SQUIFF: Pre-hoo! It is enough. Now comes the supreme moment, the triumph of Slyman Squiff, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly. (He comes out and presents his cane at them.) Hands up!

Both of you, hands up!

(Amazed, they obey.)

Behold the triumph of the strategist! I was employed by both of you, I have convicted both of you. No more shall whiskey and Laura Brown absorb your superfluous funds! I will annex them, or—by the Great Horn Spoon—I expose the pair of you.

JACK: But, you great thundering ass—

MARY: Oh, Jack, be careful! Don't defy him!

JACK: Defy your grandmother! You silly baby, here's L. B. that I spent all my money on. (He unlocks a cabinet and pulls out papers, which he throws on the table.) Here's L. B. LIBERTY BONDS!

MARY (laughing wildly): Why, that was my secret, too! (She rushes to the cupboard and throws her hands on the bars.)

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Wilson—that's all!

(They embrace.)

SQUIFF: The Bonds of Marriage! And I thought I had Prehoof!

JACK (over his shoulder): Here, you're wanted outside. There's been an escape from Sing Sing.

SQUIFF (eagerly): Oh, if it were only Edward Kelly!

(Jack and Mary renew their embraces. Squiff observes them through the periscope. He fires the gun in the air.)

Break away! (They take no notice. He fires again.) Time!

(They take no notice. Squiff puts a cigar in the cane and begins to smoke. Then he puts up the periscope again at the audience.)

Hey, Mr. Sampson!

(He taps him on the shoulder.) Nothing can escape for long the eagle eye of Sly-

man Squiff, the master detective, the man who arrested Edward Kelly!

JACK: Oh, go to blazes!

SQUIFF: But see here, Mr. Sampson, there's all these people here!

(He points to audience. Mary releases her husband with a little scream of surprise.)

MARY: Well, they're all very nice people indeed! Suppose we put them on to the good thing? We can get plenty of new bonds for ourselves before the show opens to-morrow!

Come on, Jack! Come on, Mr. Squiff!

(They gather up the bonds and go about the audience selling them, each actor making a little sales speech from time to time, as may be convenient. This should be impromptu, and fitted to the special needs of each district. When the day's quota is disposed of, the actors return to the stage and bow in the conventional manner, with possibly a speech of thanks.)

WINDFLOWERS OF ASKLEPIADES.

Translated from the Greek by EDWARD STORER.

[Asklepiades lived and made his epigrams about the end of the fourth century B. C. He was a Samian, a contemporary of Theokritos, and in the Crown of Meleager his emblem is the windflower, the wild anemone which first sprang up in the island of Cyprus from the tears shed by Aphrodite over the grave of Adonis. Thus is this poet of love delicately associated with Kypris.]

I.

The Crown of Spring.

Sweet for the thirsty in summer is snow to drink; sweet for sailors after winter's storms to see the crown of spring; but sweeter still when beneath one coverlet two lovers lie, and Kypris is praised by both.

II.

The Rose Garland.

Stay here, my flowers, hanging by this porch, and do not shed too soon those petals I have wetted with my tears, for the eyes of lovers are always ready with tears.

But when the door opens and you see her, drip down your rain over her head, so that at least that golden hair may drink my tears.

III.

The Revel

Run over to the Agora, Demetrios, and ask Amyntos for three bluefish, two crabs and two dozen prawns, which he will count himself, and come back here with them.

Bring, too, six crowns of roses from Thauborios—and on the way stop and tell Tryphera not to be late.

IV.

Aiskhra, the Perfume-Seller.

Bring us twenty prawns—do you hear?—and five coronals of roses. What! you've no money, you say. This is just robbery. Won't some one torture this Lapith on the wheel for me? It's a pirate we've got, not a slave.

You have done nothing wrong, you say? Nothing? Bring the account; and, Phryne, come here with the reckoning stones. O sly fox!

Wine, five drakhmas; sausage, two—eggs, hares,

tunny, sesaine, honeycombs. To-morrow we will go into that.

Run, now, to Aiskhra, the perfume-seller, and tell her we know she gave herself five times to Bakkho, for the bed is witness to it.

V.

On the Tomb of an Hetaira.

I hold Arkheanassa, the hetaira of Kolophon, in whose very wrinkles love lived.

O you, her lovers, who plucked the early flowers of her first youth, through what flames you have passed.

VI.

The Dread of the Sea.

Keep, eight cubits away from me, stormy sea, and swell and roar with all your might.

If you wash away my mound, what will that profit you? You will find only bones and dust.

VII.

To the Hetaira Philanion.

The wanton Philanion has hurt me, and though my grief is not to be seen, it flows through me to my finger tips.

It is over with me, Loves, I am ruined; I perish. Lightheartedly enough I went to our first meeting, and now I am in Hades.

VIII.

Kleopatra's Ring.

"Drunkenness" am I—a gem worked by a subtle hand. I am graven in amethyst, and the subject and the stone are ill-assorted.

But I am the precious property of Kleopatra, and on the finger of a queen even "drunkenness" should be sober.

IX.

The Signs of Love.

Wine is a test of love. Although Nikagoras denied his passion to us, his many cups of wine accused him.

Moreover, he wept and hung his head, and seemed sad, and his coronal was all awry.

* A play on words: *methe*, drunkenness, and *a-methe*, not drunkenness and amethyst. To wear the stone was supposed to keep people sober.

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me at last. You are the poet of my dreams, the knight of my longings. Come here. Kiss me. (He puts his arms about her. Their lips meet. The minutes roll. Six minutes pass ere the first kiss is ended.) Now darling, place your mantle about me. Let us fly. Take me to your castle.

The Poet: That I will do at once. (He places his cloak about her and mounts the horse, holding her to his breast.)

Lady Godiva: And where is your castle, my perfect lover?

The Poet: It is yonder. (He points to Coventry Castle in the distance.)

Lady Godiva: Coventry Castle! I came from there. Who are you?

The Poet: I am Lord Leofric.

Lady Godiva: What, my husband?

Lord Leofric: Not yet, but I will be as soon as we reach the castle!

Lady Godiva (Nestles close to him, sublimely happy): Gallop speedily, my darling. (The horse thunders off the stage as the Curtain falls.)

THE HIPPODROME HORROR.

A Nightmare Drama by LEILA WADDELL.

Hautboy—Hello, is that you Central? Please give me my friend Yvonne. Morning, Yvonne. This is Hautboy.

Yvonne—Good. What's the news?

Hautboy—Oh, were you at the Hippodrome last night?

Yvonne—Unfortunately, no; were you?

Hautboy—Sure.

Yvonne—My dear, how lucky you were; what did you think of Galli-Curci?

Hautboy—I hardly like to say—it's really a very delicate question.

Yvonne—Whatever do you mean: was she off voice?

Hautboy—No, my dear, off stage—

Yvonne—Do you mean she sang off stage—how very strange!

Hautboy—No, my dear, she was in the woods singing to the Russian children.

Yvonne—Oh, please, please, don't tease me any more. I feel very serious regarding Galli-Curci: she must be wonderful to have made such a sensation.

Hautboy—You certainly have struck it. Yvonne—for she made some sensation on Sunday by her absence. The fact is that everybody went to the Hippodrome to hear the Italian prima donna. The question of French and Italian orphans came second. Enthusiasts had paid speculators from \$8 to \$12 per seat—*pour moi* I invested my last \$2. The Hip was crowded almost to suffocation; you never saw such standing room. At 8:15 the curtain rose, displaying the Chicago Opera Orchestra; out walked Campanini with a careless grace all his own, and conducted the threadbare Semiramide. However, we all agreed not to interrupt him in his simple pleasures—we were ready to tolerate any little indiscretion until the appearance of the famous prima donna. Exit Campanini—enter a person whom we all grew to dislike intensely, for he had appallingly disagreeable things to say. Ladies and gentlemen, Mme. Rosa Raisa will be unable to appear. Signor Blankia will take her place. Also Genevieve Vix will not appear, and Mme. Galli-Curci is in bed with a cold and will not appear. Oh *ma foi!* Some bomb! some shrapnel! As the Katzenjammer kids once remarked—to the Russian children—"There comes a time in a man's life when the end is the limit"—and believe me this proved so, for the audience was simply stunned and showed its disapproval by booing and hissing for fifteen minutes—

Yvonne—My dear, how thrilling and how horrible—but one moment, didn't the management have a

printed announcement of Galli-Curci's indisposition at the box office?

Hautboy—No, Yvonne, they carefully omitted to do so.

Yvonne—But that doesn't strike me as a straight deal!

Hautboy—Yes, many people felt the same about it.

Yvonne—And how did they react?

Hautboy—By leaving the building immediately and visiting the box office to demand their money back.

Yvonne—But, my dear, it was a charity performance.

Hautboy—Yes, but you can't fool the populace even under a charity heading.

Yvonne—Well, I'm rather surprised ~~they'd expect~~ ; expected their money back—

Hautboy—Great Scot, they were perfectly justified. Galli-Curci and the orphans were mixed up together on this auspicious occasion, and the psychologists of the Hippodrome management were or were not far seeing enough to observe this fact—hence accordingly the attitude of the public.

Yvonne—Oh, well, tell me, was the money refunded?

Hautboy—Well, let me explain: Fifteen minutes after the announcement had been made the entrance to the Hip resembled a football scrimmage between the sexes—some sight, my dear! Dear old ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, musical comedy stars in diamond-studded opera cloaks, vivacious Italian flappers, French, Hungarian and German enthusiasts, all struggling to reach the box office—all determined to get their money refunded. Suddenly the ticket windows were closed with a bang, and tall, ferocious looking men frowned most unromantically, helping to frighten the people away. But this did not happen; so the police were called in to restore order, and if possible to induce the people to go away. By this time the sidewalk was crowded also, and the police hardly knew the best method to adopt with this particular crowd. However, a tall Irish officer opened the conversation thusly: "Now then, folks, let's thin this crowd; we can't have the entrance packed up." (Chorus, we want our money back.) Officer: "Now, listen ter me, and I'll tell yer you're all intelligent people, and I want yer to go home." (Roars of laughter.) "Ah, go on, officer, we ain't intelligent, we're just wise, and we want our money back." "Well now yer must realize I've nothin' to do with that, but I must restore some order." "Well, we won't move till we get our money."

Then one of the terrible, ferocious men at the ticket

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office whispered something to one policeman, who in turn passed the message along, and the good-natured Irishman informed the people that if they would get into single lines—both inside and outside the entrance—green coupons would be given and these, together with the butt ends of tickets, must be presented next day, when the money would be refunded. Just at this moment two musical comedy stars stepped out of their limousine, having arrived just in time to hear Galli-Curci—her place on the program being before the intermission. They really couldn't understand the crowds, and asked the Irish officer to make room for them to enter. "Now, ladies, don't try anything on me. I've enough bothers at this moment." "But don't you understand, we've come to hear Galli-Curci." "God be praised, ladies, she's safely home in bed—and it's envying her I am—and without wishing her any harm I wish she had remained in Italy, or else I'd never left the County Limerick, for, God knows, it's

the most unpleasant job I've handled for some time. Now, good people, will yer get into line? That's yer one chance."

At this moment an old Irishwoman, who lived in a room opposite the Hippodrome and had observed the swarming masses of humanity, tried to push her way into the corridor.

"Will yer be after tellin' me if it's true the Kaiser has landed at this theatre in a balloon?" she asked. God almighty, said the officer to himself, was a man ever so tried? "Now, quit yer foolishness," he answered; "this is no time to joke." "Will yer answer me," she interrupted, "if all these people are waiting to see the Kaiser, why shouldn't I see him?" "Oh, God knows why yer shouldn't, excepting he isn't here yet—and, God forgive me, I've nearly reached the stage of distraction where if he did I'd ask him to take me along with him and get me out of this mess. I repeat again, May God forgive me!"

THE RIALTO AND THE DRAMA.

By JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.

SCENE: The Rialto. Commonly called the Great White Way. A dark thoroughfare in New York City.

CHARACTERS: The Producer, The Public, The Author, The Actor.

THE PUBLIC: This is certainly the worst theatrical season that I can remember, and the most expensive.

THE PRODUCER: You always say this. There was never a season which you did not call the worst. I remember when I first put on Hamlet in "the spacious days of Elizabeth," you said that the new play was too trivial compared with the old classical tragedies.

THE AUTHOR: I consider this season to be very bad myself. Royalties are extremely slim. My best works are failures, my worst ones succeed; and even when they succeed the returns are too slight. I expected to get a new Rolls-Royce. Now I must be content with a Packard.

THE ACTOR: I do not remember the time when I have been out of work so much as I have been this year. It is impossible to get a job that will last. Only a few of my friends are working steadily. Leo Ditterstein, as "The King", has a steady job; so has Leo Carrillo in "Lombardi Ltd.", and Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth", and Emily Stevens in "The Madonna of the Future", and Marjory Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth", and Grant Mitchell in "The Tailor-Made Man," and, of course, Fred Stone in "Jack O'Lantern" and Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr in "Business Before Pleasure." I must not forget to mention Al Jolson at the Winter Garden. He'll be filling the house for the rest of the season. And there are a few others.

THE PUBLIC: I ought to support Arnold Daly. He is a delightful actor. I liked him as Napoleon, and I like him as "The Master." But somehow or other he irritates me. He makes me feel what I am, mean and ignoble. Elsewhere I, mediocre I, am flattered. Daly scorns me. As yet I resent it; eventually I will be eating from his hand. As I treat Daly to-day, so I used to treat Richard Mansfield.

THE AUTHOR: As a matter of fact, you actors always presume too much, always imagine you are

very important, and that, without you, the wheels of the world would not spin. Nothing could be more absurd than that. One can always find an actor. It is always difficult to find a good play. If you cannot find an actor, you can train a man to become one. You can never train a man to become a dramatist. The brilliant plays in this issue of *The International* are the works of men who never took "drama courses." I was the only man at Harvard who did not take the courses of Professor Baker. Yet, I am the most capable dramatist in America. I have written a masterpiece. You have it in your desk, Mr. Producer! Why don't you produce it?

THE PRODUCER: For the simple reason that Mr. Public would not go to see it. He would not pay \$2.50 for a seat and war tax to see a morbid, unhealthy, drama.

THE PUBLIC: But suppose it is not morbid, and suppose it is not unhealthy? How do you know I would not like it?

THE PRODUCER: Because I have experimented too often with you. People say that I have underestimated your intelligence. After thirty-five years in the business I can truthfully say that I believe I overestimated your intelligence. The fact of the matter is this: You are a person of exceptionally bad taste. You dislike tragedy, comedy, and music, but you do like some sort of performance which does not contain any of these.

THE ACTOR: That is quite true. Whenever I try to play naturally, as I love to, I feel that I am only carrying a portion of the audience along with me. The others expect me to talk very loudly and to bellow furiously all the time.

THE PUBLIC: Well, I think you really do me an injustice. I am like a child who has gone to a school where only one language is taught. Is it my fault that when I graduate from that school I am incapable of understanding other languages? Is it my fault that I am not stirred by alien beauty, touched by truth, moved by genuine grief and warmed by exquisite comedy?

POLICEMAN (Arriving on the scene): You will have to keep moving. No one is allowed to stand on the corners. Clear out of here, you bums!

(*The four characters slink off in the darkness.*)



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THE KING OF THE WOOD

By MARK WELLS.

He kept in the shadow of the grove. It was bright moonlight, but he did not walk there. He walked so that it was impossible to discover his object. Even in the murk of the grove one could see the great head thrust forward, and imagine the intensity of the eyes, as he paced restlessly among the trees. Apparently, then, he was seeking something. Yet he passed again and again over the same places. Once he came near to a pool of moonlight in the glade, near enough for a sudden flash to strike into the depth of the darkness; one could divine that in his hand was a drawn sword. The stealth and vigilance of his manner now gave the clue to his mind's one thought; he was on guard: he expected attack. But whence? No scene could be more mirrored peace.

The moon shone brightly on the hills to the north of the grove; to the south a declivity led to an embowered lake, set in the cup of an old crater, so deep that even the wanton winds of the hills rarely ventured to tease its silver with their breath, as maids may with a glass.

Part of this slope had been cut away, and a great terrace wall extended some two hundred yards or more; the water lay against its foot. Upon this terrace stood a small and silent temple adorned with Doric columns of peperino. The cornices were more elaborate, and carved of marble: there were also friezes of terra cotta, while under the moonlight the tiles of gilded bronze which roofed it returned her silver kiss with a ruddier glow.

This shrine was set in a great mass of woodland, absolutely still on that windless night, save where, bubbling from the basalt, a spring ran over the pebbles, and fell in a series of cascades into the lake. No other sound broke in upon the night, for the tread of the watcher was muted: it was spring; there were no fallen leaves, but moss and violets were soft and fragrant for his foot.

Presently the strange man gave a wild gesture, as of impatience. He stepped deliberately into the moonlight where a marble statue stood among the beeches and the oaks, to mark the place, perhaps, of some fallen monster of the forest. He raised his

great head to the moon and shook his sword—was it in triumph or in agony? Muttering strange words. One could see the sweat upon his forehead as he lifted it to that clear light.

It was a marvellous head. Browning might have used it as a model for his John the Pannonian. "Here's John the Smith's rough-hammered head.

Great eye,

Gross jaw and gripe lips do what granite can
To give you the crown-grasper."

For every mark of the self-made man was stigmatized in him. The arms were long, the hands enormous, powerful and sinewy, knotted and calloused. The figure was gigantic in height, but lean and ill-proportioned; the back was bent as if from years of toil. The head itself was almost absurdly large; the jaw was thrust forward like a gorilla's, and the expression of the mouth was in keeping. The eyes expressed cunning and savagery as well as resolution and pride. This last quality was written all over the man.

His carriage was the incarnation of self-esteem; and yet? Yes, there was agony mingled with the triumph of his gesture. His eyes were tired with watching; fear had crept in to mar their brilliance.

Was it that a leaf rustled? In an instant the man leaped from the side of the statue, and was lost in the blackness of the wood.

A moment later, through a little avenue, came a woman running and gasping for breath. At every opening in the wood she stopped and cried aloud. Her fear, witnessed by loose tresses and disordered raiment, quivered in her voice; but it also lent her unnatural keenness of perception, for she saw the man with the sword when he was still many yards distant. Instantly she changed her course and dashed toward him, falling at his feet in an attitude of intense supplication. Her gasps repressed themselves enough for her to utter one loud cry, "Sanctuary, O King!"

The strange man answered "You are safe here; go on into the temple" in an even untroubled voice, as if the incident were common and formal. He seemed to redouble his vigilance. The woman rose

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to her feet, as if to obey his directions, then staggered and fell. "My strength is gone," she cried. "Lead me to the temple."

The king looked yet more intently towards a certain tree that stood by itself in the glade in an oval space of green-sward. It was an aged oak towering and massive. He thought he saw a movement in the trees that encircled it at a respectful distance, like courtiers about a king. For all answer to the woman, he cut her to the earth with a single sweep of his sword, and bounded forward.

The movement that he had seen turned instantly to frantic flight; but those long limbs had paced every alley of the wood by night and day for many a year; the fugitive had no chance of escape. Before he had gone twenty yards, the king was on him; a sword-thrust pierced him back to breast, and he fell headlong. The other never stooped; he was sure of his sword-work; he turned instantly on his heel and resumed his restless pacing.

Yet presently an idea seemed to strike him; he dragged the bodies into the open; and, drawing a piece of cord from his garment, swung them from a low branch of the great oak. He gave a low grim laugh; then settled himself at the foot of the tree; in a moment he was fast asleep.

II.

Elsewhere there was another man on guard that night, but he took his duty less seriously. He was a short burly slave, immensely strong, with a round brutal head and thick bull neck, his hair so short and curled, and his complexion so dark, that one might have guessed an admixture of Afric blood. He leaned on the short Roman pilum with its broad blade and heavy shaft, and he was frankly bored with life. From time to time he sat down and rested on the steps of the villa which he guarded, and looked across toward the moon over the woods that lay below him. He could just see the lake and the temple upon the terrace above it, for the moon lit them to life, although they were some miles away. But he had no thought towards them but as scenery; he had no idea of the tragedy even then being enacted in those distant groves.

So dull was he that he lost all sense of his duty; he was awakened smartly by a light touch upon his shoulder. Before he could turn, a figure wrapped and muffled in a dark robe flitted past him from the house, and made toward the woods that sheltered it upon the west. He followed it with his eyes.

The figure turned, made a single gesture of beckoning, sped on to the shelter of the trees. The slave hesitated. He looked up at the villa; all was dark. I'll risk it, he thought, and moved swiftly toward the shadow where the mysterious one had now disappeared.

Before he had taken three paces within the darkness, he came up with it. A white hand came from the vestue, caught his and pressed it, led him some ten yards further where a statue of Pan stood in a circular basin in which a fountain played. Around the basin the ground was terraced, and thick grown with moss. The figure moved to the one spot where moonlight fell, and took a seat, drawing the slave down also. There was a moment's pause.

The slave seemed bewildered; the other evidently enjoyed the fact. Then, with a sudden movement, the white hand drew away the cloak from the face, and showed it. The mouth moved in three words: "I have thee."

But the slave grovelled on the moss in an ecstasy of terror. He could only murmur "Lady! Lady!"

again and again. "I am thy slave," he gasped out at last.

The face of the lady, that was even and rounded, with crisp ringlets set about it, and an expression of sternness and even harshness fixed on the thin firm curled lips of her long mouth as from strong habit, softened with laughter. "Am I not thine, rather?" she said softly, and, stooping down, caught the head of the slave in her arms, and began to eat it up with kisses.

Suddenly she perceived that dawn was about to break. She disengaged herself and went swiftly and silently to the house. On the steps she staggered twice.

The slave had slept. He woke in consternation to find the sun up, and he away from his post. He dashed back; there was nobody stirring. Discipline in that house was lax, now that the master had been away a month at the war. When he was at home, dawn saw every man at work; things were easier now.

The slave's mind went back to the events of the night; he cast his eyes to the distant temple. Diana save me! he cried; I have had a wondrous dream.

III.

It was the first of many such dreams. Night after night, in one way or another, the lady of the villa pursued her fancy. As the summer grew on the woods, she seemed to wax in her infatuation, but the first leaves that fell were no warning to her. Rather she glanced at the fruits that ripened in the orchard, and took them for the omens of her perfected passion. There was only one hint of winter in her year, a rumor that news had come to Rome of a great battle in the North, and of the utter defeat of the barbarians.

Intrigue has many demerits, and is (besides) morally indefensible; but it has this advantage, that it makes men proud, and, so, ambitious. Many a career has begun with an infringement of the moral law. So, as the summer passed, the slave became unhappy in his happiness.

Till now he had been contented to be a slave; he had never considered the possibility of any escape from that condition; but now, although the Lady Clodia had managed to confer many a sly favor, he was ill content. Her very gifts only served to quicken the newborn spirit of freedom. But she never spoke of asking for his freedom when the master returned; he knew instinctively that she would not dare to do so; and the rigid social system of the Republic gave no hope of any issue from his strait by any efforts of his own.

One passionate night in September the lovers were again by the fountain of Pan where first they had given and taken all that heart would. The nightingales were silent, though, and the moon, far in her wane, was not yet in the East.

The slave was melancholy, and the quick insight of her strange love understood.

"I am the slave of a slave," she whispered in his ear, so low that the fountain flowed in her words like an accompaniment, and I would be the slave of a king."

"You have made me a king," he answered. "I have all the passions of a king. I can hardly hold my hand when Caius orders me to do his bidding." "I am glad," she said simply. "I knew you were worthy. Listen: I am going to hurt you. I have had bad news. Letters came to-day from the army: my lord is on his way home after the victory; he will be here in two nights more. If you dare, you shall be a king!" The slave looked up in sudden horror. "Oh, no.", she laughed, "we are not to play Aegisthus and Clytemnestra: if I ruled Rome it could be done, but not in times like these. No; but you shall be a king—the

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King of the Wood! and I shall be the most pious of all the votaries of Diana!" She said it lightly; but his eyes were fixed in fear and horror upon her.

The Roman look came fierce into her face. "You dare!" she cried, "for me you dare!" and with a single movement she threw an arm about his neck and fastened her mouth on his, while with the other hand she drew a sword from beneath her cloak, and put it in his hand. Tensely he gripped it, and returned her caress with fury. "I will do it," he cried; "may great Diana aid!" She tightened her clasp on him. "I am condemning you to death," she hissed, "I am your murderer. My mouth drinks up your blood. I love you." The slave was silent; he abandoned himself more fiercely than he had ever yet done to her caresses; they had sealed their guilty love by the one passion on earth that is mightier than that—the lust of blood!

IV.

The next day the hue-and-cry was up; for the slave had run away. But in a day the news came back that search was useless; he had taken sanctuary with Diana at Nemi across the lake.

The Lady Clodia consoled her husband easily. "He was a worthless fellow, idle and impudent," she said; "he was not worth his keep. If he had not run off, I should have asked you to sell him."

But the slave only remained in sanctuary three days; in that time he learnt all that he wanted to know. He disappeared, and none knew whither.

He was in Rome itself. Clodia had furnished him with an ample purse, and with the disguise which had served him on his journey. He had taken lodgings with a shoemaker, representing himself as a sailor from Sicily. Here he led an austere life, refusing the temptations of Rome. He spent many hours every day with famous swordsmen, and trained his hands to war, and his fingers to fight. He kept his body in admirable condition by constant attendance at the gymnasium and the baths, and his soul by unwearying attendance at the temple of Diana.

The only thing that he neglected was his purse; and though Clodia had been royally liberal, it became clear to him at the feast of the Sun, which we now call Christmas, that he must take the giant step which led back to Clodia—or on to death.

Accordingly, on the very next day, he left Rome, and took his way across the Campagna to the Alban Hills. He was a very different man to the slave who had sat drowsing on the steps of the villa. Not only was he alert and active, every inch an athlete, but the months of love and of freedom had kindled his eye; he threw back his head as he marched, and sang aloud the war songs of the Romans.

Almost had he come to the first foot of the spur when he espied an old woman by the wayside. She asked him alms, and offered to tell his fortune. He remembered his poverty; then with a laugh bethought him that he would never need money again, and tossed his purse with its few golden coins to the beldam. She grasped it eagerly, amazed. "I see a wonderful fortune for you, my lad," she cried. "You are going to be a prosperous farmer; you will have love, you will have honor and fame and every blessing, for many a year. But beware of going to Nemi; if you go there, you will die there." With that, and confused benedictions from Jupiter and Diana and Mars and many another, she hobbled off.

An ill omen! thought the youth. But he kept sturdily on his way. Yet revolving it in his mind, now a thousand times more active than it had been in his slave-days, he suddenly saw a secret meaning to the

oracle. He actually was going to be a farmer—of sorts; he meant to gather one of the fruits of earth. He must succeed, else love and honor could never come to him; and is for dying at Nemi, why, of course he would die there!

But not now! It was Diana herself, who came to hail me!" With that he quickened his pace, and breasted joyously and confidently the slopes of the hills.

As night fell, began to come to the neighborhood of the temple. His step became wary. Presently he came to a point long since marked down by him, where an avenue in the trees permitted a sight of the shrine, and of the pathway trodden by the dreadful king on that night of spring which saw the two corpses, fruit of the fatal oak. Here he buried the sword that Clodia had given him, for none but the king himself might bear arms in that sacred wood. He then crept a little—a very little—further along the avenue to where there was a mound of turf beneath a great beech. Here he hid himself, covering his body with fallen leaves, and waited.

It was a fearful night. Snow lay here and there upon the ground. The trees were sombre and spectral, black and jagged against a lowering and stormy sky, and the rising wind made melancholy music in the branches, its own howl like a wolf's. It eddied in the hollows of the hills, and even stirred the icy waters of the lake that lurked in the black crater. The moon rose early; already she was high mid-heaven, as the watcher saw when the wind tore the clouds apart, and let her pallid witch-glamour fall on the staggering earth. As on that fatal night of spring, her ray fell also on the glint of steel. The king still kept his lonely vigil, still prowled in darkness and in terror of storm.

The hours passed with infinite stealth; the wind now loosed its fury from the Apennines, and rocked the forest impotently. The moon went down; besides, the clouds, black with snow, now covered all the heaven.

The watcher could no longer watch; he could not see his own hand. Impatience spoke in him; he changed his plan, and creeping forward, came by degrees—he had measured the distance to an inch—to the edge of the clearing where the great oak stood on whose boughs the king had hanged the bodies of his victims eight or nine months earlier. He could see nothing and hear nothing; but he knew the king was there; he thought he detected something rhythmical which might be his pace. For about half an hour he kept still; the wind died down a little; and he could hear the king, who was singing to himself a savage hymn of war and triumph. Now snow began to fall thickly, and a silhouette was visible against the gray background. It grew bitter cold.

The watcher had not foreseen any of this. He had imagined the scene as it had been three months before, glowing in autumn beauty. The present murk seemed to him a direct miracle of Diana.

For now he saw his opportunity. The king began to shiver with the cold; he laid his sword at the foot of the great oak, and swung his long arms upon his breast. It was pure inspiration for the other; he could see enough to be sure that the man's back was turned to him; he broke out and rushed on him, like a bull. The king turned by instinct, but too slowly, for his first thought had been to grasp his sword. Before he knew it, the sturdy lad had got him by the waist, and flung him far into the wood. For a second he lay half stunned; then he picked himself up, only to find his assailant gone.

For he, the moment that the king's body left him free, had sprung into the air, caught at a bough of the

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great oak, and torn away a branch. With this trophy he had run madly through the darkness to the temple.

The king was on his feet in a flash; he picked up his sword and dashed in pursuit. But the shock had been great; and fear clutched at his heart. He stumbled as he ran, and fell once more. This time he knew pursuit was useless; he raised his sword, and cried aloud upon Diana.

Then, with drooping weapon, he went slowly and tragically towards the temple.

V.

Nine days had passed. The weather was brilliantly cold and clear. Snow still lay on the ground, but the sun, already rejoicing to run his new race through the heavens, laughed gladly upon the terrace of the temple.

There was a great crowd of persons of all ranks; Rome had turned out in force to witness the event of the day.

On the steps of the temple stood a high official, surrounded by many patricians; by his side was the King of the Wood; alone, as one awaiting judgment, a few yards in front of him, stood the hero of the recent adventure.

"Romans!" proclaimed the official, turning from the little altar where he had inaugurated the proceedings by offering sacrifice to Diana. "Romans! we are here to investigate the claim made nine days ago by the slave Titus now here present before us to succeed to the honor, rank, and dignity of Priest to Diana our Lady, and King of the Wood. The conditions of succession are too familiar to all of you for me to weary you by repeating them. It is necessary that the claimant should be a runaway slave. Can this be testified?"

The husband of the Lady Clodia stepped forward. "The rascal is my slave," said he.

"And you did not sell him, or free him?" "The rogue ran away two days before I came back from victory. He had been insolent to the Lady of my house, and deserved a cudgelling. We shall soon know whether he did wisely."

"Good," replied the orator. "The second essential is that unarmed he should have surprised the vigilance of the King of the Wood, and plucked a bough from the sacred oak of Diana. I have personally compared this bough, presented by the slave Titus, with the holy tree; and it was certainly torn thence by him in the approved manner. The King admits that Titus had no weapon, as by his oath before Diana he was bound. The third condition is that the slave should conquer the King in single combat. Are you ready for the battle?"

"With no less ambition would I have left so noble, kind, and excellent a master," replied Titus firmly, lifting the sword that Clodia had given him.

"That's true enough," laughed her husband, "for there's my missing sword! Well, be fortunate as you are brave!" he added kindly. Clodia took the opportunity; she gave a sidelong smile. The youth's heart leapt higher than ever; from that moment he knew he could not fail.

"Let us proceed!" exclaimed the official, and led the way to the sacred oak.

The battle was not of long duration. The elder man had lost his nerve; the nine days of preparation for the fight, so far from strengthening him, had weakened him. The others had been continuously evil. He had never fought an armed man since the day

he had won for himself the fatal office; and his predecessor had been an old gray man with feeble arm and failing sight. He knew no cunning of sword play; and Titus had taken care to boast that for three months he had been trained by the first masters in Rome. He could only hope to win by length of reach and speed of foot. The first blow would settle all, with deadly Roman swords and no defensive armour.

So he leapt madly at Titus, who with quick eye caught the blade on his own, and, thrusting himself under the King's leap that lost him balance, he plunged his sword hilt-deep into the breast of his opponent, who fell dead without a word.

Instantly the populace broke into cries of joy. Titus, his bloody sword held high, was carried in triumph to the temple. "Hail, Priest of Diana!" they cried, "Hail, King of the Wood of Nemi!" The Roman ladies vied in their excitement to touch the sword; but Clodia conquered. Willingly the new King lowered the blade, and let her slake her mouth on its red stain.

They brought the King finally to the shrine. There he offered his sword to Diana, and there he took before the people the vows of priest and king.

A month later Clodia's husband died, and inconsolable, she became the devotee of Diana, making pilgrimages almost daily to the shrine.

So Titus lived, and so she lived, in that base imitation of true happiness which sin sometimes vouchsafes to those who do not understand that a pure and noble life is the sole key to felicity. So they lived, many a year, until—Until? That happened which always happened on the fair land that lies about

"The still glassy lake that lies
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

Indeed, their love was sealed a second time in blood.

(Author's note. In writing this story, I have borrowed a few epithets and even phrases from Dr. J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*. My story obliged me to describe the scene of the tragedy, and it would have been presumptuous, and have exposed me to ridicule, had I attempted to rival his magical prose. To borrow, seemed the lesser crime.)

LE SACRAMENT

By JEANNE LA GOULUE

Sacrons l'amour, o fille d'Aphrodite.

La nuit engloutisse l'astre du jour,
Dresse le tabernacle de nos rites:

Sacrons l'amour!

Le feu subtil dévore cour et tour;

Le temple brûle. Dieu l'hermaphrodite
Dégage ses ailes; son âme court

Aux cieux flamboyants; que ma bouche excite

Le dernier spasme, Jehane, très-lourd,
Très-long—versons, o versons l'eau bénite

Sacrons l'amour!

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He was eating raisins now.
 "At length," resumed Shelley, who had begun a restless pacing about the grave, "one letter of Harriet's assumed a tone of such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately. I arrived in London." Mary was kneeling upon the grave of her mother. She plucked a blade of grass and began to bite it nervously.

"Well?"
 She looked up into Shelley's face with a twitch at her mouth.

"I arrived in London," went on the poet, mopping his perspiring brow once more. "I was shocked at observing the alteration in Harriet's looks. Little did I divine its cause."

"What was the cause?"
 Mary had risen to her feet. She placed a hand upon his arm.

"Harriet had become violently attached to me," Shelley spoke simply. "She feared that I could not return her attachment."

"Did she say those things of her own accord?"

"Prejudice," said Shelley, "made the confession painful to her."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"It was impossible to avoid being much affected," said Shelley evasively, mopping his brow more energetically than ever. "I promised to unite my fate with hers."

He gulped down a raisin. She stared fixedly at the little circle of edibles that had accumulated around the spot on which they stood. Mary suddenly left Shelley's side to reach the head of her mother's grave. She knelt quickly upon the granite slab which recorded the name of the immortal dead. Her lips moved in prayer. For a long time no word was said by the poet. He seemed infected with the devotional spirit of the mood of his fair friend. He had taken from his waistcoat pocket a fresh handful of the raisins with which he seemed inexhaustibly supplied and was now chewing them moodily. Mary got upon her feet.

"Shelley," she said, "I was praying to my mother's spirit. Do you think me superstitious?"

"How much worthier of a rational being is skepticism," sighed the wan Shelley, "which, though it wants none of the impassionateness which some have characterized as inseparable from the superstitious, yet retains judgment—"

A SONNET.

By A. NEWMAN.

There are no dreams of my imagining
 Which shall encompass all your loveliness.
 Never hath spirit worn a fairer dress,
 Nor flesh contained so beautiful a thing.
 You are all hallowed from the Heavenly King;
 And His choice angels round about you press
 Lest even the shadow of unrighteousness
 Should shade your form, or set you sorrowing.

Less fair in lustre is the Evening Star;
 And yet you shine upon my darkened ways.
 And step down from your firmament for me,
 Glittering with love, as saints and angels are!
 For this I'll worship you while I have days;

"Judgment!"
 Mary's tone in saying the word was almost scornful.

"Judgment," repeated Shelley. "Judgment is not blind, though it may chance to see something like perfection in its object, which retains its sensibility—but whose sensibility is celestial and intellectual—unallied to the grovelling passions of the earth."

"Yet the world seeks perfection in prayer."

"I feel a sickening distrust," Shelley declared vehemently, "when I see all around me, all that I had considered good, great or imitable fall into the gulf of error."

He stared wildly about like one who saw that gulf at his very feet.

"Shelley!" cried Mary, looking straight into his eyes as she confronted him. "Have you ever given a thought to a woman's heart?"

He ceased chewing the raisin in his mouth.

"Have you not seen how my heart has responded to your appeal?" she asked him, her dark gray eyes flashing. "Shelley, I have grown to love you. The fault is yours."

For a full minute their eyes did not cease to pour themselves out, the one pair into the other. Mary seemed to be waiting for a word from him. It remained unspoken.

"The fault is yours," she proceeded. "You have made me love you."

She looked at him for another moment. Then she covered her face with her hands. He seemed like a man in a trance. Mary sank upon her knees beside the grave of her mother.

"Ah! my dead mother," she cried, lifting her hand to the sky. "Wherever you be, you at least understand your child."

She bowed her head. He leaped across the grave. Mary could feel the tangled mass of the poet's hair as it brushed her cheek. In a trice he had put an arm around her waist. She yielded to its pressure with a sob. Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"My Mary!"

He murmured the words into her ear. She made no effort to disengage herself from his embrace. Beneath the tree that cast its shade upon them and across the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft they exchanged the kiss that ranked them with Heloise and Abelard, with Paolo and Francesca, among love's immortals.

VISIONS.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Heal thou my spirit, Sister of the Sun!
 Sore wounded by the tusks of the boar Life,
 Hurt by mine own spear in the sacred strife,
 From five great gashes see the black blood run!
 Mocked in my purple, scourged and spat upon,
 Hither I bore my cross—the Hill uprears
 Its skull-dome to the storm. They are not tears
 That clot upon my cheek, Hilarion!

I gave mine spirit up into thine hands.

Still on that mountain of the Lord there stands
 My crucifix. Four suns revolving roll
 About my central sphere of radiance—
 Oh miracle of thy one golden glance,
 And honor of thy kisses in my soul!

DRAMA BE DAMNED!

An Appreciation of EVA TANGUAY by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Eva Tanguay! It is the name which echoed in the Universe when the Sons of the Morning sang together and shouted for joy, and the stars cried aloud in their courses! I have no words to hymn her glory, nay, not if I were Shelley and Swinburne and myself in one—I must write of her in cold prose, for any art of mine would be but a challenge; I rather make myself passive and still, that her divine radiance may be free to illumine the theme. Voco! per nomen nefandum voco. Te voco! Eva veni!

Eva Tanguay is the soul of America at its most desperate eagle-flight. Her spirit is tense and quivering, like the violin of Paganini in its agony, or like an arrow of Artenis—it is my soul that she hath pierced!

The American Genius is unlike all others. The "cultured" artist, in this country, is always a mediocrity. Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, a thousand others, all prove that thesis. Michael Monahan may prove the rule, too, as its single exception. The Genius is invariably a man without general culture. It seems to stifle him. The true American is, above all things, FREE; with all the advantages and disadvantages that that implies. His genius is a soul lonely, desolate, reaching to perfection in some unguessed direction. It is the Fourth-Dimensional Component of force. It always jars upon the people whose culture is broad and balanced and rooted in history. Consider Poe, with his half-dozen thorns of genius; only in the short story has he a rival—and that, most exquisitely, in his own line; I speak of that pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift, that love in desolation masked. Alexander Harvey. Consider Whitman, transcendental and bestial, without Form and Void even as Earth in her First Age. Consider George Gray Barnard, how supremely "impossible" is his perception of Truth! His Lincoln is like "what the Cat brought in," as his critics say; but (by the Great Horn Spoon!) it is Lincoln. (Yes!) Lincoln himself was a genius of the same order, if one may say "order" precisely where it defies classification, a climax of development on lines utterly unsuspected, and out of harmony with the general or obvious trend of Evolution. Arthur B. Davies has something of the same abnormality; he is of no school; he sees without being shown how to see. This American quality has exponents whose virtue extends to every branch of thought. Play over Morphy's games of chess! He beat his opponents by playing in a style which was entirely foreign to all accepted ideas. Even on subsequent analysis, his soul remains inscrutable. Steinitz, again, invented a gambit whose fundamental principle, the exposure of the King at the beginning of the game so that he may be well placed at its end, was simply "unthinkable." Sam Loyd, too, in his Chess Problems, found how to make his Key-move "unlikely"; not unlikely to the conventional mind, so that one could find it by simply excluding the likely, but truly and absolutely unlikely, without reference to any antecedent knowledge. In all these—and many their brethren—is this one quality, utterly sacred and occult, of unsophistication, of originality; of purity.

Eva Tanguay is the perfect American artist. She is the *Tinkham Candidate*. She is

ineffably, infinitely, sublime; she is starry chaste in her colossal corruption. In Europe men obtain excitement through Venus, and prevent Venus from freezing by invoking Bacchus and Ceres, as the poet bids. But in America sex-excitement has been analyzed; we recognize it to be merely a particular case of a general proposition, and we proceed to find our pleasure in the wreck of the nervous system as a whole, instead of a mere section of it. The daily rush of New York resembles the effect of Cocaine; it is a universal stimulation, resulting in a premature general collapse; and Eva Tanguay is the perfect artistic expression of this. She is Manhattan, most loved, most hated, of all cities, whose soul is a Delirium beyond Time and Space. Wine? Brandy? Absinthe? Bah! such mother-milk is for the babes of effete Europe; we know better. Drunkenness is a silly partial exaltation, feeble device of most empirical psychology; it cannot compare with the adult, the transcendental delights of pure madness. (I suppose I ought to couch these remarks in the tone of an indictment; but though the literary spirit is willing, the fountain pen is weak.) Why titillate one poor nerve? why not excite all together? Leave sentiment to Teutons, passion and romance to Latins, spirituality to Slavs; for us is cloudless, definite, physiological pleasure!

There is something diabolically fine in this attitude. The old conception of Satan is fluffy theological and other-worldly; as a devil he is stupid, and as a seducer petty and vulgar; the American idea of him as the logical and philosophical negation of the health of the whole being is a thousand ages ahead of the other. We have measured him, as we have measured the lightning, and analyzed him as we have analyzed God. Infernal Joy! Eva Tanguay is—exactly and scientifically—this Soul of America. She steps upon the stage, and I come into formal consciousness of myself in accurate detail as the world vanishes. She absorbs me, not romantically, like a vampire, but definitely, like an anaesthetic, soul, mind, body, with her first gesture. She is not dressed voluptuously, as others dress; she is like the hashish dream of a hermit who is possessed of the devil. She cannot sing, as others sing; or dance, as others dance. She simply keeps on vibrating, both limbs and vocal chords, without rhythm, tone, melody or purpose. She has the quality of Eternity; she is metaphysical motion. She eliminates repose. She has my nerves, sympathetically irritated, on a razor-edge which is neither pleasure nor pain, but sublime and immeasurable stimulation. I feel as if I were poisoned by strychnine, so far as my body goes; I jerk, I writhe, I twist, I find no ease; and I know absolutely that no ease is possible. For my mind, I am like one who has taken an overdose of morphine and, having absorbed the drug in a wakeful mood, cannot sleep, although utterly tired out. And for my soul? Oh! Oh!—Oh! "Satan prends pitié de ma longue misère!" Other women conform to the general curve of Nature, to the law of stimulation followed by exhaustion; and by recuperation after rest. Not so she, the supreme abomination of Ecstasy! She is perpetual irritation without possibility of satisfaction, an Avatar of sex-insomnia. Solitude of the Soul, the Worm that dieth not; ah, me! She is the Vulture

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of Prometheus, and she is the Music of Mitylene. She is the one perfect Artist in this way of Ineffable Grace which is Damnation. Marie Lloyd in England, Yvette Guilbert in France, are her sisters in art: but they both promise Rest in the end. The rest of Marie Lloyd is sleep, and that of Yvette Guilbert death; but the lovers of Eva Tanguay may neither sleep nor die. I could kill myself at this moment for the wild love of her—(Love? It is Poison! I say the love of her)—that sets my soul ablaze with fire of hell, and my nerves shrieking; at my left hand is my eighth Absinthe, and at my right a nearby empty ounce bottle of cocaine; I am using this combination of drugs as sedative, not as stim-

ulant. She is the one woman whom I would marry—oh sacrament and asymptote of blasphemy! There is a woman of the Ukraine, expert in Mystic Vice, coming to destroy me body and soul, in an hour's time; to make of me a new Mazeppa. But I know that she will not absolve me nor assuage me; I shall still writhe in the flames of my passion for America—for Eva Tanguay.

Eva Tanguay! Eva Tanguay! Eva Tanguay! l'ane en feu d'un poète d'Amé t'invoque! Oh! Oh! si seulement je pourrais mourir! Tu ne le veux pas; je le sais. Bien!—comme tu veux!—j'agonise! achève ton horreur—qui ne s'achève point!—Eva! catin sublime!—fais donc!—Ah!—Ah!—Ah!

MUSIC

To-day was a red letter day in the lives of all violin students who happened to be in New York, and from 2 o'clock until 2:30 there was a constant stream of fiddlers into Carnegie Hall; tall and thin, short and fat, fiddlers of all sizes and all ages who had come to hear the celebrated veteran violinist Leopold Auer. So many had brought their violins with them, one wondered if they imagined the instruments should also listen to this wonderful master. Pour moi, I took my field glass in my great excitement instead of my opera glasses, maybe it seemed almost too good to be true that Leopold Auer was really giving a recital in New York, and in the subconscious I still thought my glasses might enable me to see him in Petrograd. The atmosphere was tense with excitement and great expectations, and as the great master stepped on to the platform an ovation great and prolonged greeted him, which he acknowledged with all the dignity of his seventy-two years. His programme of the old masters included Handel's A Major Sonata, Andante C Major and Gavotte E Major of Bach, Concerto Nardini, Sonata in G of Locatelli, Serenade and Vivace, Haydn-Auer, and the Chaconne of Vitali. There was not one moment during this very interesting programme which did not prove instructive to all violin students

present. His famous pupils, Heifetz, Toscha Seidel, Rosen, Eddy Brown, and others, listened to their great and respected master with rapt attention. One could conceive of the incomparable Heifetz as a perfect musical Avatar of Auer, so closely does his youthful brilliance reproduce his master's Mystery.

The Nardini Concerto showed the exquisitely beautiful singing tone we have all admired so much in the Auer pupils. Also, we were astounded by the very remarkable vigor of his bow arm, and the manipulation of his wrist was of especial interest—one might say simplicity to be the keynote of the Auer method no mannerisms, no striving after individual effect, just the sheer joy of playing the violin and just the interpretation of the sheer beauty of the music itself! One felt an absolute reverence for the very beautiful playing of Leopold Auer, as did his admirable accompanist and niece, Mme. Wanda Bogutzka-Stein. The name of Leopold Auer can never die; for he has found and produced in violin playing an indefinable something which will continue to delight all lovers of the violin in his famous pupils, especially in Jascha Heifetz and Toscha Seidel, the two marvellous eighteen-year-old artists of whom a great man hath said: "These are the two greatest violinists of this century."



AN INTERVIEW WITH AUER

By LEILA BATHURST



Ellen Graham
Anderson -

SEATED in my dressing-room in Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre one afternoon and feeling very bored with waiting for the next performance, I proceeded to read my evening paper—when suddenly my eyes lighted on the magic headline: "Leopold Auer arrives." I read the paragraph with feverish haste. It announced that the famous Professor, accompanied by his niece and three pupils, had quietly stolen into New York on the previous day and would remain in New York to give lessons for the period of the war.

It was many a long day since I had experienced such a thrill; for I hoped that my great ambition was about to be realized, an ambition of some years' standing, to study with the famous Leopold Auer! I had cherished this wish not merely because of his fame, but because I had heard so many of his marvellous pupils and made up my mind definitely and completely that the Auer method was the method for me. The exquisite singing tone, the brilliant and absolutely-perfected technique, so colorful, so tremendously alive, so rounded, like pearls—and always, always singing. Yes, always I had said to myself: the Auer pupils possess an indefinable something which appeals tremendously to me.

Having sobered down a little I wrote a note to the veteran Professor, asking if I might call and talk with him, as I wished to take lessons. By return of post I received a most cordial reply, saying: "I will see you on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon."

It was with my heart in my mouth that I entered Auer's suite in the Hotel Netherland. I sat down, feeling more excited than words can express. After a few moments a very dignified, but active, gray-

haired man crossed the room to greet me—and I was at last talking with the master of masters.

He put me at my ease immediately by saying: "Take off your furs, my dear child, it is too warm in here. Now then," he continued, "what can I do for you? You wish to take lessons? Now tell me, how long did you study before you played in concert?"

"Four years and a half," I answered.

"Ah, but this is very good. And with whom have you studied? Let me see your hand; ah, I wish I had such a hand; with such a hand you should be able to do anything."

I told him that I had injured the position of my left hand a little through doing a Russian dance with my violin.

"My dear child, this must have been immensely difficult and you must have worked so hard to accomplish it."

He was interested to hear that I had studied the dance in Moscow with an artist of the Imperial Ballet, whom he knew. Then he realized that time was flying and many people coming to see him, so asked if





I would wish to have an interview (which meant, to play to him) in a week's time. "My fee," he continued, "is twenty-five rubles." "Oh yes," I replied, feeling very much pleased . . . when he made a tragic correction: "I mean twenty-five dollars."

"Make the arrangement with my niece," he added. "Good bye, my dear child" . . .

I left the Netherland and climbed on top of a bus, feeling as I imagine one feels after one's first aerial flight. The next morning found me practising my Guarnerius at top speed. He had said "bring a slow melody for the tone, and an étude for the technique. I worked for three or four days before deciding what I would play at the interview.

At last the eventful day arrived, and as I set out for the Netherland I think I felt more nervous than I had ever been in my life, for I knew that by one word or gesture this veteran master could hurt and humiliate me more than I dared think.

As I entered his room he left the pupil he was teaching and asked me would I please wait, as he was

behind time. This proved fortunate, for during my half hour's listening to the pupil I regained my calm sang froid. I became very interested in his simple manner. He wouldn't shout at the pupil; calmly and patiently he would rise from the piano and take the boy's violin, saying: "No, music is like flowers, it must bloom." Then Auer would play a few bars and let the boy try again. "That's better," he said, "courage, you will get it by next lesson. Now good bye"; and turning quickly to me: "Please take your violin." In order that I should have as little as possible to worry me, I had decided to play Wilhelmj's arrangement of Schumann's "Abendlied" and handed the accompaniment to the Professor. We began, but after two bars he stopped and said: "Not quite in tune, my dear child; again, yes? Can you not hear that it is not quite right?" "Yes," I replied, "but I cannot imagine what is wrong." "Alright, dear child, once more. Ah," he laughed goodheartedly, "I am playing in the wrong key; I am playing it in the original key! Now we begin again."

This unexpected little episode put me in a very good humor and all my nervousness disappeared, for if Auer could make a mistake, he surely must forgive me! After this we played without a stop. He then took my violin and explained how it should be played. We played it a third time, and then the étude.

"You have two faults to correct," he said, "but the story of your Russian dance tells me you have much patience, so you should correct them in three weeks. You will work with my assistant, Miss May Bang, and come back to me in a month."

"May she bang my faults out of me," said I to myself.

"Good bye," he said, and called quickly to his next pupil.

And so ended my interview with the famous Leopold Auer.

CHANSON NAÏVE

BY LIBUSSA DUMBA

Last night I had a dream of you,
It was a dream of love, Dear.
The earth was bathed in silvery light,
The moon stood still above, Dear.

As in old days, you came to me.
And were again my own, Dear.
When I woke up, no moon did shine—
I was alone, alone, Dear.

A MASQUE

BY LIBUSSA DUMBA

"Good morning"—"Awful weather"—
"The Kent's ball was a bore"—
"Your husband?"—"He is better"—
"Caruso'll sing no more"—
A nod, a smile, a greeting . . .
And over is the meeting.

No flash of eye, no tremors
Of voice or lip betray
That in his dreams all night long
Within her arms he lay—
That in her dreams she yielded . . .
And winter turned to May.

To all it may concern:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of conquering error and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the Truth.

This Order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical, or political, or social despotism, or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her own nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the One Light of Truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless they have the power to enter it themselves by virtue of their own interior illumination.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists an external, visible organization of such men and women who having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great Spiritual Brotherhood will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society.

ALEISTER CROWLEY XI O.T.O. 08 a.n. (1912 e.v.)

Though the O.T.O. has its roots in the remotest antiquity it has had a continuous thread of Leadership since at least 1904 e.v.; an unbroken line since the Dawning of the Aeon of the Crowned and Conquering Child.

The Order is still accepting Initiates and is an international body of Men and Women.

Official business

Ordo Templi Orientis
Agape Grand Lodge
JAF Box 7666
New York, New York
10116 U.S.A.

Order Information

Ordo Templi Orientis
Thelema Lodge
P.O. Box 2303
Berkeley, California
94702 U.S.A.

Love is the law, love under will.

Ebony Anpu
Lotie Lieb

STELLAR VISIONS
808 Post Street
San Francisco, California
U.S.A.